

*The National Guide to Motion Pictures*

# PHOTOPLAY

APRIL  
25 CENTS

NORMA  
SHEARER

Earl  
Christy

Are The Stage Actors  
Stealing The Screen?



# You don't know the half of it

## *until you've seen her in* **Technicolor**

Oh, of course, the shadowy grays of the old "black-and-white" didn't treat her so badly!

But you don't know the half of it until you've seen how Technicolor brings her to life. The color in her cheeks . . . and in her eyes. The flash of golden brown in her hair as it is caught by a playful beam of sunshine.

Yes! The magic Technicolor camera sees all these things. It observes life in its manifold glory of natural color. Then relives it for you on the screen . . . transports you into the very picture yourself. You become a delighted participant in the happenings of a screenland made real through the enchantment of color!

Yesterday is an old story in the annals



DOROTHY MACKAILL is more charming than ever in Technicolor. "Bright Lights" is her latest First National picture.

of the "movies." For yesterday motion pictures were silent. And . . . yesterday motion pictures were black-and-white.

Today you hear voices, singing, the playing of great orchestras. Today you see the stars, the costumes, the settings—in Technicolor.

# ★ **T**echnicolor *is* natural color

### SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS



**BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT**, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **CHAS-INGRAINBOWS**, with Bessie Love and Charles King (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **DIXIANA**, with Bebe Daniels (Radio); **HELL'S ANGELS** (Caddo Productions); **HOLD EVERYTHING**, with Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown (Warner

Bros.); **MAMMY**, starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.); **NO, NO, NANETTE**, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE**, all-star revue (Paramount); **PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ**, with Harry Richman (United Artists); **SALLY**, starring Marilyn Miller (First National);

**SONG OF THE WEST**, with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **THE VAGABOND KING**, starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount); **THE ROGUE SONG**, with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer).





# You and Yourself

## or, Beat "Pink Tooth Brush"

A PLAYLET  
IN 1 ACT



### A DIALOGUE IN WHICH YOU PLAY BOTH OF THE PARTS

**YOU:** *H'm—"pink tooth brush." That's the first time I've ever noticed that.*

**SMALL VOICE WITHIN YOU:** You might have known. You've really been expecting to see it for some time.

**YOU:** *Nothing of the sort. I take good care of my teeth.*

**SMALL VOICE:** True enough, but you like to forget about your gums.

**YOU:** *I don't. I keep my mouth clean and fresh and my teeth white. What more can you ask?*

**SMALL VOICE:** Plenty. What's the good of white teeth, if your gums aren't healthy?

**YOU:** *No good, I suppose.*

**SMALL VOICE:** Of course not. This soft, modern food that you are eating doesn't give the gums enough exercise to keep them in a fit condition. The circulation of the blood through them grows sluggish and before you know it they have become soft and spongy and tender.

**YOU:** *I know. I heard about that somewhere.*

**SMALL VOICE:** You bet you did! Ipana has been telling it to you often enough. What's more, if you aren't careful, you're likely to find yourself fighting gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even—

**YOU:** *Wait a minute! Don't let's think about pyorrhea.*

**SMALL VOICE:** Maybe you've got to think about it and the sooner the better. What's the use of sticking your head in the sand? "Pink tooth brush" isn't going to kill you. It won't take long to clear it up. Not if you massage your gums with Ipana.

**YOU:** *I might try it some time. But why the massage?*

**SMALL VOICE:** Might! Might! Don't put it off until it's too late. Don't you know that massaging the gums is the most beneficial thing in the world for them? It tones them up, puts new life into them

and starts the blood coursing through the tiny veins in a healthy, invigorating flow. And massage with Ipana is even better.

**YOU:** *But I don't have to use Ipana. There are plenty of other good tooth pastes.*

**SMALL VOICE:** That's true, there are many pleasant tooth pastes made. But Ipana not only tastes good, it does good, too. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic that has an extremely beneficial effect on the gum tissue. Why, dentists have been using ziratol for years.

**YOU:** *I think I'll send for a sample of Ipana and give it a trial.*

**SMALL VOICE:** Go ahead. They'll be glad to send it to you, but is this the time to be looking for a ten-day sample? If you are going to clear up "pink tooth brush", the thing to do is to go right down to the corner drug store and buy a full-size tube. That's the only way to get the good result that comes with the steady use of Ipana. It'll last you a month and at the end of that time you'll know what it is to have hard, rosy gums as well as shining white teeth.



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-40  
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Street.....

City.....State.....





## HOW ARE YOU GOING TO KNOW?

Look at the motion picture ads in any paper. You're smothered under an avalanche of adjectives! Drowned in a sea of superlatives! No wonder it's such a perplexing task for some people to select their entertainment! What are you going to believe—how are you going to know? Only one certain way, and two words tell it all "Paramount Pictures"—always good, often great, never a doubt when you follow the name. *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."*

Paramount Famous Lasky Corp., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N.Y.C.

# Paramount

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# Pictures

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

## DENNIS KING in "The Vagabond King" with JEANETTE MACDONALD

Warner Oland, O. P. Heggie and cast of 1000. Gorgeous All-Technicolor Musical Romance. Ludwig Berger Production. From "If I Were King" by Justin Huntly McCarthy and "The Vagabond King" by Wm. H. Post, Brian Hooker and Rudolf Friml.



## NANCY CARROLL in "HONEY"

A Musical Romance sweeter than "Sweetie," with Harry Green, Lillian Roth, Skeets Gallagher and Stanley Smith. Directed by Wesley Ruggles from the novel and play "Come out of the Kitchen" by Alice Duer Miller and A. E. Thomas.



## "PARAMOUNT ON PARADE"

Grand march of the greatest stars of screen and stage—in a laughing, singing, dancing hit of hits! Many of the scenes in Technicolor. The New Show World on Parade—practically all of Paramount's players in the cast.



## GARY COOPER in "Only the Brave"

With Mary Brian. Story by Keene Thompson, directed by Frank Tuttle. The hero and heroine of "The Virginian" in a fast moving, thrilling, absorbing adventure-romance with the old South as the picturesque setting for the story.





# PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

Vol. XXXVII No. 5

April, 1930



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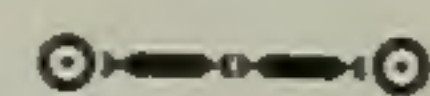
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## Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1923	1926
"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"THE COVERED WAGON"	"BEAU GESTE"
1921	1924	1927
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"7th HEAVEN"
1922	1925	1928
"ROBIN HOOD"	"THE BIG PARADE"	"FOUR SONS"

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# The Girl on the Cover

D. W. GRIFFITH, then considered the greatest director of them all, looked into the blue eyes of Norma Shearer and said, "I'm sorry, my child, but you'll never photograph."

A few months before, Norma had left her home in Canada to go to New York and try to get into pictures. She had no theatrical experience. There was no money in the bank. And the master told her she wouldn't photograph!

Such a blow would have sent an ordinary girl scurrying back to the proverbial fireside. But Norma is no ordinary girl. She mapped out a path. It was as straight as her own patrician nose. And not once did she detour.

They told her that before she could smile in front of the camera she must have her teeth straightened. She took care of that. She likes to play tennis and golf, but over-indulgence in these games makes her muscular, and you can't be sweet and feminine on the screen with a right arm like Jack Dempsey's. So Norma gave up athletics.

During those arduous years when she was carving out her career she realized there was no place for romance in her life. So romance was shut out.

WHEN Norma arrived in New York, she had never heard of a booking agent. Someone told her that she must find one. She did, and got a job. And getting that first job was a neat trick of a trigger-like brain.

The booking agent sent her to a studio where twelve college-girl types were needed. Sixty young women had answered the call, and eleven had been chosen by the assistant director before Norma could powder her nose. But she had to have that job. She coughed loudly. The noise attracted the assistant's ear. His eye followed. She flashed him a bright, hopeful smile, and she was selected as the twelfth girl.

The rest wasn't so easy. After her extra work had led her into parts, there were days when no calls came. Then, for six months, Norma did not even see the inside of a studio.

SHE had to have a job if she expected to keep on having her morning porridge, but she refused any work that took all her time. She was determined she would keep her contacts with the studios, so she posed for commercial photographers. Maybe you bought a washing machine, a bungalow apron or a new pair of gloves because of Norma's contented smile.

But she wasn't contented. This work paid well—five dollars an appointment. Some weeks she earned



She Mapped  
Out a Path

## Last Minute News

"The Green Goddess"—Warner Brothers — George Arliss triumphs again in his second talking picture, made from a stage play in which he appeared for several seasons. Arliss plays the Rajah of a small state in Northern India. Thrilling stuff, with the star doing slick work.

Allan Dwan, who made many of Gloria Swanson's silent hits, will direct her in her next talkie, "What a Widow!" The musical "Queen Kelly" is postponed because Franz Lehar's score is late. Owen Moore and Ian Keith will be in support.

Fuller Mellish, young stage actor who gave excellent performances in "Applause" and "Roadhouse Nights," Paramount talkies, died recently at his New York home.

John McCormack, famous tenor, will make another picture for Fox when he returns from Europe.

Greta Garbo's third talkie will be "Red Dust," an exotic East Indian story. This after she finishes "Romance."

Claudette Colbert, hit of "The Lady Lies," goes to Hollywood in April. First Hollywood picture—talking version of "Manslaughter."

Ronald Colman has a brunette leading lady for the first time in "Raffles." Lucky girl—Kay Francis.

Lawrence Tibbett's next operetta—"The New Moon," a Broadway smash.

a hundred dollars—but it wasn't the object of her life. She still haunted the studios.

Then, one morning, Norma's mail brought her three offers to come to California. She signed with Louis B. Mayer. When contract season arrived, Norma re-signed.

She has never quarreled about money. She has never given the producers any trouble. Hers is the glory of brains. Nine times out of ten, Norma's head rules her heart.

"WHEN I look back over my life now," she says, "I tell myself that I could never go through the struggle again; that I could never sit for hours and hours in a casting office, waiting for somebody to tell me that I'm 'not the type'; that I would never again have the courage to face the world without money; that never again could I give myself so completely to a career. And yet I know I'd do it all over again if I had to. Sometimes I even miss the struggle."

"I don't feel that I've used any great amount of brains. I've had determination and a methodical mind. I know it, and I don't like it. I'd be much more interesting if I were fiery and tempestuous. I wish I weren't so neat. It would be grand if I could come into my dressing room and throw a pair of stockings in one corner and my make-up box in the other. But I just can't do that."

"The struggle for a career gives a woman certain masculine viewpoints on life. The desire for a career is not considered feminine in the first place. The determination and grimness that such work require, is not feminine. Men aren't usually attracted by a woman with a purpose."

"I KNEW I loved Irving Thalberg from almost the minute I first saw him, but I had to put thoughts of marriage away for seven years, because I was too busy and too self-centered. You've got to be selfish to be successful. Now that I know, more or less, where I stand, I can give something to my marriage."

Yet Norma is not content to sit back, now that she is a famous and wealthy woman. The talkies furnished her new fields to conquer. Again she used her head. She thought out her rôles, played them sincerely, as she would have done on the silent screen.

Norma has made use of every opportunity that presented itself. The pattern of her life is as methodical as the rows of silver bottles on her dressing table. And that has been her secret of success.

Her next phonoplay, "The Divorcee," will be another carefully planned characterization.



## Spirited Styles

in tune with smart costumes

## Inbuilt Comforts

that support and invigorate active feet

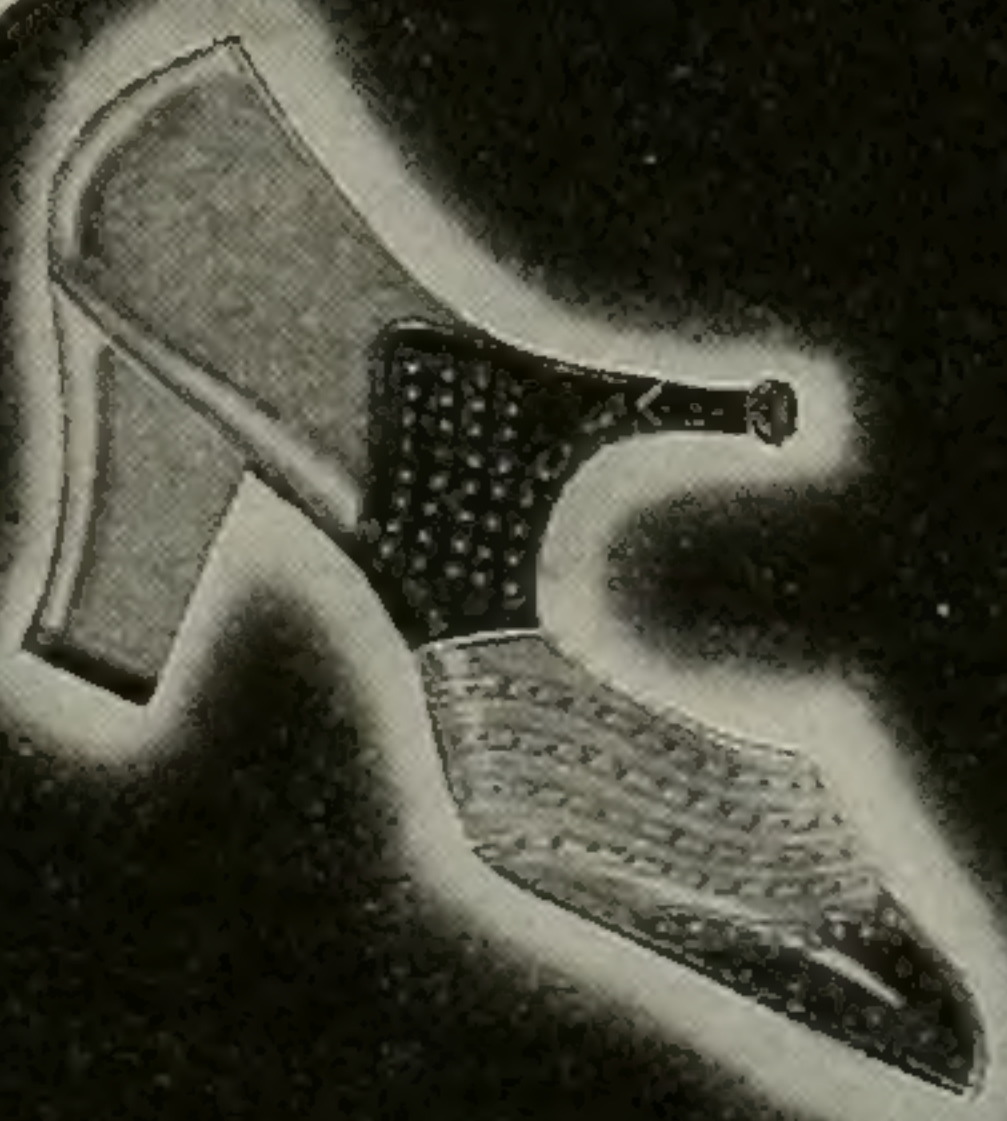
. . . these are the qualities that delight Gwen Lee and her sister stars of the silver screen in

# The Selby ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

You, too, will find new grace and foot freedom in its exclusive natural tread-base, new foot beauty in its slenderizing styles.

Ask your Selby dealer to explain to you how this marvelous shoe differs in every important point of construction from any other shoe you ever have worn!

TRIX . . . a smart development of the spectator sports shoe, in beige and brown kidskin, with perforations.



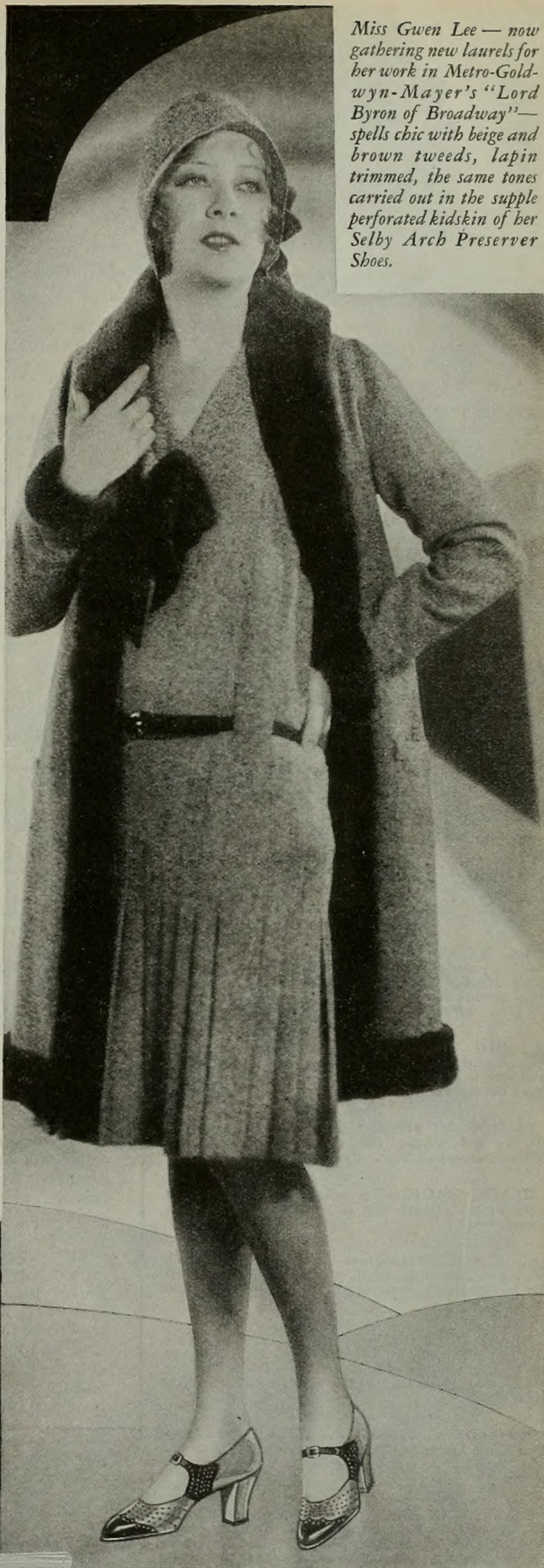
There is only one Selby Arch Preserver Shoe. Its principles of construction are fully protected by patents. Identify the genuine by this trade-mark on sole and lining. Made for women, juniors, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Rockland, Mass.



*Mail* this coupon or write to the Selby Shoe Company, 271 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio, for new Free Booklet No. P-71, *The Modern Shoe for Modern Dress*, dealer's name, and pictures of the latest shoe styles from Paris and New York.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

Miss Gwen Lee — now gathering new laurels for her work in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Lord Byron of Broadway"—spells chic with beige and brown tweeds, lapin trimmed, the same tones carried out in the supple perforated kidskin of her Selby Arch Preserver Shoes.







# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★ Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the six best upon its month of review

**ACQUITTED**—Columbia.—Underworld drama with a real punch. Sam Hardy is more amusing than ever. (Feb.)

**AFTER THE FOG**—Beacon Prod.—If you like relentless drama about cruel husbands and martyred wives, you'll like this. (Jan.)

★ **ANNA CHRISTIE**—M-G-M.—The Great Garbo talks—and remains great! A faultlessly directed picture with superb characterizations by Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler and George Marion. (March)

**APPLAUSE**—Paramount.—When this is good, it's very, very good and when it's bad it's—you know. Helen Morgan, in a rôle which does not take advantage of her unique talents, does some brilliant work none the less. (Jan.)

★ **AWFUL TRUTH, THE**—Pathe.—Delightful Ina Claire in a sophisticated drama. Excellent support by Paul Harvey. (Oct.)

**BARNUM WAS RIGHT**—Universal.—Miss this one unless you're one of those people old P. T. was talking about. (Feb.)

**BATTLE OF PARIS, THE**—Paramount.—Gertrude Lawrence, stage favorite, doing none too well in a trite musical comedy. Snap into it, Gertie, and show 'em what you can do when you try! (March)

**BEHIND THE MAKE-UP**—Paramount.—More backstage melodrama, but different and real this time. Hal Skelly is a restrained *Pagliacci* and Fay Wray and Kay Francis are good. (Dec.)

**BIG REVUE, THE**—All-Star.—All-singing and toddling juvenile extravaganza featuring the so-called Ethel Meglin Wonder kids. If you like to hear ten-year olds singing about moonlight madness you'll like this. (Nov.)

★ **BIG TIME**—Fox.—This is closer than a brother to "Burlesque," but it's darned good. Dialogue is bright and Lee Tracy and Mae Clarke make the story convincing. (Nov.)

**BISHOP MURDER CASE, THE**—M-G-M.—Murder *a la Mother Goose*, with Basil Rathbone *Philo Vance* this time. Plenty of thrills. (Feb.)

**BLACK MAGIC**—Fox.—Another priceless title gone wrong. South Sea life—and very dull, too. Sound. (Oct.)

★ **BLACKMAIL**—Sono Art—World Wide.—A few like this excellent phonoplay will put British producers among the leaders in the talkie race. (Dec.)

**BLAZE O' GLORY**—Sono Art—World Wide.—One of those leopard pictures—it's spotty. Some of the spots are good and some are bad. Eddie Dowling shows a nice personality and a good singing voice. (March)

**BROADWAY HOOVER, THE**—Columbia.—You'll like Marie Saxon, musical comedy star, in her first talkie. A stimulating back stage comedy. (March)

**BROADWAY SCANDALS**—Columbia.—Version No. 999 of Love Behind the Scenes—with music. A new lad named Jack Egan looks like Buddy Rogers and sings nicely. Carmel Myers glitters as the vamp. (Jan.)

**BURNING UP**—Paramount.—Your money's worth in entertainment. A neat little comedy with some thrilling racing sequences and that admirably natural actor, Dick Arlen. (March)

**CALL OF THE CIRCUS, THE**—Pickwick Prod.—Worth seeing because it proves that Francis X. Bushman and Ethel Clayton can still act. Otherwise nil. (Dec.)

**CAMEO KIRBY**—Fox.—The famous old romance of a river gambler revived gracefully but not excitedly. J. Harold Murray sings well and Stepin Fetchit sings. (Feb.)

★ **CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Stark, compelling drama with a war background. An important picture, although too drab to appeal universally. Chester Morris is a magnificent *Grischa*. (March)

**CHASING RAINBOWS**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Road Show.") Another one. Bessie Love *Pagliacches* over Charlie King as in "Broadway Melody." Polly Moran, Marie Dressler and Jack Benny are funny, but even so it's just another—oh, you say it. (Jan.)

**CHASING THROUGH EUROPE**—Fox.—Sue Stuart and Nick Carol (our error) seeing Europe with lipstick and camera. Sound. (Oct.)

**CITY GIRL**—Fox.—Originally begun as a silent picture ("Our Daily Bread") by Director F. W. Murnau. Gets off to a powerful start, but turns talkie and collapses. Charlie Farrell and Mary Duncan are fine. Part Talkie. (March)

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The Trespasser"  
"Rio Rita"  
"Sunny Side Up"  
"The Taming of the Shrew"  
"Condemned"  
"The Virginian"  
"Paris"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY'S reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

★ **COCK EYED WORLD, THE**—Fox.—Further disagreements of Sergeants Eddie Lowe Quirt and Vic McLaglen Flagg, with Lily Damita the chief trouble-maker. Highly seasoned. (Oct.)

**COLLEGE COQUETTE, THE**—Columbia.—Another picture of college life as it ain't. There ought to be a law. (Nov.)

★ **CONDEMNED**—United Artists.—A beautiful and thrilling story, crammed with action and romance. You'll like Ronald Colman's sophisticated yet appealing portrayal. And Dudley Digges, Ann Harding and Louis Wolheim are grand. (Jan.)

**COURTIN' WILDCATS**—Universal.—"Hoot" Gibson tames a Wild West shrew, modern version. Mildly entertaining. (March)

**DANCE HALL**—Radio Pictures.—Arthur Lake is grand as the youngster who haunts the local dance hall where Olive Borden, in a blonde wig, is a hostess. Amusing. (Feb.)

**DANGEROUS FEMALES**—Paramount-Christie.—A hilariously funny two-reeler. And why not, with both Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cavorting in their best manner? (Feb.)

**DANGEROUS PARADISE**—Paramount.—Taken from Conrad's South Sea yarn "Victory." Begins well but goes astray. Dick Arlen and Nancy Carroll good, as always. (Feb.)

**DARK SKIES**—Biltmore.—Old time yarn of "East Lynne" vintage. Terrible. (Nov.)

**DARK STREETS**—First National.—One of the first dual rôles in the talkies. Jack Mulhall plays an honest cop and his gangster twin and Lila Lee is his (their?) gal. (Dec.)

**DARKENED ROOMS**—Paramount.—Unimportant little comedy-drama with an O-Henry twist. Neil Hamilton scores but Evelyn Brent is again sacrificed to an unworthy vehicle. (Dec.)

**DELIGHTFUL ROGUE, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Rod La Rocque gives such a superb performance as a villainous pirate that the heroine marries him instead of the hero! (Dec.)

★ **DEVIL MAY CARE**—M-G-M.—A moving picture that both moves and talks. Swift and colorful romance, with Novarro giving one of the finest performances of his career and Dorothy Jordan and Marion Harris scoring heavily. Some swell vocalizing. (Feb.)

★ **DISRAELI**—Warners.—Introducing George Arliss to the audible screen in one of his most brilliant characterizations. He's grand. (Dec.)

**DOCTOR'S WOMEN, THE**—World Wide.—Just forget this was ever made. That's what its producers would probably like to do. Silent. (Dec.)

**DRAKE CASE, THE**—Universal.—Tense murder melodrama. Noteworthy chiefly for the late Gladys Brockwell's fine performance in the leading rôle. (Nov.)

**DUDE WRANGLER, THE**—Mrs. Wallace Reid Prod.—A bang-up Western comedy done *magno cum gusto*. Children can safely take their parents. (Feb.)

★ **DYNAMITE**—M-G-M.—Stark drama, full of suspense, bringing to the screen two splendid players, Charles Bickford and Kay Johnson. (Oct.)

**EMPIRE BUILDERS, THE**—Carlsbad Prod.—An unintentional burlesque on "The Covered Wagon." But Tom Santschi—remember him?—proves he is still a real he-man actor. (Jan.)

**EVIDENCE**—Warners.—Bewhiskered drammer of circumstantial evidence in the divorce courts. But Pauline Frederick is swell and so is the rest of the cast. (Dec.)

★ **FARO NELL**—Paramount-Christie.—A reviewer's dream of what a two-reel talking comedy should be and usually isn't. Gorgeously acted burlesque of the old-time Western thriller with Louise Fazenda in long yellow curls. (Dec.)

**FAST COMPANY**—Paramount.—Baseball stuff adapted from Ring Lardner's play "Elmer the Great" and garnished with bright lines. Jack Oakie takes the honors and Evelyn Brent is miscast. (Nov.)

**FAST LIFE**—First National.—"Still Life" would be a more accurate title for this melodrama. It drags. Loretta Young is lovely. (Nov.)

**FLIGHT**—Columbia.—The first flying talkie, and good, too. Love and adventure among the flying marines, illustrated by Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee. (Dec.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14 ]





William Fox  
presents  
**JANET GAYNOR**  
and  
**CHARLES FARRELL**  
in the Musical Romance

**HIGH SOCIETY**  
Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have a surprise for even their most faithful admirers in this tender musical romance bubbling with carefree youth, fun and melody and seasoned with the matchless wit of William Collier, Sr., king of high comedy.

A love story of great beauty is unfolded in words and music as Janet and Charlie, strumming softly on their ukuleles, provide their own accompaniments while singing "I'm in the Market For You"—"I Don't Know You Well Enough For That"—"Just Like a Story Book" and several other unusually tuneful melodies written especially for them.

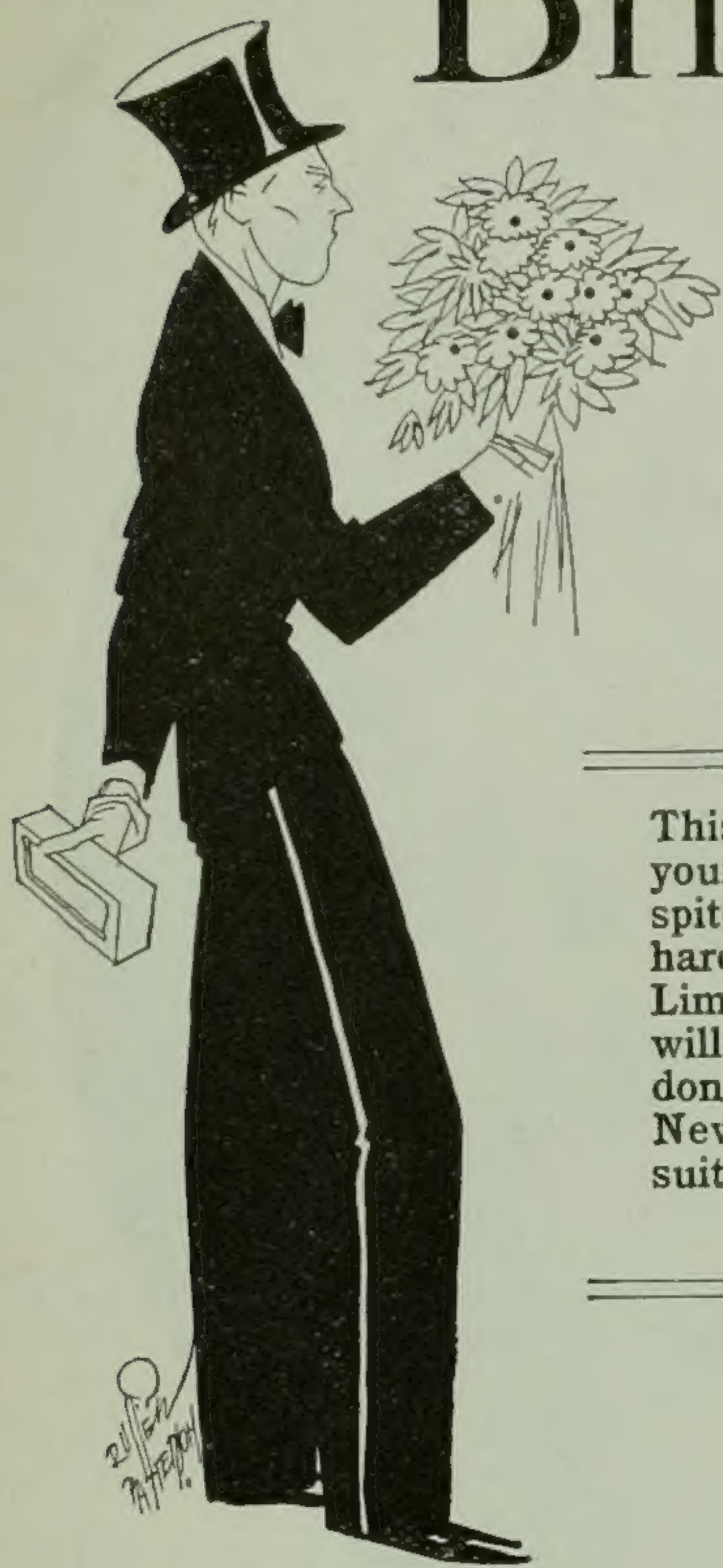
WORDS and MUSIC by JOSEPH MCCARTHY and JAMES HANLEY  
Directed by DAVID BUTLER from the story of DANA BURNET

**SOCIETY**  
**BLUES**

**MOVIE TONE**



# Brickbats & Bouquets



YOU FANS  
ARE THE  
REAL  
CRITICS

*Give Us Your Views*

*\$25, \$10 and \$5  
Monthly for the Best Letters*

This is your department. Come right in, hang up your hat and pat or spat the players. Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, and don't spank too hard, because we want to be helpful when we can. Limit your letters to 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and address attached, don't write. Address the Editor, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come in—you're always welcome!

selves, we decided our home could be made a "home, sweet home" again.

MRS. JOHN S.

## They Can't All Be Good

Jackson Heights, L. I.

The critics of the phonoplay, both professional and amateur, apparently expect every picture to be perfect. They seem to forget that ideas as to perfection often differ. It is impossible to please all.

Considering the extremely short time the talkie has been in existence, the quality of the average production is very high. Surely many books, stage plays, etc., provide but mediocre entertainment. A masterpiece is rare in any line—why expect every talkie to be one!

While the silent movies reached a high state of perfection, I am confident the phonoplay will far exceed them.

JOSEPH M. BERG.

## They're from Peoria, Too The \$25 Letter

New York City.

I am sort of sick of reading about the poor lonesome girls who live in small towns and have only the movies to amuse them. Please tell those poor girls that there is an army of probably a million or so perfectly lovely girls with exciting jobs (stenographers, etc.) living in the CITY of New York who have discovered, since arriving from Peoria or Newark, that sugar daddies are hard to meet (and when they are met, they prove to be also from Peoria or Newark); that Gloria Swanson in "The Trespasser" furnishes the dramatic excitement that the stenographers themselves expected to experience in New York; that Norma Shearer is wearing the clothes that the stenographers hoped to get from the sugar daddy, and Clara Bow is having all the fun, anyhow. What I'm getting at is that the movie is a godsend to us—a thousand thanks.

MILDRED.

## Less Super-Flops The \$10 Letter

Hugoton, Kans.

I wish we were offered more short films and comedies, instead of long productions. I would like to see more short phonoplays like the film "Confession" Lionel Barrymore directed last year. Or more short comedies like "Faro Nell." I get more enjoyment out of two short features than I do out of a six- or seven-reel phonoplay. There is more action, snap and vigor in the short film.

RONALD DALLAS REAZIN.

## Talkies Save a Home The \$5 Letter

San Francisco, Calif.

I can truthfully say that the "talkies," as they are today, have been the means of keeping my family away from the "breaking point"—my husband and I. Where there is a childless home, just being alone all the time can become deadly. But we thought we would try just one thing more to keep us interested, and that was to go to a talkie twice a week—just make it a habit. We soon had something in common to talk about. And when we came back into our home after viewing a talkie, where people seemed to have the same trials as our-

## The Playback

IN the past few months a flood of Brickbats, aimed at the guileless heads of various PHOTOPLAY writers, has brought to light an interesting fact.

There are, it seems, in the roster of film celebrities, certain controversial names—names which spell dynamite to those who write for fan magazines, however well-meaning they may be.

Heading this list are Garbo, Bow and Crawford. Whatever the luckless writer may say about these three he is wrong. Let him just dare to intimate that Garbo does not dress in the height of fashion, that Clara is taking on an ounce or two, or that Joan was not always as sane a young person as she now is—and off with his head!

This month places a new name at the very head of this group of ticklish personalities—that of Rudy Vallée. Cal York remarked in the January issue that Rudy did not exactly knock Hollywood for a row of megaphones.

It was said with an entire absence of malice, but it brought in a batch of brickbats that knocked old Cal wellnigh senseless. He was found in a corner of the office, softly and penitently crying over an old still from "The Vagabond Lover."

Cal wasn't the only one who took a beating. You fans came in for your share. You're to stop panning the stars. Who says so? You do, yourselves!

Many of your number wrote in deploring the super-critical spirit manifested by some of the fans. There was a note of optimism and uplift among the letters this month that would turn the original Pollyanna pallid with envy.

Garbo still heads the bouquet list, rating almost three times as many posies as any other star. Bow, Daniels, Swanson and Vallée tie for second place, and Chatterton, Crawford and Boles for third. "Rio Rita" is still the ace picture, with "The Trespasser" and "Gold Diggers of Broadway" second and "Disraeli" third.

"Romance of Rio Grande" drew some enthusiastic praise.

## Movie Psychology

Buffalo, N. Y.

I am a teacher of psychology. Have been for years. I know something about human nature and the inner workings of the mind. I know that thoughts are things. That the impressions of today make us the kind of men and women we are tomorrow. That we all must have an ideal, an objective to strive for.

Few of us know where we're headed, what we want to do, to be. If we do know, the majority of us lack the fundamentals with which to forge ahead. Knowing all this, I encourage my classes to use the movies as object lessons. In them every conceivable obstacle is portrayed and solved, simply and successfully; the moral and reward resulting from the various situations revealed. It has worked beautifully. The older ones feel younger. Depressed ones much happier. Chronic ones healthier. Downy ones neater. And all of us doing better by the ones most important in the world to us . . . ourselves.

(MRS.) IRENE M. BATZ.

## So This Is College!

Watkins Glen, N. Y.

How does the average father judge college after he views it on the screen? Unfolded before his eyes, he sees, as if it were a warning, the evils of modern college life. After working and saving for years, and with only one aim ahead of him—an education and a chance for his children—his dreams are shattered, and so he abandons his ideas of college for them.

Please send us some clean, wholesome college pictures for encouragement.

MABEL B. BELKNAP.

## A Message for Mabel Normand

Denver, Colo.

Our local paper carried a small item the other day, saying that Mabel Normand is still very ill.

After reading the beautiful article about our [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136 ]



# Let this *thrif* *dentifrice* buy your hose for you

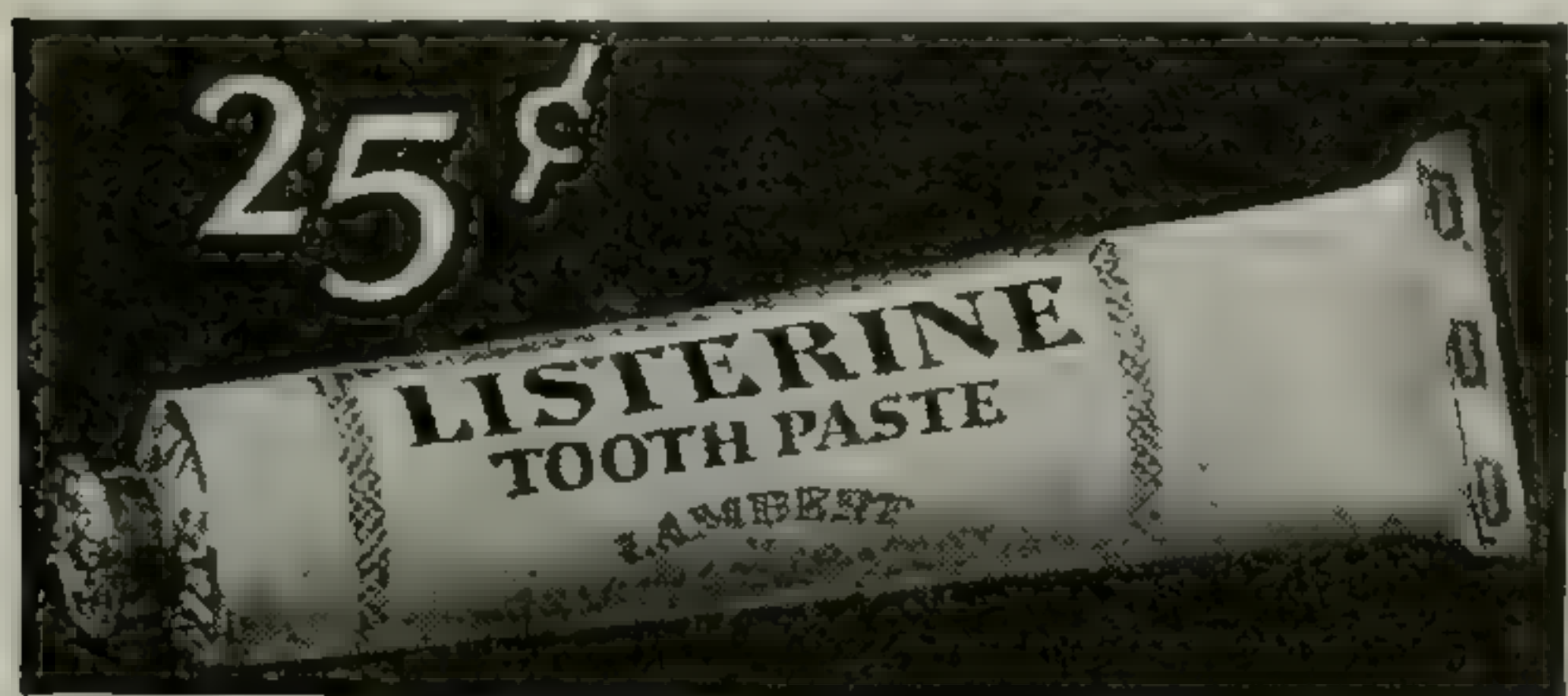
THERE are many excellent dentifrices on the market selling at a trifle above or below 50¢—but is it necessary to pay that much? Why not a first class dentifrice at 25¢—scientifically correct for all types of teeth?

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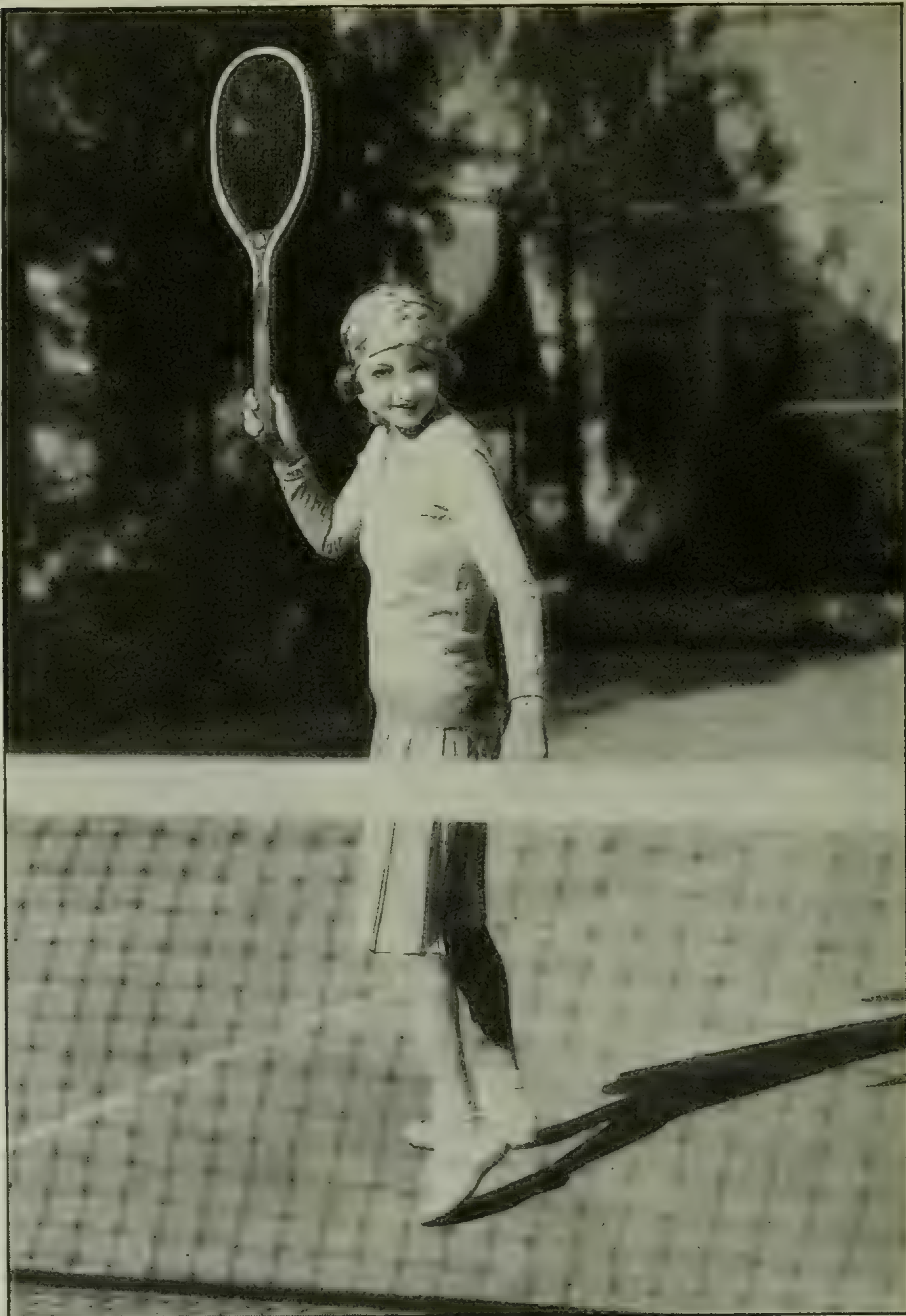
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# A Feast of Nations



Recipes for five courses, contributed by the good cooks of the screen. The soup is a grand old American concoction, a recipe brought by Laura LaPlante from her native St. Louis



Renee Adoree prepares fish by the French method. Camilla Horn serves roast in German style. Garbo gives us Swedish salad, and Patsy Ruth Miller provides a Hungarian dessert

**T**HIS month I am giving you five recipes, contributed by as many different countries. We will start with the soup, a recipe which Laura LaPlante learned in her native city of St. Louis, Mo.

## Gumbo Soup a la St. Louis

- |                                   |  |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 1 pint okra cut into small pieces | 4 medium sized tomatoes                                  |
| 1 lb. round beef                  | Soup herbs, such as leeks, thyme, carrots and red pepper |
| 3 pints water                     |  |

Cut the beef into small chunks and put into hot skillet with enough suet to prevent the meat from sticking. Brown well. Put the okra into a granite, agate or aluminum pan with the water, and place on a hot fire. Slice the tomatoes and herbs into the water with the okra, and while the meat is still hot, add it to the whole mixture.

Let all come to a boil, and with a wooden spoon remove the dark, sticky substance which arises from the okra. After cooking for a few minutes and removing this scum constantly, the soup will become clear. Then cook for at least three hours over a slow fire. Before serving add salt.

This can also be served with boiled rice and stewed tomatoes, cooked separately, and placed in the bottom of the soup plates. For a fish course, you will like Renee Adoree's

## French Fish Roe Croquettes

- 1 can fish roe
- 2 eggs
- 1 tablespoon cream
- Salt
- Pepper
- Cracker crumbs

Mash fish roe with a fork. Add one unbeaten egg, cream and seasoning. Shape into balls or croquettes. Roll in beaten egg. Then roll in cracker crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Garnish with parsley and cream sauce. Serve hot. Drawn butter sauce can be substituted for cream sauce with lemon garnish.

Next comes a German contribution from Camilla Horn for a meat course:

## Loin Filet of Beef

Lard a loin filet of beef with strips of bacon. Roast in plenty of butter, and before quite done, add cup of sour cream thickened with a very small amount of flour. Season with pepper and salt. Serve with small, new potatoes, boiled before peeling, buttered and garnished with parsley.

Greta Garbo gives you a salad recipe, appropriately called

## Swedish Salad

- |                              |                               |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 4 oz. cold roast beef        | 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar |
| 4 oz. boiled potatoes        | 1 hard-boiled egg             |
| 4 oz. apples                 | 24 olives                     |
| 4 oz. pickled herring        | 12 oysters                    |
| 3 anchovies                  | Oil                           |
| 1 tablespoon chopped gherkin | Cider vinegar                 |

Chop beef, potatoes, apples and herring into small cubes. Chop anchovies. Mix all the ingredients together except the oysters. Pour over the mixture oil and vinegar to taste. Place oysters over the top.

Patsy Ruth Miller's Date Torte is a variation of a popular Hungarian cake.

## Date Torte

- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons bread crumbs
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 package dates
- 1 cup nut meats

Beat eggs slightly; add sugar, bread crumbs and baking powder. Mix well, and add dates, which have been stoned. Then add nut meats. Stir to an even consistency and place in greased muffin tins. Bake in a slow oven for thirty minutes; then test to see if done. Serve with whipped cream.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

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Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

★ **FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS**—First National.—Colleen Moore's best since "We Moderns." She wears mad gowns and wigs and sings French songs with a naughty lilt. (Dec.)

**FORWARD PASS, THE**—First National.—A bright, entertaining film, well acted by Loretta Young, Fairbanks the Younger, Guinn Williams and Peanuts Byron. Doug is one movie football hero who doesn't bring on blind staggers. (Feb.)

**FROZEN JUSTICE**—Fox.—Hot melodrama of the cold North. Lenore Ulric and Louis Wolheim excellent. (Nov.)

★ **GENERAL CRACK**—Warners.—John Barrymore's famous voice is heard from the screen for the first time in this highly-colored and very entertaining costume drama. John is fine and Marian Nixon heads an excellent supporting cast. (Jan.)

**GIRL FROM HAVANA, THE**—Fox.—A racy story of gentlemen who prefer diamonds which don't belong to them. Clever cast. (Nov.)

**GIRL FROM WOOLWORTHS, THE**—First National.—That White girl comes through with a snappy number every time and this is one of the snappiest. Watch Rita Flynn, a newcomer. (March)

**GIRL IN THE GLASS CAGE, THE**—First National.—The glassed-in girl, in case you wondered, is a theater ticket seller, played by Loretta Young. Pretty bad. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**GIRL IN THE SHOW, THE**—M-G-M.—A charming little backstage story, which, for a wonder, isn't punctuated by theme songs and huge stage shots. (Feb.)

**GIRL OF THE PORT, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Nevertheless you'll enjoy Sally O'Neil's slick performance. (March)

**GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL**—Paramount.—Everyone except ex-president Coolidge had a hand in the making of this—and it shows. But big names aren't enough and even an Eddie Cantor comedy bit can't save this feeble effort. (Jan.)

**GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY**—Warners.—Showing the girls at their pick and shovel work. Noteworthy for its beautiful all-Technicolor treatment and its catchy tunes. (Nov.)

**GRAND PARADE, THE**—Pathe.—A sad little yarn about a boarding house slavey who loves a minstrel man who loves a burlesque queen. Helen Twelvetrees out-Gishes Lillian as the heroine. (Feb.)

**GREAT GABBO, THE**—James Cruze Prod.—A corking dramatic story ruined by the interpolation of musical revue stuff. Von Stroheim and Compson save the pieces. (Dec.)

**HALF MARRIAGE**—Radio Pictures.—Another and duller one about companionate marriage, occasionally redeemed by Olive Borden. Sound. (Oct.)

**HALF WAY TO HEAVEN**—Paramount.—This romantic story with a carnival background is one of Buddy Rogers' best and Buddy crashes through with a virile performance. (Jan.)

★ **HALLELUJAH**—M-G-M.—Striking epic of the negro, sensitively directed and spontaneously acted. (Oct.)

**HANDCUFFED**—Rayart.—Poverty Row at its worst which is pretty bad. (Dec.)

**HARD TO GET**—First National.—Corinne Griffith's excellent silent film "Classified" revived as a far-from-excellent talkie with Dorothy Mackaill. (Nov.)

**HARMONY AT HOME**—Fox.—Want a good, hearty laugh? See this comedy of family life. Wm. Collier, Sr., long-time stage favorite, makes an elegant screen debut. The girls will go for Rex Bell in a big way. (March)

**HEARTS IN EXILE**—Warners.—Gradually it sneaks up on us—Dolores Costello, lovely though she is, is not an actress. A poor picture. (Feb.)

**HELL'S HEROES**—Universal.—Peter B. Kyne fathered this gritty tale of the desert and Charles Bickford does more than right by the leading rôle. Very real. (March)

★ **HER PRIVATE AFFAIR**—Pathe.—Make it your private affair to see Ann Harding in this exciting tale. She's glorious! (Nov.)

**HIS FIRST COMMAND**—Pathe.—A pretty sorry affair with the exception of some spectacular parade-ground shots and William Boyd's new and pleasing talkie personality. (Jan.)

**HIS GLORIOUS NIGHT**—M-G-M.—All talk and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Due largely to the fact that he is required to chatter continually, John Gilbert's first talkie appearance is disappointing. (Jan.)

**HOLD YOUR MAN**—Universal.—Tsch, tsch—and just when Laura LaPlante was coming along so nicely, too. Miss this one. (Jan.)

**HOLLYWOOD STAR, A**—Educational-Sennett.—Two reels of hilarious satire about a Western star who makes a personal appearance at a small town theater. A bull's-eye. (Jan.)

**HONOR**—Sovkino.—Interesting because a product of the Armenian studios of the Russian Soviet National Film Company. The leading man is an Armenian John Gilbert. Silent. (Dec.)

**HOOFBEATS OF VENGEANCE**—Universal.—Even worse than it sounds. Rex, the marvelous horse star, has a ramshackle vehicle to pull. Silent. (Oct.)

**HOT DOGS**—M-G-M.—A distinct novelty, this short subject, with an all dog cast, which makes it the first all-barkie. (March)

**HOT FOR PARIS**—Fox.—Good, rough fun, concocted by Raoul Walsh in his best Cock Eyed World manner. Vic McLaglen, El Brendel and Fifi Dorsay—all elegant. (Feb.)

**HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY**—UFA-Paramount.—A real beauty. This simple rural tale is exquisitely directed and superbly acted by an ace-high German cast. Sound. (Nov.)

**HURRICANE**—Columbia.—This old-fashioned sea yarn seems new and stimulating midst the present crop of talkie-dancie-croonies. It's a clean cut and convincing thriller and Hobart Bosworth is just elegant. (Jan.)

**ILLUSION**—Paramount.—Buddy Rogers as a man about town may disappoint the girls—but Nancy Carroll is excellent. (Nov.)

**IN OLD CALIFORNIA**—Audible Film Corp.—Love and hate Under a Spanish Moon (Theme song.) Ho hum. (Nov.)

**IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?**—Warners.—The answer is emphatically "No!" As an actor Ted Lewis is a fine saxophone player. (Jan.)

**ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, THE**—First National.—Scenically this fantastic melodrama is a triumph; conversationally, not so hot. Noah Beery, Jason Robards and Virginia Valli handle the leads well. (Jan.)

★ **IT'S A GREAT LIFE**—M-G-M.—A riotous comedy of the life of a vaudeville sister team as portrayed by the Duncan sisters who ought to know. Rosetta and Vivian deliver snappily and Larry Gray clicks again. (Jan.)

**JAZZ HEAVEN**—Radio Pictures.—If your resistance is low you may be touched by this sentimental little tale about a song writer and the girl who helps him make good. Pathos by John Mack Brown and Sally O'Neil and comedy by Joseph Cawthorne. (Jan.)

**JEALOUSY**—Paramount.—De mortuis nihil nisi bonum. It is unfortunate that Jeanne Eagels' last picture should be so unworthy of her artistry. (Dec.)

★ **KIBITZER**—Paramount.—You may have to buy a new vest from laughing after you see this. Harry Green's comedy is grand. (Nov.)

**KISS, THE**—M-G-M.—The mysterious and silent Garbo, still silent, still mysterious and still Garbo. Sound. (Dec.)

**KITTY**—World Wide.—First foreign-made picture to be synchronized with talking sequences and music. Good entertainment against a beautiful English background. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **LADY LIES, THE**—Paramount.—Magnificently acted and staged drawing room comedy. Walter Huston and beautiful Claudette Colbert are stunning lovers and Charles Ruggles is a delightful drunk. (Dec.)

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## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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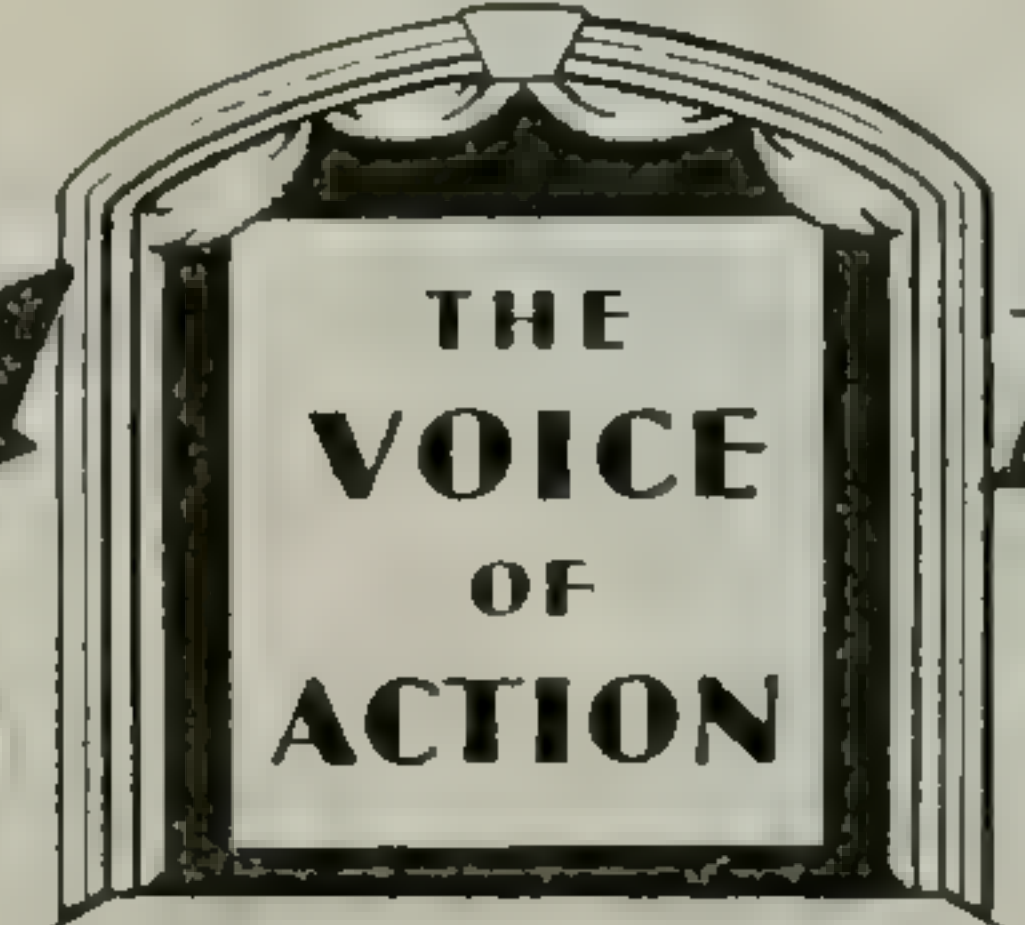


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# Hair Is What You Make It

Some like it bobbed and some like it long. But, blonde or brunette or in-between, they all agree that a girl's hair should frame her face becomingly. At the upper left is Billie Dove; then Joan Bennett, Alice White, Kay Francis and Barbara Kent. Below, Natalie Moorehead and Armida are in sharp contrast to one another, both in style of haircut and general type

**H**AIR is a barometer of the care we give it and of our general health. It's often a barometer of our moods, too. When we are dressing for a party and we feel light-hearted and gay, unconsciously we give it a little tweak here and a little push there, and somehow it looks quite different from our everyday hair, even though the general arrangement is the same. And when we're tired and low-spirited, doesn't our hair seem to take on some of that somberness and a tightly-drawn look that matches the gravity of our mood and the tension of our nerves?

If you don't think that becomingly arranged hair affects your whole appearance, just turn back to the cover of this issue. Norma Shearer can wear her hair in half a dozen different ways and always look lovely. When she brushes it sleekly around her head, I am positive that that is the prettiest way. But when she fluffs it out as she did when she sat for Mr. Christy's portrait of her, and it ripples across her forehead in soft, deep waves, then I know that is the most charming arrangement.

And what a change it seems to make in her personality! How it adds roguishness and allure to the rather matter-of-fact Norma we know best!

**A**FAMOUS dermatologist has said that the healthiest skin is the one which has a healthy person inside it. That applies to hair as well.

If in spite of constant shampooing, your bob hangs in lank, limp strings, then look to your general health, your diet, and the condition of your scalp. And if your hair is dry as dust, that is a signal for special care also.

Ask yourself these questions: Is my diet well-balanced? Does it include the proper amount of roughage and liquids? Am I getting enough regular exercise to stimulate normal circulation? Do I allow enough time for sleep and rest? Am I living temperately and sanely, or am I rushing along at high tension?

In spite of ill health, nervous disorders and poor care, some hair seems to grow and thrive. But that is the exception, not the rule. In most cases, hair is what you make it.

Regular, daily brushing is cleansing and a splendid stimulant for the scalp. Your brush should have firm, wide-apart bristles, but it should not be irritating to the scalp. It should be made of material that will stand immersion in ammonia water for frequent and thorough cleansing. Choose combs with blunt, smooth teeth, set rather far apart, so that the hair will not be broken or split. Don't share your brush and comb with anyone.

**G**ENTLY lifting the hair with the fingers and shaking it, going over the whole head until the scalp tingles slightly, stimulates circulation and loosens scales and dirt. Mild massage, with your finger-tips or by rotating the palms of your hands all over your scalp, will keep it pliant and maintain its tone.

Many authorities believe that frequent shampooing—as often as once, and even twice a week—is not harmful, especially if the hair is extremely oily and attracts a great amount of dust.

There are certain simple rules, however, for proper shampooing. The soap must lather quickly and well and it should be left on the hair only long enough to work it through thoroughly. Liquid shampoos are convenient to use. If you like cake soap you may prefer to shave it into boiling water, making an agreeable soap jelly.

The important thing to remember is that the hair should be lathered and rinsed two or three times, and that the final rinse must be thorough. Running water should be allowed to go through every part of the hair until there isn't a possibility of any soap remaining on hair or scalp. A cool or cold rinse will close the pores, and should be followed by a quick, thorough drying with a soft towel.

**I**F hair is inclined to be dry, a little oil, a tonic or hair lotion can be rubbed into the scalp or brushed through the hair after the shampoo.

To my mind, it is foolish for every girl to want curly hair. Straight hair is much more becoming to many types. It can be trained to lie around the head [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100 ]



## Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

**W**RITE to me if you want to know your correct colors in clothes and cosmetics—if you need personal advice about your hair or general appearance.

My complexion leaflet is free. So is my booklet of sane reducing exercises and menus. Just send me your request, and a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Letters without return envelopes will be answered in the magazine, in the order received.

My address is PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



# How to Emphasize Personality with Make-Up

*Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King, Reveals the Magic in Make-Up, and Tells Why Every Woman Should Individualize Her Make-Up as Screen Stars Do.*

## DOROTHY MACKAILL

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Make-Up by Max Factor

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*Dorothy Mackaill, 1st National Star, says: "I use your make-up exclusively, as there is none just as good as Max Factor's Society Make-Up."*



*Loretta Young, 1st National Studios, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King...approving the correct color harmony shade in Max Factor's Face Powder.*

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Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

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COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	Answer in	Age
Olive	spaces with check mark	

*\*96% of all make-up used by Hollywood Stars and Studios is Max Factor's  
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)*





Posed by Ruth Chatterton  
and John Loder, Paramount-  
Famous-Lasky stars

*for the first time he seemed to find me*

## ALLURING

## DESIRABLE . .

### *Two For The Price Of One!*

A special introductory offer by leading dealers all over the U. S.

For \$1.00: Ben Hur Face  
Powder (Full size \$1.00  
pkg.) Ben Hur Perfume  
(full size \$1.00 bottle)

*both for*  
**\$1.00**



For 25¢: Ben Hur Talcum  
Powder (full size 25¢ pkg.)  
Ben Hur Perfume (full  
size 25¢ vial)

*both for* **25¢**

*drawn by the spell of that  
haunting, compelling fragrance*

**T**O all the other men I knew, I was content to be just "one of the girls in our crowd." To Bob, I wanted to be "the one girl"—mysterious, exciting—full of allure. How could I change his casual friendliness to ardent admiration—to a thrilled regard?

I found the answer—the magic way—in a new and enticing perfume. A fragrance so haunting, so irresistible, that it seemed to throw a breath of enchantment around me.

I first used this delicious perfume one rainy spring afternoon, when Bob dropped in for tea. Subtly, that elusive fragrance wove its spell. I found Bob looking at me as if he were really seeing me for the first time. We were alone, and—well, there was no doubt about it—I had found the secret of allure in a little perfume vial.

This thrilling perfume is Ben Hur. Learn to know and use it! Make its charm and fascination your own.

### FREE TRIAL SAMPLE

THE ANDREW JERGENS Co., 5007 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me—free—a trial bottle of Ben Hur Perfume.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



**A**NITA PAGE proves that a beauteous blonde can look intense and sort of soulful, even when wearing fancy lounging pajamas and sitting on a modernistic table with sharp edges. Nothing, in fact, has ever been able to slow up the Pride of the Pomares tribe, whose film career at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has been as golden as her pretty pate. And that's plenty

Anita Page was born in Flushing, Long Island, Aug. 4, 1910. She is five feet, three, and weighs 118 pounds. She entered pictures in 1928 with Metro. Her father is Spanish-French, hence the name Pomares







Alexander

Lillian Gish, one of the famous figures in film history, was born in Springfield, O. She is five feet, four and one-half; weighs 112 pounds, has blonde hair, blue eyes

"**T**HE SWAN" glides out upon the waters of the photoplay once more, this time wired for sound! Lillian Gish as the princess in the talkie version of Molnar's famous play. No longer a beaten child, but a very modern young lady with pep and ideas!





Alexander

**J**OAN, youngest and blondest of the three pretty and talented daughters of Richard Bennett, has made a brilliant beginning in the talkies. Her work with Colman in "Bulldog Drummond" turned her feet toward fame. Now Joan is busy every minute!

Joan Bennett was born in Palisades, N. J., Feb. 27, 1911. She is five feet, five; weighs 108 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Is sister of Constance and Barbara





Hurrell

Kay Johnson was born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. She is five feet, four; has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her husband is John Cromwell, film director

KAY JOHNSON, the handsome girl blasted to phonoplay prominence by "Dynamite." Kay was hurt in a motor crash recently and the doctors predicted she might not appear on the screen for some months. A tragic interlude in a promising career!





Bull

**L**OOKING at you over the left shoulder, for luck, is a recent addition to the Metro-Goldwyn Army. Her name, says the recruiting sergeant, is Mary Carlyle, and she has been assigned to the First Blonde Battalion, commanded by Colonel Anita Page

Miss Carlyle is a newcomer to the Hollywoods, and our demon Answer Man lacks information up to now. She plays in the film called, so far, "The Song Writer"





Sally Blane is the sister of Loretta and Polly Ann Young. She was born July 11, 1910; has brown hair and hazel eyes; weighs 118 pounds. She was a Wampas star in '29

**B**ACK to the Billowy Nineties go the ladies of the lots! Who would have thought that such a negligee would ever be seen again except in a museum? But it is up to the moment now, and here is Sally Blane, Radio Pictures girl, all togged out in it!



# The GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*



Gown—Courtesy  
The Blackstone Shop, Chicago

CHARMOSETTE . . .  
(a reducing elastic obtained  
only in Gossards) is favored for  
slenderizing bulgy waistlines.

## Empire a la Moderne

Far from compromising on the new Silhouette, fashion creators are raising the waist to the Empire line for evening! The exquisite Gossard combination of peach satin and ecru lace, with hip control of hand loomed elastic, contours the figure to slender feminine curves—perfect for the charming lace gown that ingenuously wears its satin belt just below the bust... Model 2536

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires  
Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.



# Is there Anything CLARA BOW doesn't know about CLOTHES APPEAL?



*No matter what her costume, she's always fussy about stockings . . . let her give you a hint every girl can use*

EVERYBODY notices a girl's stockings, and of course you want them sheer, shimmering, appealingly lovely. Just follow Clara Bow's hint. She learned the secret from her wardrobe director—always wash stockings in Lux!

Whether they're the fragile, imported kind, or everyday service ones, your stockings will always have that lovely new sheen—and they'll last ever so much longer—with Lux.



*A movie wardrobe director told Clara Bow to use Lux*

Hollywood, Cal.  
"I couldn't resist buying some adorable imported stockings. But I wondered later if they could ever be washed, they were so fragile."

"I asked the man in charge of the studio's big wardrobe department. He said, 'Of course! We wash everything here, including antique fabrics and historic laces, in Lux.'"

"My cobwebby stockings have been washed at least a dozen times in Lux and look just as new and perfect as the day I bought them."

*Clara Bow*  
(Paramount Star)



CLARA BOW, like other movie stars, insists on Lux. And all the big movie studios use Lux because Lux keeps delicate fabrics new twice as long!

Beautiful girls of the chorus, too, wear stockings washed only in Lux. Every New York musical show producer insists on Lux "to keep stockings like new twice as long."



"Frocks, lingerie, stockings—Lux keeps them all just like new," Clara Bow says



Stockings look lovely far longer with  
**LUX**



April, 1930

The National Guide  
to Motion Pictures  
[TRADE MARK]

# PHOTOPLAY

"WHY," asks a reader of PHOTOPLAY in a letter to the editor, "do you not devote a section of your magazine to constructive discussion of motion pictures by well-known critics?"

Because, dear reader, I feel that our readers have too much intelligence to waste their time reading the intolerably boring junk these chaps write about motion pictures.

They are long on words and short on ideas.

Most of them have been tried out in the studios and ninety-nine per cent of them found absolutely lacking in creativeness.

Better pictures have been made by unlearned sentimentalists than by intellectual egotists.

I'VE just heard Garbo in "Anna Christie" and I don't know what to make of it.

Greta is the same fine actress she always was, and the sordid rôle of the world-soiled daughter of the coal barge skipper does not detract from the glamorous personality.

I'm puzzled about her voice. It has power and resonance and flows through the amplifiers without rasping or mechanical interference. But, for several reels, I was shocked at its depth.

Then, either because the sound projection was adjusted or because I became used to it, I began to like it.

I became so interested in the unusual quality of the voice that I paid more attention to it than to the story itself. The answer, I suppose, is that I enjoyed both.

IT is no criticism of Garbo to say that it is lucky for her Marie Dressler was only in the first two reels. If she had remained throughout, it would have been a case of grand larceny.

## Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By  
JAMES R. QUIRK



TWO years ago—before the talkies—Marie came back from abroad and announced her retirement.

"I'm washed up," she said. "I am just a fat old lady now. Nobody will laugh at me any more."

Here's all the "fat old lady" has done since:

Stole the first part of "Anna Christie" from the most outstanding personality in pictures.

Co-starred in "Dangerous Females," the funniest two-reeler yet made, and ran the inimitable Polly Moran right off the set.

Saved "The Vagabond Lover," the Rudy Vallée picture, with her wonderful clowning.

Was the big sensation of "The Hollywood Revue."

Just a "fat old lady," eh?

THERE are no more supervisors in the Hollywood studios. Few picture concerns today have the effrontery to advertise their pictures as super specials, super productions, or super anything.

The high and mighty and useless office of supervisor was ridiculed out of existence, and the public has hah-hahed super off the billboards.

The supervisor was a strange bird. He was generally a relative of the producer who had failed in every other job in the studio. A hundred jokes were told about his mental processes. Here is one of the best:

A SUPERVISOR'S car broke down in the desert. The great man was alone. He had no water, no food. All he had left was a little gasoline. Days passed. He was completely lost. He was starving.

Then, by luck, he found a can of soup, dropped by some camping party. With trembling fingers he cut open the can, sniffed at the contents, tasted them.

"God, that's good!" exclaimed the famished supervisor. "I'll make it better."

And he poured in the gasoline.



THIS talk of the talkies and the radio killing off grand opera, the mourners weeping crocodile tears over the passing of the sacred art, has always struck me as a lot of hooey. With the exception of a few sincere souls who were really devoted to opera, most of the people whom I have heard prattle about their love for it were the kind who gave me a pain in the neck, anyhow.

The sincere folks I refer to were a pretty regular sort. They had spent so many years studying the old-fashioned flub-dub that they had acquired a taste for it.

The traditional love of the Italians for opera is as natural as their appetite for garlic. They were brought up on it.

AND now Signor Gatti-Cassazza, head man of the Metropolitan Opera House, comes along to relieve us of any danger of an inferiority complex. Sighs he:

"It looks as though the world could get along without opera. The principal reason is the lack of new composers. The new ones have nothing to say. Still another reason is the increase of general knowledge of music among the public."

In other words, the new composers are a lot of bums, and the public is wise to them.

I, for one, feel better about it now.

HERE'S a real Hollywood sob story: Remember Margaret Mann, who gave such a beautiful and convincing performance as the mother in "Four Sons"? The picture was chosen by PHOTOPLAY readers as the best film of 1928, and Miss Mann was by far the outstanding artist. A few days ago she played a day's extra work in "The Sin Flood." The check she got from the casting office was for ten dollars.

GIRLS! Do you feel that spare tire forming around the waistline? Do you bulge where you shouldn't?

Don't listen to the lazy Hollywood people who tell you to eat nothing but two mangled prunes a day. Take a lesson from a Hollywood recruit from the Broadway stage, Winnie Lightner, the burbling comedienne.

In "Gold Diggers of Broadway" Winnie was a sensation.

But the indolent life of the Gold Coast was having its weigh. Heft was creeping over Winnie.

In "She Couldn't Say No" Winnie was discovered to be swelling up like a blimp on testing day.

To be frank, she was so fat that when she went to New York she turned down a big bid to appear in vaudeville, so ashamed was she of her new tonnage.

IF Winnie were the lazy kind, she'd have sickened herself on a few pieces of grapefruit. Being the kind that socks life just as she punches over a song, Winnie did something better and more healthful.

She turned herself over to Prof. "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, once a famous practitioner of the Art of Mangling Ears, and now proprietor of a New York gymnasium. At the end of three weeks she was as tough as they come and had shed no less than seventeen pounds!

Girls, get thin and healthy at the same time.

Like Winnie.

IN a recent issue we printed a small paragraph about a divorce rumor in a prominent film family, without mentioning names. Three hours after the magazine was on the newsstands seven men called us and insisted that we retract the statement or face a libel suit.

Now, I ask you, what does an editor do in a case like that?

AN elderly acquaintance of mine, who is worth many millions, dropped into the office recently to have a confidential chat, flattering me by his faith that I could give him some advice about the possibilities for making money in motion pictures.

His twenty-three year old son and heir had made a prolonged visit to Los Angeles and returned home filled with ambition to break into the picture business.

Never having detected a spark of ambition in the boy, whose only accomplishment in life had been a record for failing to graduate from more preparatory schools than any other lad in America, the father was tickled pink that his hopeful showed interest in any form of business effort.

AS is often the case with young folks who are not very bright, the lad thought he had an artistic nature. He had dabbled in everything from clay modeling, which he called sculpture, to interior decoration.

He had fitted him up a studio in Greenwich Village, but the only thing he had acquired there was a miscellaneous assortment of telephone numbers.

It seems that, although he was below grammar school par in spelling, the young artist had now turned to literature in a big way and had concocted a scenario which was going to set the screen world agog, as it were.

When papa told me the story of the scenario, it turned out to be both "Ben-Hur" and "In Old Arizona," with a suggestion of "Tarzan of the Apes."

"WHO'S the girl?" I asked him.

"The girl? Why, what do you mean?"

"In these cases there is always a girl," I told him. "There is a budding star in the woodpile. Before you put any money into this thing why don't you look her up?"

Three days later he dropped in again and told me it was a little cabaret dancer in a Los Angeles cafe, but it didn't make much difference as the young artist was now devoting all his thought and effort to mastering the saxophone.



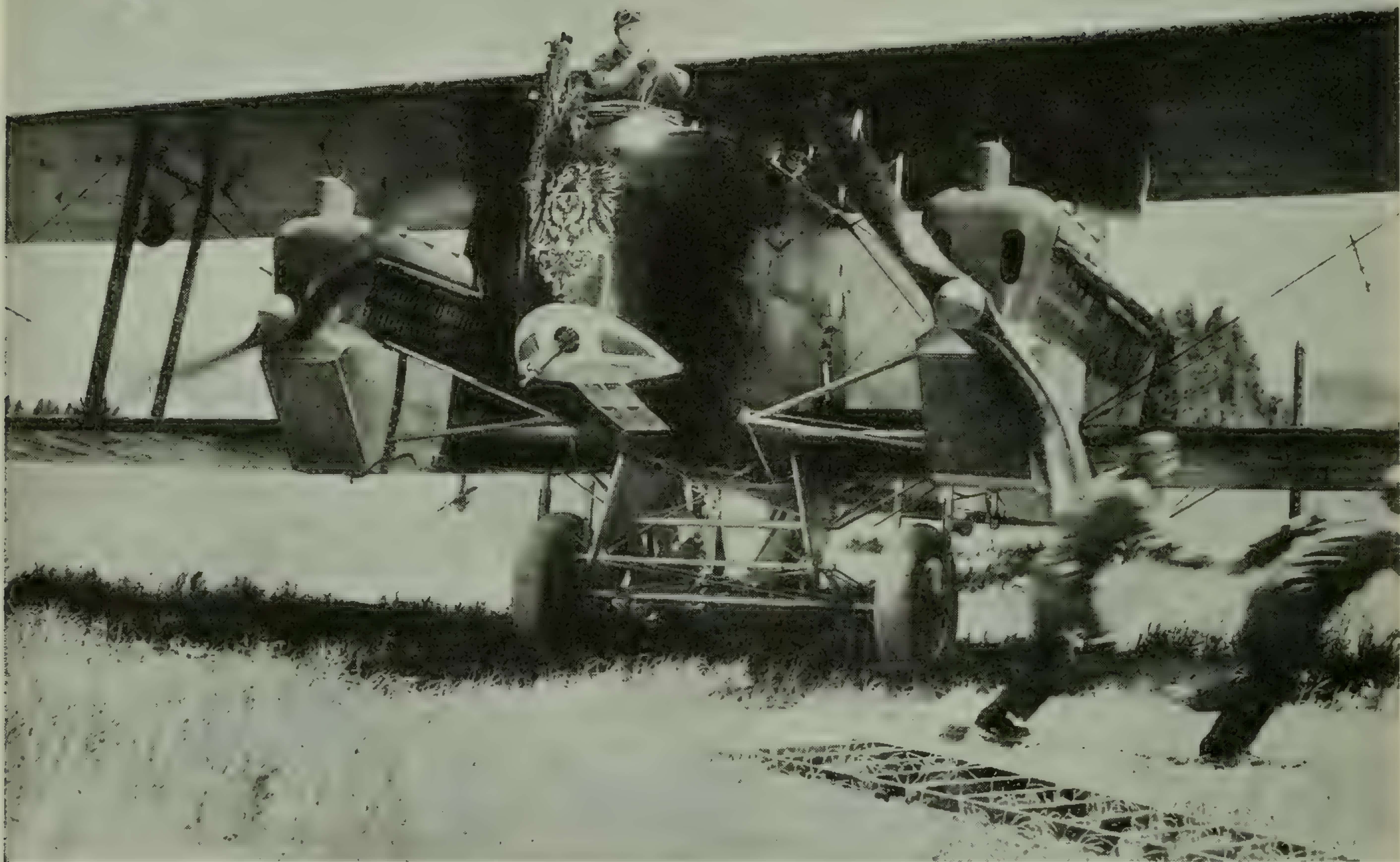


Fryer

**H**OLLYWOOD'S fastest romance! Grant Withers and Loretta Young flew to Yuma, Ariz., and were wed. On their return, Loretta's mother asked annulment, as the bride is only seventeen. Then Grant crashed his car, and was sued for more alimony by Wife No. 1! But Grant and Loretta are living together, quashing the annulment



# 4 Million Dollars



The thrilling, romantic story of how Howard Hughes, the millionaire kid, tossed fortunes and human lives into the making of "Hell's Angels"

The great German Gotha, mightiest of bombing planes, about to take off for a scene in "Hell's Angels." This is one of the big fleet of mechanical eagles that Howard Hughes bought and reconditioned for his picture. You can see Ben Lyon in the nose of the ship, adjusting his helmet for the flight. On the opposite page, see what can happen to a Gotha!

*By*

BOGART ROGERS

**T**HERE is, according to science, an end to all things. Which, apparently, is the only reason why Hollywood's perennial picture production, "Hell's Angels," approaches completion. It couldn't go on forever and the immutable laws of nature have seemingly accomplished what man was unable to do.

And even now, with "Hell's Angels" practically in the can, Hollywood's mad wags won't let it alone. The latest—and I hope the last—of the gags at its expense has been going the rounds.

"Well," say the wise-crackers, "now that the talkie version of 'Hell's Angels' is finished, they're waiting for television!"

For over two years, "Hell's Angels" has had the cinema industry gossiping, scoffing, laughing up its sleeve and right out in public, admiring, doubting, amazed, astonished, goggle-eyed and simply flabbergasted. Nothing like it has ever happened

before, and probably nothing like it will ever happen again. It is the last word in opulence, extravagance and lavish expenditure of time and money.

It cost, according to figures issued by its producer, over \$4,000,000, which is more, by hundreds of thousands of dollars, than any single picture has ever cost before.

To the intense joy of the laboratories and the Eastman Kodak Co., 2,254,750 feet of film were exposed—another record.

Thirty months were required to produce it—surely a record. It was written, produced and directed by one young man who, when he started it, had practically no previous experience in the business. This may or may not account for its tremendous cost.

Every dime of the \$4,000,000 was right out of this same young man's trousers pocket.

It is surely the most amazing thing that has ever happened



# and 4 Men's Lives



All that was left of the big Gotha after stunt flier Al Wilson crashed it for "Hell's Angels." Mechanic Phil Jones lost his life in this smash. Wilson saved himself by leaping out with a parachute

Howard Hughes, the 25-year-old Texas millionaire who wrote, produced and directed the stupendous air picture, "Hell's Angels," that is costing about \$4,000,000. Will he get it back? He doesn't care!

in a business where odd and peculiar hocus-pocus is no novelty.

To even begin to understand "Hell's Angels" you must first know about Mr. Howard R. Hughes, Jr., the young gentleman who financed, wrote, produced and directed it.

Howard Hughes, Jr., or "our hero," was born in Houston, Texas, on Christmas Eve, 1904. He lost his mother when he was eighteen, and when he was twenty his wealthy father died.

The industrial pride of Houston is the Hughes Tool Co., a colossal establishment in which several hundred workmen unceasingly fabricate Hughes Patent Rotary Drill Bits, Hughes Simplex Rock Bits, Hughes Disc Bits, Hughes Acme Tool Joints and divers other gadgets consumed in enormous quantities by oil drillers. It is a very profitable enterprise—about two million dollars a year worth of profitability—and now it all belongs to Howard R. Hughes, Jr., including the annual profits.

## How It Was Spent

**TOTAL NEGATIVE COST AND DEVELOPING (2,254,750 feet).....\$225,475**  
**TOTAL COST FLYING SEQUENCES**  
 (Exclusive of film cost).....\$2,113,000

Planes bought and reconditioned.....\$562,000  
 Players' and flyers' salaries..... 754,000  
 Plane and location rentals..... 389,000  
 Salaries, cameramen, technicians..... 408,000

**TOTAL COST DRAMATIC OR INTERIOR SEQUENCES.....\$1,068,000**  
 Sets, costumes, etc..... 520,000  
 Players' salaries..... 328,000  
 Salaries, cameramen, directors..... 220,000

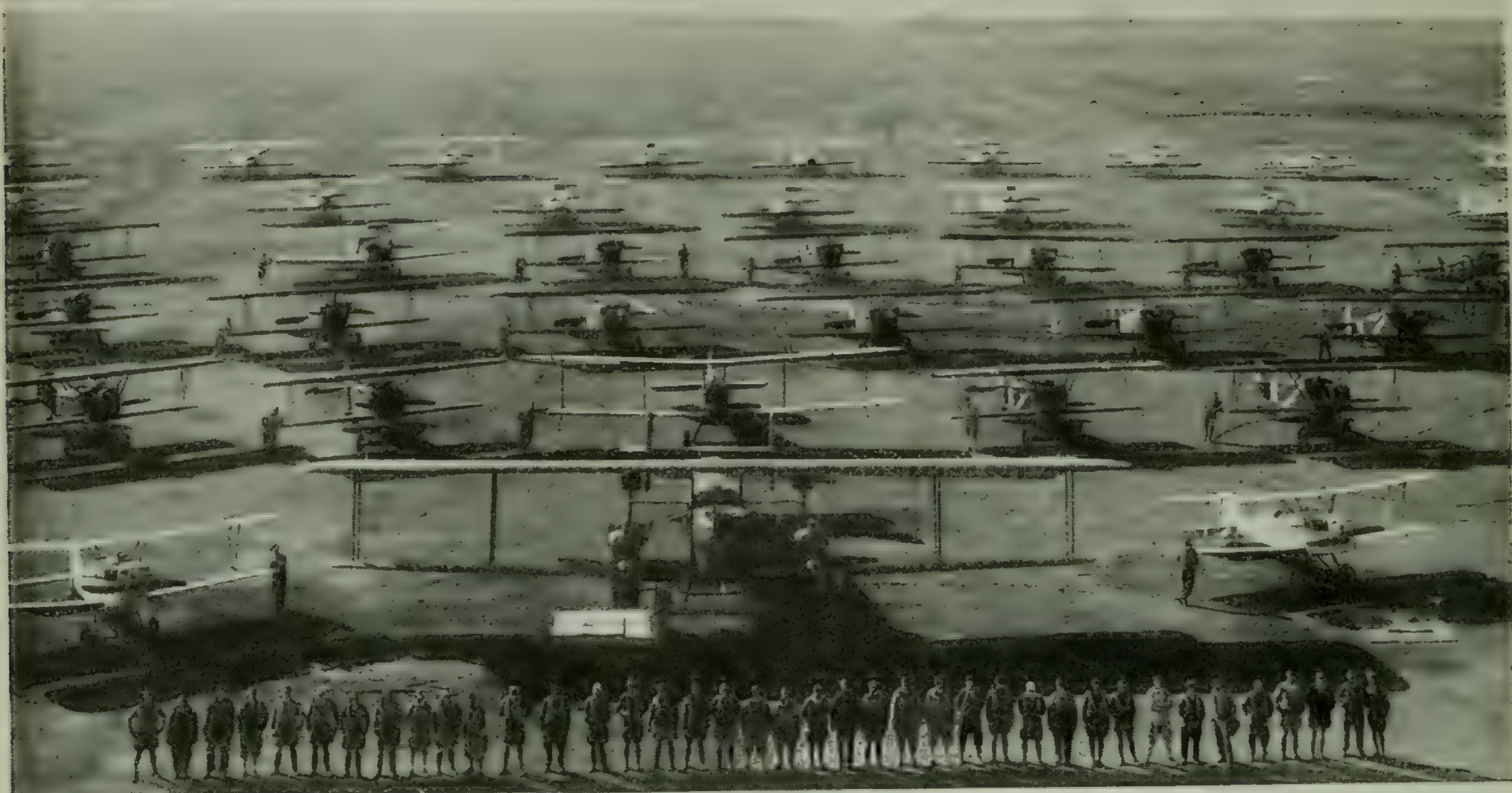
**TOTAL COST ZEPPELIN SEQUENCE..... 460,000**  
**Cost to Date.....\$3,866,475**

When cutting costs, "dubbing," exploitation, etc., is added to above, cost of "Hell's Angels" will be over \$4,000,000.

At the tender age of twenty-one, young Mr. Hughes went West to seek his fortune, having first turned over the tool business to his associates with instructions to forward his dividend checks to Hollywood. His uncle, it so happens, is Rupert Hughes, the novelist, which has nothing to do with this story. Howard Hughes became immediately interested in the picture business and entered it through the expedient of financing Marshall Neilan's production, "Everybody's Acting."

This feature, so it is said, returned fifty per cent profit, and the young Croesus figured that if he could make fifty per cent on an ordinary picture he should be able to realize proportionately greater returns on better pictures, which demonstrates he had a great deal to learn about motion picture finance. Anyway, with the enticing fragrance of new gold tickling his nostrils he organized the Caddo Company (Caddo is an oil field from which, I believe, some of his income





Howard Hughes' own war fleet! Forty planes of all types, with their pilots, assembled at the airport at Oakland, Calif. Shortly after this picture was taken, the ships took off for the most spectacular air battle of "Hell's Angels," a picture that abounds with thrills

Jean Harlow (a newcomer) and Ben Lyon, below, in one of the romantic episodes in "Hell's Angels." All these were done in silent form when the talkies came. Out they went, and a talking version was made, with Miss Harlow playing the part done silently by Greta Nissen



is derived), untied his ponderous bankroll and prepared to take the picture business apart and find out what made it tick.

He unlimbered his talents, so to speak, by making a picture called "Two Arabian Knights," and very good, too. It materially enhanced the reputations of Louis Wolheim and William Boyd, its stars, and Lewis Milestone, its director. It also made money and strengthened Mr. Hughes' belief in the theory that the more you spend the more you make.

We come now to "Hell's Angels," which started its historic voyage across the cinematographic seas some time in 1927.

The legend is that Howard Hughes bought an idea from Marshall Neilan—for cash. I don't know what the idea was, but it was a virile little rascal that developed into four million dollars' worth of movie. The archives reveal that Harry Behn and Howard Hughes wrote the original script, which was subsequently pencilled out of all resemblance to its original self.

IN October, 1927, the thing started to jell. From Paramount, Mr. Hughes borrowed Luther Reed, a director. In case Mr. Reed needs further identification I refer you to "Rio Rita" and "Hit the Deck," his latest directorial specimens. He was also an aviation nut and had been the first aviation editor of the *New York Herald*.

Mr. Hughes also borrowed James Hall from Paramount and Ben Lyon from First National. They were to be loaned, I believe, for only two or three months. They were still working in "Hell's Angels" nearly two years later.

Greta Nissen, if you remember her, was selected for the leading feminine rôle, the remaining cast was assembled,





and on October 31, 1927, the cameras started their record-breaking grind.

A moment's digression, please.

Just prior to the starting of "Hell's Angels" Paramount had released "Wings," an admittedly great film spectacle, the epic of the war in the air. The picture was produced at tremendous cost and with all the experience and facilities of one of the world's largest studios, plus the co-operation of the United States Army and Air Service. "Wings" was a sensation.

Do you think its enormous success and the almost unsurpassable standard it set disturbed Mr. Hughes? Don't be silly. He never turned a hair. With sublime confidence he set out to make a much bigger and much better epic of the air. "Wings," as far as he was concerned, was just a sample that would whet the public appetite for what was going to be the real Peruvian doughnuts in aerial epics, "Hell's Angels."

**H**OLLYWOOD said it was impossible, or highly improbable. Right here is a good time to mention that to young Howard Hughes nothing is impossible, or at least not until he has spent a lot of money proving it to his complete satisfaction. The word "can't" is anathema. He knows what he wants and he will exhaust every resource in an effort to get it. Many times he has failed, but he also has done a lot of things the wisenheimers said couldn't be done. You have to give him credit for that.

In January, 1928, after some vicissitudes, the dramatic sequences of "Hell's Angels" were completed. None of the aerial scenes had yet been filmed. In those good old days talking pictures were unknown, so "Hell's Angels" was silent. Close to \$400,000 had been spent with a lot yet to be done.

Some of Mr. Hughes' assistants became perturbed. They made so bold as to suggest he might be spending a bit too much money.

He replied that it was his own money.

They couldn't think of a comeback to that one!

The most thrilling aerial "dog fight" in motion picture history. High over the Oakland Airport raged the battle, with the forty ships shown opposite taking part. This one exciting scene in which the dare-devil pilots performed cost \$160,000

They had never seen money spent so freely before and suspected Mr. Hughes might be wrong in certain instances, but they weren't quite sure.

After all, it is almost impossible for a man with an income of \$5,000 a day to be wrong.

As "Hell's Angels" was a war picture, Mr. Hughes insisted on real war type airplanes. Nothing else would do. His emissaries combed the land for Spads, [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118 ]



The remains of a British scout plane after a mid-air crash that occurred during the above battle. Both pilots survived





# Colleen Has a House-Warming

IT'S one thing to build a beautiful, big house, and quite another to finish it up by making it into a home. That's what Colleen Moore and her husband, John McCormick, have done with their new house in Bel-Air, which is the most exclusive residential section within striking distance of the Hollywood studios.

The residents of Bel-Air look askance at picture people. Not on the screen, of course. They have plenty of idols there, just like the rest of us. But they are not sure that some of their gods and goddesses of the land of illusion would make pleasant flesh-and-blood next-door neighbors.

So when a mere movie personage wants to build a house in Bel-Air, there has to be a meeting of the snooty residents, or some similar sort of mysterious conference, to decide whether

the sacred portals of Bel-Air shall be swung wide in hospitality. When ballots were cast for Colleen and "Jawn," the decision to welcome them to the inner circle of the elect was unanimous.

Their handsome Spanish style home is a treat to the eye, even in a community where gorgeous homes are the rule. It has everything for beauty and comfort and happy living. Between the swimming pool and tennis courts is a "sports house" with dressing rooms on each side, and a big, open fireplace for barbecues. There is a separate "guest house," hospitably named "Casa De Los Amigos." A cat-proof aviary is surrounded by a tiled fish pond. And, of course, there is an up-to-the-minute phonoplay theater, which has a floor that fairly urges one to dance on it after the picture showing. The theater has a name also—"Casa de la Diversiones."

Time was when only little girls collected dolls. All these are Colleen's, and we're told she has several more closets full of dollies, many dressed in costumes that duplicate those she has worn in her pictures



*Some exclusive photographs of the new home of the John McCormicks in swanky Bel-Air*



Colleen believes a sun room should be all that the name implies, so she has left the many windows entirely uncurtained



The Story of  
Grandmother  
Baker of Oak  
Park, who  
"Adopted"  
Ramon Novarro



Grandma Baker, of Oak Park, Ill., with her beloved "adopted grandson," Ramon Novarro. She went all the way to California to visit the boy who looks like her own son, long dead

# The Volunteer Grandma

A LITTLE old lady is a guest at the inaccessible home of Ramon Novarro. She is happy and excited—not because Ramon is a great screen star, not because he is surrounded by the glamour of the cinema, not because he is rich and famous. It is merely because for years he has taken the place of her own son in her heart. For twelve years his shadow across the screen has been her sole happiness.

Her son died twelve years ago, and a few weeks later—as if the hand of Fate were pointing directly at her—she discovered an obscure picture in a magazine of a boy who had just come to Hollywood to set the world afire. The name was Ramon Samaniego. The face was very like that of her dead son!

There before her on the screen was a young man as sweet and charming as her own son. She began spending all her afternoons in the theaters where his pictures were playing. In the evenings her chief joy lay in clipping the papers and magazines that contained his pictures and stories about him and pasting them all in a large scrap book.

She didn't tell her daughters, but two years ago she wrote him a timid little letter and sent him a handkerchief she had made herself. She never once failed to write every week—friendly, chatty letters—and signed herself "Grandma Baker."

When the daughters found out, they laughed. "You're wasting your time, writing to a movie actor," they said. "You'll never hear from him."

But somehow Grandma Baker didn't care. She kept on writing, pouring out her love for the boy who had filled the vacuum left in her heart when her own son had died.

Her daughters shook their heads, and remarked, "Ma's getting childish."

One glorious day a messenger boy stopped at the little home in Oak Park. He handed Grandma Baker a yellow envelope addressed to her. Her eyes grew misty as she read: "Will be passing through Chicago Wednesday. Would love to see you, Grandma. Ramon Novarro."

IT was her hour of triumph. "So I've been a foolish old woman," she said. "There now, look at this. He wants to see me."

It was Edith Farrell who had suggested the telegram. She is in charge of the fan mail department at M-G-M, and the persistent letters and gifts from Grandma Baker had appealed to her imagination. There was the hand embroidered bag to hold Ramon's shirts, and the socks she, herself, had knit, and a little lace cap for his sister's baby. Edith knew she was no ordinary fan. She felt the real heart-break behind the letters. She told Ramon about them and suggested that he see her.

Ramon, himself, is as whimsical as Barrie and as charming as a summer day. He dispatched the wire and found Grandma Baker waiting. She had stood at the station for two hours because the train was late.

"And," said Grandma Baker, her

By Katherine Albert



old voice swelling with pride, "I would have known him anywhere, but the wonderful thing was that he came right up to me and put his arms around me and said, 'I'm so glad to see you, Grandma.'"

But why shouldn't he have known her? A little, expectant old lady—she is now eighty-five—standing so patiently, her arms loaded with gifts for him and his entire family.

**T**WO hours went all too quickly but he promised to spend a whole day with her upon his return. This time it was he who brought gifts, a handsome bag from Europe, a lovely knitted scarf, and other things that she cherishes along with the faded picture of her son.

Grandma Baker fitted right into the family on that halcyon day. Ramon had not seen his picture, "The Pagan." Grandma Baker had seen it sixteen times and knew exactly where it was playing so she took Ramon. She was sorry that the first run was over and they had to see it in a second-class neighborhood house.

But it really didn't matter—nothing mattered when she was with him and people pointed him out and thought that she was his real grandmother.

"Oh, I was so proud," she said.

He left, but exacted a promise from her that she would spend the Christmas holidays with him at his home.

She came from Chicago all alone, and for six weeks was the most important member of the large household. Ramon's return from the studio was the bright spot in her day. "And she tells me," Ramon said, "more about my brothers and sisters and mother than I ever knew before. She knows more about my pictures than I do. And the way she reads my publicity—well, when I tell you she has more clippings about me than I have, you'll understand."

Grandma Baker was an almost indispensable part of the Samaniegos family. She darned Ramon's socks and mended his shirts, all unmindful of the valet whose duty it really was. She refused to allow the servants to help her in anything.

For all her eighty-five years, she is as spry as a young woman.

Ramon thought she would be thrilled at the studio. But she wanted only to be allowed to sit on his set and watch him work. She is not a movie fan. The glamour is nothing and she is unimpressed by the other stars. To her, Ramon is not a star—but her own son, her very own son.

Belgian born, she is an ardent Catholic. A few days before Christmas she told Ramon she must go to confession.

He laughed. "Surely, Grandma Baker, you have no sins." "Yes I have," she said. "I must confess. I think I love you too much."

Her leave-taking was postponed several times. She at last decided to go on a Sunday so that she and Ramon could go to their last mass together and he would be able to take her personally to the train.

**R**AMON begged her to stay forever, but she has other duties. She lives with her two daughters and her own grandchildren in a comfortable, well-managed home.

Grandma Baker has left Hollywood, promising to return soon for another visit. Her heart is full of love and happiness.

And Ramon has a grandma. Around his neck is his scapular and chain. She gave him the chain, her most prized possession which she wore as a little girl in Belgium. It was given her by her mother and is over a hundred years old.

And this, up to now, is the story of Grandma Baker, who adopted a Mexican boy as her grandson and travelled all the way to California to visit him.

The thought of the little old lady, off on the long trail all alone, wearing her best black silk, is one that gets all tangled up in the heart and brings a lump to the throat.

No doubt there will be another chapter to this tender love story. When it is written by life, it will be written here, you may be sure of that!

And surely we'll be forgiven if we envy Ramon just a little? Lucky is the person who picks up a devoted Grandma—from a distance of 2,000 miles!

# How Popular is Rudy Vallée?

**J**UST how popular IS Rudy Vallée, the blond, blue-eyed boy from Maine, whose first picture, "The Vagabond Lover," showed him to those who had known him only as a voice on the air?

You'd be bewildered!

Rudy is a phenomenon of the amusement world. Nothing quite like him ever happened before.

He began as a radio voice, with a certain come-hither quality that sent a tremolo up and down the spines of listening girls. In two years he has become a high-priced band-leader, radio ace, master of ceremonies, vaudeville actor and film star, with a weekly income now estimated at \$8,000.

Not long ago our old Cal York did a simple, friendly reporting job. He said that Rudy was over-press-agented when he went to Hollywood, that he was a shy sort of laddy, and that "Hollywood looked down its nose" at him. Oh, fatal phrase!

Letters crashed in from Maine to Minnesota. "Just a Mother" said she loved Rudy because he loved HIS mother. Dozens dared Jack Gilbert to try to sing "A Little Kiss Each Morning." Horrors!

**R**UDY'S piping hot, right now. His fans will enjoy reading what Sidney Skolsky, columnist for the *New York Daily News*, says about Vallée, their favorite:

"Rudy was born in Westbrook, Me., July 21, 1901, and was christened Hubert Prior Vallée. He took the Rudy from Rudy Wiedoeft, ace saxophonist, and Rudy's idol on the sax. . . . Curses like a stoker, but screams shrilly when his



Girls Didn't Like Him  
When He Was at Yale

hot temper is aroused. . . . Doesn't drink much, but takes an occasional rye highball. The taste of Scotch makes him sick. . . . Tried to enlist in the Navy at fifteen, and failed. . . . Smokes a few cigarettes of an English brand, but hates the smell of pipe smoke. . . . Girls didn't like him when he was at Yale. . . . Gilda Gray put him up to using a megaphone, because his voice was low. Now he plans to employ a glass one so his face can be seen when he is singing.

**H**E plays two instruments—the saxophone and clarinet. . . . He likes the Lenore Ulric type of beauty. . . . His blond eyebrows are inconspicuous, so he pencils them on the stage. . . . He married Leonie McCoy in May, 1928, but the marriage was annulled the following August. He likes to read Western stories. . . . His cur-

rent ambition is to make a million dollars. . . . His great fear is that some day he will be fat and bald."

There you are. Another reporting job by a Broadway expert.

The favorite New York anecdote about Vallée concerns the time two high school girls called to see him backstage at the Paramount Theater.

He shook hands with them. One fainted.

The other, after her chum was revived, left the theater swearing she would never wash the hand that had shaken the hand of Rudy Vallée.

And is he popular? Ask Cal York!

Oh, my gracious me!



# She Wanted to Paint

She hated to be photographed and her voice squeaked. Now she is a bright new star of the Talkies

By Harriet Parsons



Claudette Colbert was caught flirting with this young man. Why not? He's her husband. And he'll hero in her latest picture



No wonder Claudette likes Mr. Microphone. He's been good to her. Her beautiful legs used to keep critics from seeing what a good actress she was. So she wears long skirts!



Mrs. Norman Foster actually urged Paramount to let her husband play opposite her. And she doesn't give one hoot for stardom!

**Y**OU'VE seen Claudette Colbert in "The Lady Lies" and "The Hole in the Wall." No? You should.

She was born in Paris. You've probably pictured her as a blazing bunch of French temperament. Well, she isn't.

No doubt you thought she was a heart breaker of the first water. She does flirt shamelessly—with her own husband. She was caught red-handed at the Paramount studios on Long Island where they are playing opposite each other in "Young Man of Manhattan." Norman Foster, who is making such a hit in the stage production of "June Moon," has the rôle originally intended for Dick Arlen and later for Skeets Gallagher.

It was Claudette who sold the producers the idea of letting him have the rôle. Imagine a screen star of the old days wanting a mere husband to share her laurels!

She has dark hair, brown eyes, and a quick, warm smile. She eats mashed potatoes and pastry and weighs only 105 pounds. She's famous for her beautiful legs, but prefers long skirts.

When she first appeared on the stage the critics made such a fuss about her figure that she

used to cry, because they forgot to mention also that she was a good actress.

They still talk about her figure, but now they mention her acting first.

She doesn't talk about her art and she has no illusions about the "gift of dramatic expression." She likes to be surrounded by players of her own high calibre and she doesn't make any complaints about having her glory dimmed by a good cast.

**H**ER new contract with Paramount makes her a featured player, but she is slated for stardom as surely as any newcomer to the screen. She will probably fight off stardom, however, because she hasn't any desire to occupy the spotlight. It's just as important to her that a production as a whole should be good as that her part in it should be well done.

They usually describe her as "glamorous," but she hasn't any illusions about herself and is utterly lacking in pretense.

A motion picture fan since her grammar school days when she first arrived in America, she goes to see pictures every chance she gets. She admires Greta Garbo tremendously and awaited "Anna Christie" as  
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117 ]



# Hollywood's Greatest



Underwood and Underwood

Restored to health at last, Alma Rubens smiles into the eyes of her husband, Ricardo Cortez, who stood at her side during the gallant, up-hill battle

By James R. Quirk

**A**LMA RUBENS is well and happy again. And beside her walks a proud and happy husband and lover, Ricardo Cortez.

For two years this dark beauty of the screen lived in a horrible nightmare of physical and mental misery, fighting what seemed like a hopeless battle for life. And giving up his screen career, Cortez threw every cent of his savings, every hour of his time, and every ounce of his strength and affection into the fight to save her.

Now that it is all over, Hollywood knows that, right before its very eyes, in real life, pitiful tragedy was transformed into genuine romance by the love of two young and gallant people.

Just recently, declared by physicians to be entirely cured of any craving for narcotics, Alma appeared in the principal rôle of a one-act play at the Writers' Club, where Hollywood authors gather. Her rôle gave her an opportunity to wear beautiful gowns, and old friends gasped with astonishment and delight when they saw her again, her dusky, vivacious beauty undimmed, her poise and acting ability surer than ever.

The studio intellectuals and their friends rose in their seats and cheered her at the end of her brilliant performance. It was one of the most sincere and heartfelt tributes ever accorded an artist in Hollywood.

**A** WEEK later she walked into one of the exclusive dancing clubs of the colony. Every man in the place sought her as a dance partner and every woman star there walked to her table to express pleasure at her return to health.

"Alma, my dear, I thank God to see this," said one of her old friends.

"Yes," said Alma, "I, too, thank God—and Riccy. But don't ask me to talk about it. It's over. Riccy and I never speak of it now."

Riccy is her name for the faithful and handsome young Ricardo. He was not there. He was on a long vaudeville trip, giving three shows a day to recoup the financial losses they had both suffered during those two dark years.

**Y**ET, Hollywood had not always been so generous. I remember things that were said a year ago. I knew Alma's story and I knew how sick she was.

"Have you seen Cortez lately?" I asked an actor who in prosperous days was supposed to be a great pal of his.

"No," he said. "I'm afraid Cortez couldn't stand the gaff. We don't see him any more. They just told me at the . . . Studio it's no use to call him. They say he's unreliable."

Part of that was true. Cortez, having spent his last nickel for doctors and hospitals was afraid of the consequences if he left her alone for an hour.

Unreliable?

The story of Alma's two long visits to hospitals for the cure of the drug habit has been told in many newspaper dispatches. Once, to save her from herself, Cortez had her committed to Patton, the California State institution. That act of his, requiring courage and utter disregard of what folks would say, was misconstrued, of course.

Hollywood didn't know, much less the world, how it all happened. Cortez knew, and he fought for her. The word fought is used literally. He even went to a doctor who had taken her jewelry away as payment for narcotic bills and forced him with his two fists to disgorge.

I remember Alma twelve years ago when she first came to Hollywood. I saw a dark, shy little beauty acting with Douglas Fairbanks in the making of "The Americano" at San Diego. She had just come down from San Francisco, where she had worked in one of G. M. Anderson's (Broncho Billy) girl shows. She was then about fifteen.



# True Love Story



Doctor, nurse and anguished husband stood behind the camera for ten hours while Alma Rubens finished this sequence for "Show Boat." Her breakdown followed

John Emerson was directing the picture, and he told me then that she would one day be a great actress. She spoke to no one. After each scene she went off in a corner and sat by herself. I commented on this to Mr. Emerson.

"Just scared stiff, poor kid," said the sympathetic Emerson. "That little girl is getting only twelve dollars a week and is living in fear of losing her job. She is supporting a father and mother."

It was about that time that the seeds of the tragedy of later years were sown.

Alma was passing into womanhood, and she suffered agonies, just as thousands of other girls do. It seemed so easy to relieve the pain. Perhaps the trouble would pass away soon, anyhow. So the doctor gave her morphine. This went on three years. But the pain never disappeared. The cure became a deadly habit. I don't think Alma would mind that being known, if she thought it might save other girls from the results of similar ignorance.

Back of that, too, was the ne-



Alma Rubens at the peak of her success, when her dark beauty and emotional depth as an actress were acclaimed. Now, months of ghastly suffering past, she looks like this again

cessity of daily work for daily bread. Her father hopelessly crippled and bedridden with rheumatism, the little girl started out at the age of twelve to work in a San Francisco department store. She told an intimate friend once that for three days while her mother was also in the hospital all the food she had was that which she shared from her mother's hospital tray.

Someone told her she was very pretty and should be on the stage. Dreams of becoming a great actress came into the little dark head.

She even made up a name for herself, *Rose La France*.

Syd Grauman, the great motion picture exhibitor, told me once of a little girl who came up to him in the lobby of one of his San Francisco theaters, and said:

"I am Rose La France."

"Yes, that's fine," said Grauman. "What can I do for you?"

All the time the kid stood on one foot, then on the other, and looked as though she were going to turn and run any second.

"I'm an actress," said she.

"Yes, that's fine," said Grauman. "What kind of actress?"

"I'm a quick-change artist," she blurted out, and started down the street.

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# That

Read the story that Greta Garbo tells a famous Swedish journalist—of a little girl in Stockholm's "Southside," lathering chins and modeling for hats

By

Åke Sundborg

"Now I think I am almost truly happy!" With these words Greta Garbo took her little mother in her arms, on her triumphant return to Sweden after years of absence. With the world's applause in her ears, Garbo thought first of the mother who had nourished her dreams

**T**HIS is the story of the beginnings of that woman of ice and fire we know as Greta Garbo.

Her name rings 'round the world. Wherever there is a screen, there Greta Garbo is known. Now she is twenty-four. Six years ago she was an unknown Cinderella in Stockholm, town of her nativity. Who says the day of miracles is past?

I am interviewing Garbo on her visit to her Swedish home. It is mid-winter.

"The story of my life?" she says, as I sit opposite her, patiently mining the material for these articles from her reticent spirit.

"We all do the same things. We go to school, we learn, we grow up—one much as another. Some are born in mansions, some in cottages, but what difference does this make in the long run? What does it matter who my parents were, or what they did? I cannot see what significance these facts have for others!

"We gradually find our true aim in life and try to fulfill its mission. This is the true significance of life. The result of our life should bear witness to what we are, what we will to do, what we can achieve. And our work tells this best in its own language. Mine happens to be the language of the motion picture screen."

Greta Gustafsson as a bathing beauty in her first professional film, produced by Erik A. Petschler near Stockholm in 1922. Very much to the Mack Sennett!





# Gustafsson Girl

## PART 1

Brave and profound words these, from a girl of twenty-four. They are added proof—if any is needed—that she is a rare and precious spirit in the world of life and art.

It is a difficult task—this dredging of the touching, dramatic facts from the hidden history of her early days. For Garbo is humble, modest, reticent. She ever shrinks from attention, covering her life with silence, though fate has forced her into the most pitiless of all limelights.

**D**IRECT attack will never succeed in the face of her silence. One must use subterfuge—all the wiles and trickeries of the trained reporter—to bring the white flower of her strange spirit into the sunlight.

One question is superfluous, really. Is she glad to be home again? At this appeal to her affection and emotions her face lights. Greta Garbo loves her kinfolk and her homeland with a surpassing love.

When, after several years in Hollywood, she came home to Sweden, and her train came to the little suburban town of Södertälje, she found her mother waiting!

After the first embraces, Greta impulsively exclaimed, "Now I think I am almost truly happy!" And as the rushing train crossed the bridge over the Mälar, her eyes filled with tears that were not of sorrow. The hunger of years of homesickness was being fed!



A fourteen-year-old schoolgirl in Stockholm, with big bow and long hair—a picture which proves that any girl can do anything! When this was taken, Greta Gustafsson was ready to put aside her books and go to work in one of the capital's big shops

"Almost truly happy!" This is a key that opens the door to Greta Garbo's secret heart. It even implies a doubt, in her own spirit, that she could ever be truly happy again.

This spiritual attitude is characteristic of the girl.

"**I** WAS always inclined to melancholy," she says. "Even when I was a tiny girl, I preferred being alone. I hate crowds. 'Go and play now!' mother would say. But I did not want to, and I still firmly believe that it is wise and essential to leave even small children alone now and then—to find peace, and to dream and wonder about the strange ways of this world in which they find themselves. I think this is even more important than play. Apart from skating and other winter sports, my best games were played by myself. I could give my imagination free rein, and live in a world of lovely dreams."

Death has walked often among those nearest and dearest to Greta Garbo. Unquestionably this has contributed to her melancholy turn of mind.

"I lost my father when I was fourteen. How terrible when a dear one is torn away forever—when one is so young!"

During her long American absence she lost her sister as well. Her "little sister," Greta always called her, though the girl was two years older.

"I could hardly believe it," she says. "My sister was



Her first appearance before a movie camera. Greta in a comedy makeup she wore in an advertising film made for Bergström's, the store where she sold hats



# AVDELNING

för

Dam-,  
Flick-  
och  
Barn-  
Hattar



"CLARY"

Damhatt av tagal-  
fläta m. bandgarne-  
ring. Finnes i marin,  
svart, vitt, rött, beige  
eller brunt

Kr. 18.—



"ETHEL"

Damhatt av tagal-  
fläta m. bandgarne-  
ring. Finnes i marin,  
svart, rosa, gråblått,  
beige eller brunt

Kr. 26.—



"JANE"

Damhatt av liséré-fläta.  
Finnes i svart, marin el.  
brunt..... Kr. 22.—

**Slöjor** i svart, marin  
el. brunt, med mönster i  
ol'ka färger ... Kr. 10.—



"HELVY"

Damhatt av tagal-fläta, monterad med  
blommor. Finnes i svart, marin, rött,  
brunt, beige eller vitt ... .. Kr. 25.—



"SOLVEIG"

Damhatt av liséré-fläta med bandgar-  
nering. Finnes i gråblått, marin, ljus-  
brunt eller mörkbrunt ..... Kr. 21.—

73

Ur Paul U. Bergströms Aktiebolags Vår- och sommarkatalog  
1921.

## Living the humdrum life of of conquer-

always so gay, so healthy, so beautiful! I always hoped she would come out to me in America. She had had a try at pictures, and I believed in her future. I just couldn't believe she was dead—until I came home and found her gone!

"Though I am the youngest of three children, my brother and sister always looked on me as the oldest. In fact, I can hardly remember ever having felt young, in the ordinary sense. I always had opinions, and the others looked to me for decisions, and for the solutions to their childish problems. But my moods were changeable. Happy one moment—the next plunged in despair. Yet they came to me for help and comfort."

"What awakened your love for the stage?" I prompt.

"I MUST have been born with it," she says, half-smiling. "None of my people had ever been on the stage. When I was a little girl, and knew nothing of the theater, I used to make up, as I imagined actresses did, and play theater with my brother and sister—as nearly all children do."

"When I was seven or eight came my first experience with people of the wonderland of the stage. Each evening, at about seven, I used to go to the courtyard of the Southside Theater and watch the actors and actresses pass to and from their work. Then I would steal home, fearful of a scolding for my tardiness. Somehow, the idea that I could enter the theater by the main entrance on the market place never entered my mind. My sole wish seems to have been to creep inside the magic stage door."

"At last, gaining courage, I stole inside, where I caught

The first public appearance of Greta Gustafsson as a model for the hat department. When Paul Bergström's catalogue for the spring of 1921 was issued, Greta's picture was used five times, wearing five of the tastiest items in the stock of "Ladies' Hats." Little did this cameraman think that the face he captured was to be world-famous!

A scene from the film that won Europe for Greta Garbo. Greta as she appeared with Gerda Lundequist in "Gosta Berling," which brought new fame to the great Mauritz Stiller and set Garbo firmly on the road to photoplay fame and her triumphs in Hollywood. And it was her first appearance in a genuine film drama





## a working girl, Greta dreamed ing the stage

wonderful glimpses of the players at their entrances, and first smelled that most wonderful of all odors to a devotee of the theater—that backstage smell, compounded of grease-paint, powder and musty scenery. No odor in the world will ever mean as much to me—none!”

To the little yellow-haired girl of eight, the stage door had become the glittering gateway to Paradise.

**T**HERE she stood each evening. In time she dared slip through, past the eyes of a gate-man who knew her by now, and caught fascinating glimpses of the dressing rooms—the stage. She stole home, and into bed, without telling her parents of the wonders, and her dreams. So was an undying love of the theater born in the heart of little Greta Gustafsson.

And it was not until she was twelve that she saw the stage from “out front”—and then from a perch high in the balcony!

That path across the courtyard of the old Southside Theater. It was the way to fairyland! Just by the gateway a lift bridge juts out over the cliffs of the Southside. There the little girl often stood, dreaming, gazing at the lights of Stockholm spread below. A panorama of a great, sprawling smoky world—an unknown world that frightened her, that frightens her to this day.

It was this world, fraught with mystery and danger, that she was to go out and conquer ten years later!

### CHAPTER TWO—Job Hunting

**“T**HE Southside.”

Your genuine 100-per cent Stockholmer lives “north of the river.” When he speaks of the Southside he seems to be talking of another town, quite foreign to the real capital of Sweden. To him, the Southside is nothing but a pretty silhouette of cliffs against the skyline across the River Mälar. He may take a taxi trip to the resorts of Mosebacke Square, advertised as Stockholm’s Montmartre. But the town itself he ignores. And yet the Southside is rich in interest and in memories.

So it is characteristic that when a Stockholm paper speaks of Greta Garbo’s birth it simply says she was born “somewhere on the Southside.”

I paid a visit to the place—a five-story apartment building at 32 Blekingegaten Street, a very ordinary place like thousands of others all over Stockholm. There Greta Louvisa Gustafsson was born. A drab, prosaic building, squeezed between two others of its kind. The rest of the lots on the street are vacant.

The five-story house at 32 Blekingegaten Street, Stockholm, where Greta Gustafsson was born. The snowy spaces in the foreground were, and still are, the playspot of the children of the neighborhood

These were the play-spots for the children of the quarter. In the summer there was a little grass, and sheds that invited romping youngsters as caves and castles.

“I never cared to play there,” Greta says. “I also warned my brother and sister away. Perhaps I thought there were too many strange children. Perhaps I was afraid of the grown-ups who frequented the open places.”

Garbo’s brother and sister were three and two years, respectively, ahead of her in her primary school days.

“School?” she says, in reply to my question. “There isn’t much to tell of my school years. I went to public school, and hated it. I hated its confinement, its repression. I dare say all children feel this way, even if they do not dare be frank about it. History interested me most. Geography I detested. I could never understand maps. They frightened me. Unlike most children, I actually dreaded recess! I could not bear the thought of playing by order, by the clock, in the schoolyard! My only comfort was that recess brought nearer the end of classes for the day, when I could escape, go home, be free!”

**W**HEN did Garbo see her first movie? She has completely forgotten!

“It stands to reason that I went to the movies like other children,” she says. “There were simple picture houses near my home, and one manager was kind to me, and let me in free, now and then. This was fortunate. Of course I had no money.”

Greta Gustafsson was still in primary school when she lost her father. He was not yet forty-eight when he died. She was heartbroken at his passing, for she loved him dearly.

With his death came a change in the family fortunes. A widow was left with three young children. Fortunately, the two elder had by this time finished school, and soon Greta would be free, as well. Then she could go to work and begin to help support herself and the rest.

Now that Greta Garbo has won world-wide fame, there are some in Sweden who delight in remembering that she first worked in a barber shop!

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The gate of dreams! Stage door of the old Southside Theater, Stockholm, where eight year old Greta watched actors come and go





Your war correspondent,  
under a flag of truce, counts  
the casualties in the battle  
of Hollywood



# Are Stage Stealing

By Leonard Hall

**T**HE battle of Hollywood is over! Your correspondent, under a flag of truce, goes out upon the field to count the fallen and to check the survivors. The great war that began when Broadway's shock troops thundered into the trenches of filmland two years ago has simmered to an occasional private grudge fight up an alley.

The time has come to take stock—to see how far the former stage actors have succeeded in running the old guard into the High Sierras.

How much of the immortal screen have the newcomers stolen?

Screen players, barricaded in their stucco castles and beaver-board palaces, sniffed scornfully at the besieging hosts. They said that the staggers, licked by the camera, would take the first fast freight back to the one-armed beaneries of Broadway.

People of the theater, smelling gold and drinking California sunshine, said pooh and also bah. They'd show the Hollywoodian some real acting instead of the old-fashioned face-making, when mouths opened and nothing came out.

Two years of bitter battle have proved both sides wrong.

Some older favorites, blessed with spunky hearts and fruity voices, not only held their own but forged far ahead, as in the case of the ever-glorious Swanson. The rest have wrapped their ermine about them and scuttled to their hilltop lairs.

Never was the old and tried "survival of the fittest" more perfectly worked out by time and fate.

**T**HOSE of the stage with courage and true talent have, almost overnight, captured their share of Hollywood fame and boodle. The others, with a sockful of savings, have gone quietly back to the roaring canyons of New York.

If some of the more gallant old-liners hadn't fought like tigers for their place in the sun-arcs, what horrors would have faced them! The wide beaches of the Pacific would be white with the bleaching bones of film weaklings and nitwits. Happy Jimmy Gleason would be King James I, of Hollywood. Jack Oakie would be court jester, and Helen Kane would be booping her doops at all the royal orgies!

What does the record book say?

It shows—in plain black figures—that the stage actors have been winning along the line. The battle has been no easy victory. But the people of the theater have been forging on, taking trench after trench, as some of the veterans fight, weaken, fall back.

They have the edge, these stage people who crossed the desert to find the pot of gold.

And they're winning bout by bout, for two potent reasons. One is social—one is business.

**F**OR the first, Broadway's onslaught caught the mellowing stars with their guard down.

All was pleasant and restful, in the dead days of silence.

A river of gold had been pouring into the stars' coffers. They had been idolized and pawed over to the point of nausea. Maturing in years, well heeled, they were in no state to face a new deal that called for pep, study and high-gear training. Many were licked before they came out of the fog of success, ease and self-confidence.

Worst of all, as the years marched on they had been smothered by dignity. They had forgotten how to play!

Doug, heading inexorably toward fifty, was no longer the playboy of the lots. Chaplin, the harum-scarum, was saddened by domestic woes and oppressed by gray hair, philosophical frettings and the Great Divide of forty. Harold Lloyd became Baron of Beverly Hills and Duke of Magnetic Hill, pushing golf balls around an estate that costs \$3,000 a week to run.

What made the great stars great, and kept them so?

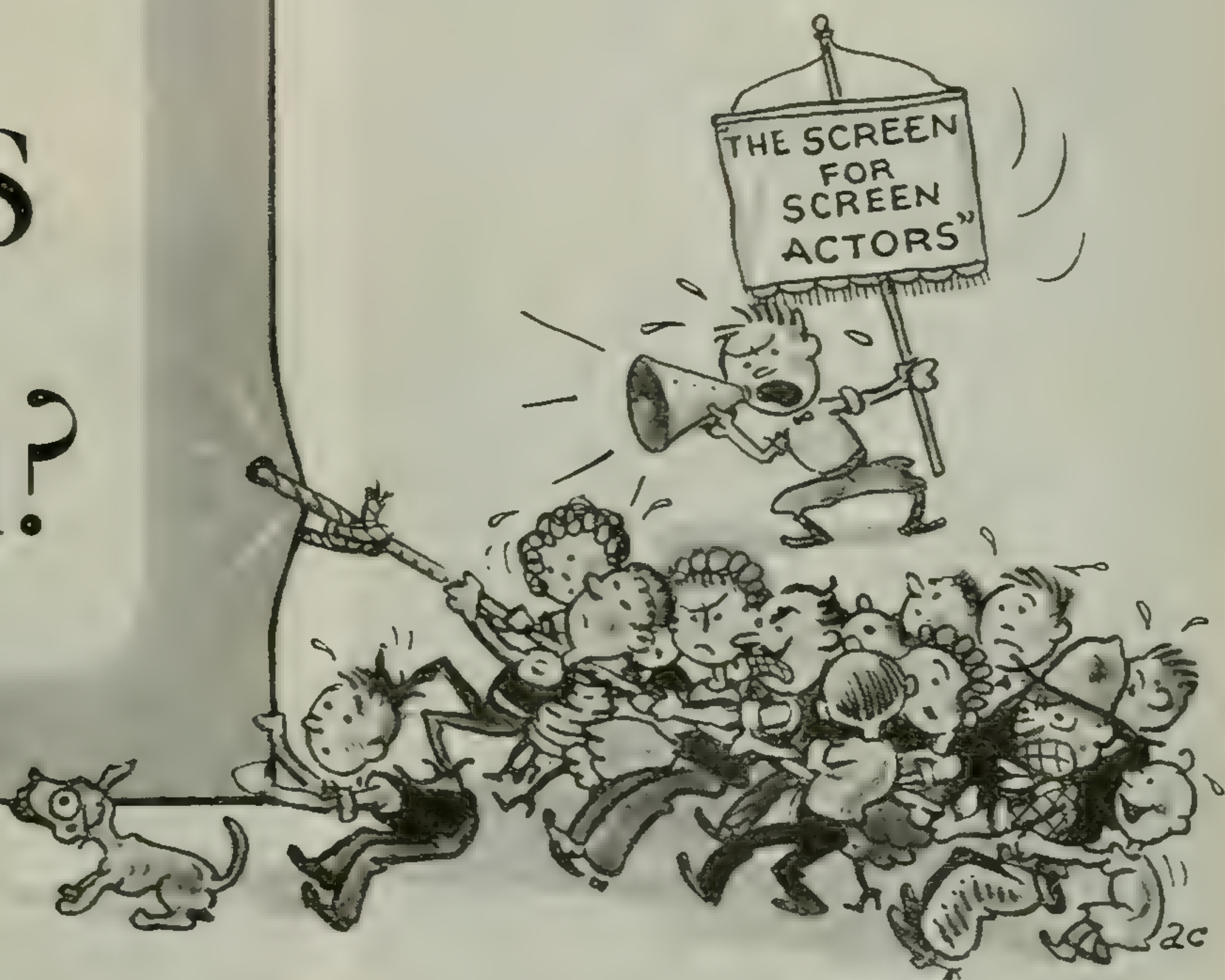
Nothing but frequent appearances in the best possible pictures. The fans forget quickly. In the never-never-land of movies, absence makes the heart grow sourer. So when the lords and geniuses began condescendingly to grind out one a year, we promptly went seeking after new gods.

If we can see the incomparable Chatterton four or five times a year, shall we moon over a Pickford become almost legendary? If we can have a look at the Colossal Oakie every six weeks, shall we pine for a Chaplin (even though he is master of them



# *the* Actors *the* Screen?

For every Swanson who holds the fort in filmland, a Chatterton captures a couple of trenches



all) who seemingly doesn't care any more about the desires of his millions than the King of England does about the shrieks of the only radical on the Isle of Man?

Not for a minute!

With the stars dead on their feet, the talkies lashed out. And horrible was the slaughter.

Hundreds of young stage actors came whooping in. In their jeans were six-months contracts, and in the fading theater that's not an engagement—it's a career. They looked about. Beaches, bungalows, golf courses and sunshine met their delighted eyes. No more stuffy New York apartments! Homes of their own, with posies in the front yard and tennis courts in the rear.

"HOOPLA!" they yelled. "How long has this been going on?" They took to Hollywood like an Iowan to Pasadena!

And today some of the liveliest and most charming social life in the film colony settles about certain of these settled vagabonds who have made good.

A gay and friendly mob swirls about the home of Jimmy, Lucille and Russell Gleason—three happy warriors who have left the long trail for peace and pleasure. Another—a bit more tail coat—centers around Basil Rathbone, Ouida Bergere and others. The Frederick Marches, the Robert Montgomerys, the Chester Morris, the Elliott Nugents, the Ann Harding-Harry Bannisters—all live gloriously in the sunshine and work like nailers.

A good contract in the California wonderland is sheer Heaven to the stage nomad. Small wonder that they both work and romp with zest! They still know how to play!

As for the second reason for the stage actors' edge—what a shock to stars of the silent era!

The very first wave of theater folk to smack the screen kicked to pieces, and ruined for all time, the most cherished fallacy in the history of the motion picture—namely, that screen acting was a sacred, secret art with a magical technique all its own.

The older screen actors nourished this article of faith, to bolster their egos and fend off attacks from the theater. The Art of Motion Picture Acting was a holy of holies that only their sainted feet could tread.

This, of course, was sheer rubbish—a fake and a phony of the

very first order, and the first stage actors to try the talkies lost no time in knocking it in the head. No one in his right senses would dare uphold such a position today. He'd be blown into the Pacific by a storm of haw-haws.

Certain stage actors proved, first pop, that there is no such mystery. That there is one technique, one half-art, one highly specialized business of acting and no more, whether it is done for fifty bored studio hands or for two thousand cash customers.

Paramount made a newspaper picture, called "Gentlemen of the Press." Walter Huston, Charles Ruggles and Kay Francis appeared in the leading rôles—three stage actors who didn't know a microphone and a camera from a pair of milk-white billy-goats. They stepped forth, bowed, and gave three truly astounding performances on their first try. All three are now honored and sought in filmland. Ruth Chatterton proved the point when she made "The Doctor's Secret." Screen acting was not the divine right of the silent stars. It was another good job for a competent and faithful workman, whether of screen or stage.

Nothing rattled the old-timers quite so much as the explosion of this pet hokum. For months they couldn't look at a microphone without inviting a stroke.

Just *pour le sport*, let's check the record book.

HERE'S what is shown by the list of historic "best performances" which appears each month in PHOTOPLAY'S "The Shadow Stage."

February, 1929. The name of Dorothy Burgess, a little stage girl among a half dozen screensters. Warner Baxter is there, too, for his great return in "In Old Arizona." In March, the name of Chatterton blazed for the first time, for the first fine drawing room talkie drama, "The Doctor's Secret." The rest were of the silent screen—Garbo, Asther, Colman, Mackaill, Sills, Farrell. April, and Charlie King in "The Broadway Melody," beside Bessie Love in her sparkling rebirth. King alone—besides Barthelmess, Novarro and others, who were still speechless.

May was noteworthy. The [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



# NEWS!—VIEWS!—

## of Stars



Acne

Chapter 465 of the journalistic sensation of the century. When Clara Bow-de-o-do arrived in New York, Harry Richman got up in the middle of the night (nine A. M.) and met her, accompanied by his raccoon coat and seventy-five cameramen

**T**HERE'S someone living in Falcon's Lair, Valentino's hill-top home!

It isn't the restless ghost of the dead star, nor yet a spectral hound that howls at midnight.

The new tenant is very flesh and blood and gristle—none other than Harry Carey, old Western star and now of "Trader Horn."

Harry just laughs away the superstitions that have gathered about the long-deserted mansion of the late Rudy.

He endured nine months of Africa—its heat, its toil and its danger—just to make a movie. Is he going to be frightened by ghosts conjured up by the minds of the imaginative? Not he! His hearty laughter rings out in the rooms where Valentino lived and loved—and, naturally, suffered.

**H**ERE'S one for the memory album!

Old Cal, the Cautious, doesn't vouch for it, but you can write your own ticket. It is related by Walter Winchell, the Old Lady Grundy of New York.

He says that Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford have promised Mary Pickford not to welcome any little strangers for a period of five years, in order that she may not suffer the embarrassment of becoming a step-grandma until after she has retired from the screen to become the grand lady of Pickfair.



P. & A.

How do you like John Barrymore's new dapple-gray whiskers? He's raising the hedge for the talkie version of "The Sea Beast." A picture of John and Dolores Costello taken at the launching of his new 110 foot yacht, *The Infanta*, named for the expected new Barrymore

It's a good story, anyway, and far stranger things have happened under the California sun.

**M**UTEA and his pal, the two big Africans brought to Hollywood to finish "Trader Horn," were given a treat the other day.

A Garbo picture was especially run off for the natives, they being a little bored out West.

"Well, how do you like Greta Garbo?" asked a studio employee, when the showing was over.

"No good," grumbled Mutea, fumbling for his English. "No like. Stomach too thin!"

**C**LARA BOW'S chins may be multiplying.

Lon Chaney has so far fought off the mike.

Yet these two stars led the movie pack at the box office during 1929!

At least, that's what a poll of theater-owners says.

Clara got 122 votes, with Colleen Moore her nearest competitor. Lon was followed by "Wild Willie" Haines, Hoot Gibson and Buddy Rogers. Fancy Hoot nudging out "America's Boy Friend!"

All of which proves something or nothing. Take your pick.

**T**HE lid seems to have blown clear off the marriage of Gloria Swanson and Hank, her marquis.

The explosion happened when Constance Bennett arrived in New York after her stay abroad, when she got a divorce and a million dollars from Phil Plant, her husband.



# GOSSIP! — *By* Cal York

## *and* Studios



P. & A.

Connie—Constance to YOU, sir!—Bennett and her recent husband, Phil Plant, a wealthy New York playboy who settled a million dollars on her when the judge told them to go their separate ways. Connie is now reported very much interested in Gloria Swanson's Henri

Within a week or so, it was reported, the gorgeous Connie spent about \$800 phoning Henri, the marquis, in Paris, that she had arrived safely and so on. The long separation of Gloria and de Falaise adds weight to the thought that the marriage is all over but the decree.

Calling a successful marriage 100 per cent, that of Swanson and Henri would rate just about six per cent—good interest, but no percentage at all on marital bliss.

It's a pretty good wager that all is over between Gloria and her French spouse, and that Henri and the lovely Bennett are making goo-goo eyes.

### **M**ONTHLY change-of-heart bulletin—

Lon Chaney will talk, out of all his faces.

He has just signed a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—a five-year document that will bring Lon in about \$1,000,000 the first three, and goodness knows how much the last two, if his maps hold out.

A lot of his old hits will be re-shot in sound.

**W**E'LL start our monthly rumor department with the innocent statement that when Gloria Swanson (the old trespasser!) visited the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios recently, the only person she saw was Cecil B. De Mille.

This leads easily into the crack that wouldn't it be just TOO thrilling if De Mille, the man who made her famous as a mannikin (if not as a real actress) were to direct her in a talkie?

And with that remark it is easy to close by saying ho, hum, maybe she just happened to meet him on the way to the cook-



P. & A.

Gloria and her Henri, the Marquis, when life was still a honeymoon and the birdies sang love songs around the chateau of the old Falaise family. This was before Henri went to Paris to work, and before Pretty Connie appeared

house for one of those famous Joan Crawford salads—a sprig of lettuce and a thin slice of tomato.

**T**HE love story of Loretta Young and Grant Withers turns out to be one of the stormiest in history.

No sooner had the moony young pair flown back from Yuma, Ariz., after their recent elopement, than Mamma Young called Grant on the family carpet, spoke her piece, and went after an annulment, Loretta being seventeen only.

Withers, worried, went for a drive, smashed his car, got all bruised up.

Slap, comes a suit for increased alimony from his first wife. She wanted her alimony increased from sixty dollars to three hundred dollars a week because the twenty-four-year-old boy had climbed into the big money.

**I**NCIDENTALLY, Grant's first marriage resulted in an annulment, too—because HE was too young! Just one annulment after another for young Withers!

And the slam-bang business carried plenty of grief for the magazines, too. We, for instance, had the girl "engaged to Grant Withers" in an issue that appeared just after all this fuss.

And at last reports the pair were living together, making the annulment thing quite, quite void.





Shooting from cloud to cloud! With his air-minded camera clamped firmly to the side of the ship, Cinematographer Archie Stout of Paramount fixes the last gadget and prepares to go aloft to make some air shots for "Young Eagles," the new flying picture which stars Buddy Rogers

#### MONTHLY Ho-Hum bulletins:

The Clara Bow-Harry Richman thing goes on and on. Maybe by the time you read this they'll be married. Perhaps they'll have forgotten each other's name. But if you care much, you're goofier than this poor long-suffering old gossip.

Harry gets up in the middle of the night (9 A. M.) to meet Clara when she hits New York.

They hug seventy-five times for seventy-five sleepy reporters and cameramen.

He gives her a diamond bracelet. A gentleman named Cohn, finding that Harry has that much money, slaps a \$50,000 judgment on him. Harry was charged with alienating the affections of Mrs. Cohn, and the fifty grand was to soothe Mr. Cohn's aching heart.

That's about all the ho-hum this month.

#### SO Gilda Gray's divorce is final. Well—

She shook here;  
She shook there;  
She shook simply  
Everywhere!  
She shook ev-  
'Rything in view.  
At last she shook  
Her husband, too . . . !

#### GREATER love hath no husband than this.

Anthony Bushell, the handsome young juvenile of "Disraeli," recently underwent a blood transfusion to aid the recovery of his wife, Zelma O'Neal, from an operation for appendicitis.

Zelma, a musical comedy whirlwind from Broadway, is to appear in the film version of "Follow Through."

VICTOR McLAGLEN and George Bancroft have a lot of wild-eyed fans who never see them on the screen!

They are the children of the actors' friends.

Vic and George play the hard-boiled, fiery-eyed rôles that parents are inclined to steer the younger kids away from. These child friends meet the stars in person and love them as good playfellows—but they never see them in pictures.

Parents find it hard to explain to the children why they can see McLaglen and Bancroft in their homes but never at the movies.

The Mixes mix again, and who said separation? Tom Mix, now the king of circus cowboys, and Victoria, filmland's queen of diamonds, at the Miami race track, in Florida. Mrs. Mix's long absence in Paris gave birth to a lot of divorce rumors, but here she surely looks happy though married



Underwood & Underwood

#### MILTON SILLS is well along on the comeback trail!

The big boy, ill for over a year, has a big rôle in the Fox production, "A Very Practical Joke," and he is happy, we are happy and Wife Doris Kenyon is deliriously happy.

Inasmuch as Doris is working in pictures again, too, it looks like a blithe spring for the Sillses.

#### MAURICE CHEVALIER is the modern Midas. His time turns to money!

When he had finished "The Big Pond" in the East, Maurice went to Hollywood just for a visit. The boy likes the spot.

And the money began to roll in.

He was offered \$5,000 for his American radio début—ten minutes on the air.

Did he take it? Know the French?

He took in \$18,000 for eight days' work at the San Francisco Auto Show, singing two numbers twice a day.

A nice \$23,000 holiday.

Oh, for a smile like that!

#### THE grand opera stars are fully appreciative of California and Hollywood.

Galli-Curci has purchased an enormous estate in Palos Verdes, immediately upon retiring from the Metropolitan opera, without even knowing whether or not she would sign for motion pictures.

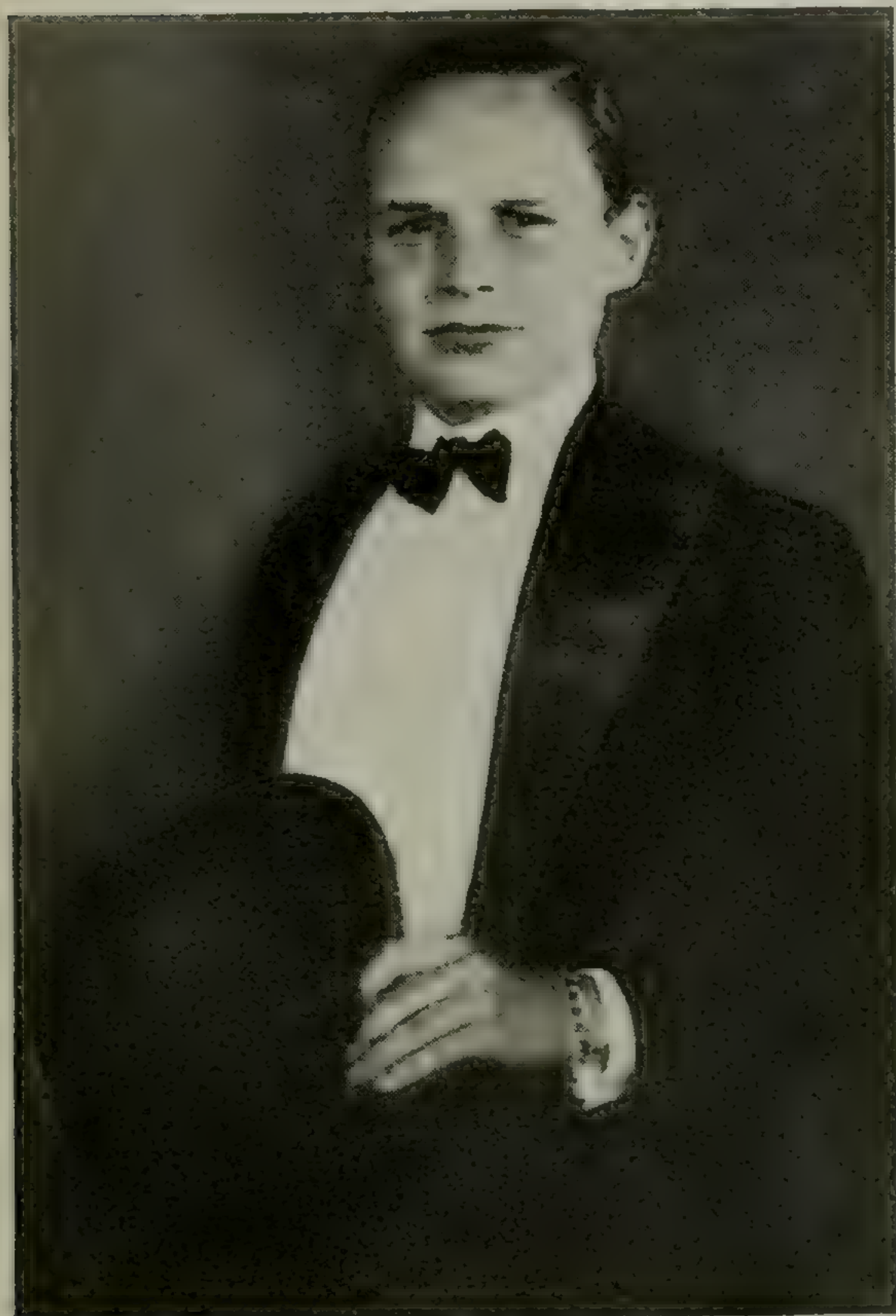
Lawrence Tibbett came to Hollywood and purchased a beautiful residence in Beverly Hills, just across the street from Corinne Griffith, before he had ever signed his long-term contract with M-G-M.

John McCormack, three weeks after his arrival in Hollywood, purchased an estate of one hundred and forty-five acres without having any idea whether Fox would want him for a second picture.

He will still do salmon fishing in Ireland every spring, but he plans to spend the major portion of his time in Hollywood.



Who's this gay young blade with the boiled shirt, the iron hat and the dingle-dangle on his left wrist? A new master of ceremonies? A band leader? The president of the sophomore class? All wrong. It's Jackie Coogan himself, attending the Hollywood opening of Lawrence Tibbett's "The Rogue Song"



**W**ELL, we told you so. We knew it couldn't be long. Stepin Fetchit, that playful dark child who owned too many automobiles for his own good, has played and talked himself out of two jobs, now.

Too often in court—sometimes too tired to toil, Step finds himself on the wrong side of the studio gateman, now. Fox tired of his antics and let him go. Then he went to Columbia for a part and attempted to direct the director.

This didn't go down at all, as directors are still considered, in most circles, to know more about their jobs than the hired hands. So Step's second job went up the spout.

If he doesn't look out, the boy will be buck-dancing for quarters on the street-corners of Los Angeles.

**W**HEN Will Rogers learned that John McCormack had purchased an estate right through the heart of Hollywood that extended from Mulholland Drive almost to the foyer of the Roosevelt Hotel, he exclaimed:

"My, my, why did you do that? I would have sold you mine cheap and thrown in a couple of monologues."

**S**TOP the presses! Dust off the headlines! Mae Murray and Eric Von Stroheim are friends again!

They had not spoken for five years. Not since those hectic and fatal days when Von directed Mae in "The Merry Widow." Old-timers at the studio still speak of the quarrel in hushed tones.

But now for the big reconciliation scene. It happened at the Mayfair dance. Von gave a big party. Mae was at another table. Von had interesting little favors to symbolize the various pictures he has directed. One of them was a miniature of Mae and Jack Gilbert dancing the Merry Widow waltz.

In a moment of good cheer Von sent the statuette over to Mae's table. She came to Von and threw her arms around him. A spot light was thrown upon the happy pair while everybody applauded. And another Hollywood hatchet is buried!



The crossroads store in movieland! The little girls of the chorus gather 'round the red-hot salamander, as they call them, on wintry days in California, talking about their boy friends and re-fighting the Civil War. Director Michael Curtiz, Frank Fay and the girls on the First National lot

**I**F it weren't that policemen's clubs are called truncheons in England, this could never have happened—

Charlie Chaplin was in one of his silences on the lot recently. He goes into them when thinking up gags. Everybody has to be quiet, while Charlie sits and thinks. Suddenly he gets the gag—and leaps up proclaiming it.

This time he wondered what to do with a policeman. For minutes he sat silent. Then some bit of business to do with the policeman's club struck him.

He leaped into the air and shattered the silence with one word:

"TRUNCHEON!" he bawled.

With one accord, everybody—principals, extras, technicians, cameramen and everyone else—dashed off the set.

Pop-eyed in amazement, Chaplin watched them go.

"Now what caused that?" he finally asked.

"Why—didn't you call 'luncheon'?" someone asked, innocently.

**S**PEAKING of the stock market and disposing of all securities to meet the margin, Cliff Edwards tells how a Lincoln limousine was exchanged for a litter of eleven Whippets, all equipped with tail lights.

**"G**EE, it must be soft to be a movie star! ! !"

Yes?—well, the other day, Dorothy Mackaill, rehearsing a scene, crashed into a piano. The doctor found a broken rib.

"Bed," he ordered.

"Sorry; can't," she replied. "Have to finish the picture."

So with tape holding the broken rib in place, she finished the required scene, the next day.

Then she collapsed.

"Bed! !!" insisted the doctor.

She obeyed, this time.

**C**ECIL B. DE MILLE (or so they say) gave a friend a dictionary for Christmas.

He inscribed it—"The second greatest book ever written."

"That's funny," said an innocent bystander, taking a pinch of snuff or something, "I didn't know he'd written his life story!"

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 74 ]



# The New Two-Gun Man

FLOODS have passed under the bridge since William S. Hart left Hollywood for his hilltop rancho at Newhall, and the greatest two-gun man of the romantic pioneer days faded from the screen. Hollywood has changed. Along came the greatest revolution of all time in the cinema city, talking pictures. New stars have appeared, and old ones have disappeared.

In five years no one has approached the old two-gun popularity of Hart. The others are athletes first, and two-gun men second, as far as their pictures are concerned.

But now, those who should know see the shadow of a new, young, two-gun hero outlined on the screen of the future. It is unlikely that he will ever take the exact place of Hart. No one ever takes the exact place of another. There will never be a second Valentino, or another Wally Reid.

Will Gary Cooper be the great two-gun star of the photoplay, just as William S. Hart was the beloved

The Big Boy's first tail-coat picture! Gary Cooper in "Children of Divorce," surrounded by Clara Bow, and Esther Ralston

two-gun hero of the photoplay? As rapid as Gary's strides to popularity have been in the last three years, he won his greatest acclaim in "The Virginian," Owen Wister's famous old story of a drawling youth who was quick on the trigger. The lanky lad from Montana will continue in Westerns—not the shoddy horse operas of yore, made on a slim shoestring, but elaborate productions on which the best writing talent at Paramount will work. Now he is making "The Texan," and after that "Fighting Caravan," a romantic tale of the first freights to cross the Continental Divide.

IN many ways Gary and Hart are alike. They are both tall and rangy and bear unmistakably the stamp of the West. More than anything else they love the ranges. Hart spent his boyhood in the old Dakota territory with the Sioux Indians. He had worn nothing but moccasins on his feet when his father brought him back to New York when he was sixteen. Gary grew up on two thousand rolling Montana acres. Hart was homesick for the West when at twenty-two he was playing *Armand* to Modjeska's *Camille*. Gary felt nostalgia for Montana when he was taken to school in England. He is homesick for it now that he is a star in Hollywood.

To be a really great Western star it takes more

## Will Gary Cooper take the saddle of Bill Hart?



than a pinto pony and a becurled heroine. There has to be a genuine love for the thing portrayed, or it becomes just another movie. Well, Gary has that love. He's restless and confined in Hollywood. Every once in a while he breaks loose. He drives through Imperial Valley, along the strange, lost Salton Sea, through the sage and mesquite.

He likes to drive at dusk, for the moonlight rapidly follows the last red glow of the sunset down there. He likes to return to his home, "Sunnyside Ranch," in Montana, with its swirling rivers and big game.

Now he is going to Arizona to look over a 240,000-acre ranch. Perhaps he will buy it.

Gary, "Big Coop," if you can run fast enough to call him that, prefers to make Westerns. It's the life he knows best, and his first great success in Hollywood was as the lean Westerner, *Abe Lee*, in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Gary WAS *Abe*. He knew how he would think and talk and live.

Ever see more misery painted by fate on a human face? Gary is longing for those ole woolly chaps and two-gallon hat!

He was like a fish out of water when Paramount put him in the drawing room in "Children of Divorce." Then when he was given three Westerns after that he learned the needed tricks of the profession against a more agreeable, familiar background.

"It's like a vacation," he said, "playing in a Western picture. I get the exercise that I don't have time to take otherwise. I ride horseback and wear comfortable clothes.

"There's a great future for Westerns, I think. Good Westerns. I was crazy about them when I was a kid. Then they began to use the same moth-eaten story. They started from the middle and wrote both ways, and they started from the end and worked to the beginning. Always the same, a hero, a heroine, a horse, a few broken-down, discontented cows. Of course, everybody got tired of that sort of thing. Even the kids. The talkies will give the Westerns new life; that is, if they're good and there aren't too many of them."

Danger has always gone hand in hand with the players associated too closely with Westerns. Perhaps no actor in Hollywood has been so stereotyped as the Western star. Gary realizes that, and so does Paramount. Between every Western picture he makes will be sandwiched one of another type. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]

By  
Marquis  
Busby



# Want to Write Songs?

By  
Harry Lang



Irving Berlin, who began his hit career with "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and has since written many of the nation's songs without caring two G-clefs about who makes its laws

Read what Irving Berlin, the Old Master, says about his job

"SCOOOS, pleass; you in pik-shers, meester?" asked the Jap who cuts my lawn.

"Well, in a way—"

"Ah, yess; sank you; pleass to tell me how I writing poppeler song—?"

I fled to the bus. The bus driver asked me if I could read over a lyric he'd written and tell him what to do with it. I could have, but he was too big. The corner newsboy wanted me to listen to him whistle a tune he'd thought up for a theme song. I simply had to do something about it all, so I made a date to see Irving Berlin at the United Artists lot, where he's gone Hollywood.

"See here," I demanded of him; "how should I go about writing a popular song?"

"So! You too, eh? Try cyanide," he suggested.

"Cyanide?" I asked. "Cyanide? Ah—oh, I see—well, er—*I'd suicide, With cyanide, If you were not, Beside my side.*' How's that?"

"I didn't mean to rhyme it. I meant to take it," explained Berlin.

"No. I mean seriously," I insisted. "You see, everybody's trying to write songs now, like they used to write scenarios. How about some rules? Can you, as a famous expert, give them some?"

"ASK me some questions, and I'll tell you some answers," he proposed. So we did it like this—

Q—What's the first thing a would-be song writer should do?

A—If he's got a job, keep it. That's why I took up song-writing—I didn't have a good job. Don't try song writing as a hobby, like golf or craps. It's a business.

Q—Well, does one need anything more than a title?

A—Yes. No. Some titles make songs; some songs make titles. "If I Had a Talking Picture of You"—a fine title; a song not so meritorious as that would still be a success with that title.

Q—Yeah? Well, suppose one didn't have a title, but had a swell idea. What then?

A—Just as well ask a dressmaker what to do with some fine material. It all depends on who's doing it.

Q—Well, what should one NOT do, then?

A—Don't try to be—you know—"smart." Keep to simplicity. It's the greatest asset you can put in a song. My first ten years I devoted to trick rhymes and catchy phrases—and very often awful little sense. But with experience and watching sales charts, I've learned to work twice as hard to write a simple song that listens twice as easy.

Q—What about the sense of the words?

A—"Alexander's Ragtime Band" had little or no sense. Yet Kipling might have written some beautiful words to the tune, and it would have been a beautiful flop, maybe. It isn't the meaning of the words that counts; it's how they sound. Words must fit to the music; sense is secondary.

Q—What about rhyme? Is that necessary?

A—I'd rather write a lyric without rhyme, nowadays. Look at "Always."

Q—What should come first—the lyric or the music?

A—Both. Either. I, myself, usually fit phrases of lyric to phrases of melody. On the other hand, some of the greatest successes have been written to fit lyrics.

Q—Must one stick to precedent, or—?

A—No. Write your own ideas, rather than what you've heard. Most amateurs are influenced by popular hits in current vogue—and professionals are guilty of it, too. You've got more chance of success if you get away from the conventional. There's "Singin' in the Rain"—and there's "Yes, We Have No Bananas." To me, that's a great American song. It's the comic strip, in music.

Q—Is there any sure-fire theme?

A—The surest is the self-pity idea. "All by Myself" stuff, and "He's My Man, Although He Done Me Wrong," for instance.

Q—What about sentimental songs?

A—Well, there aren't many ways to say "I Love You" and that's what you've got to say in a sentimental song. The sloppily sentimental song is dead, now, anyway. People are getting too sophisticated. They're "onto it."

Q—Well, let's suppose a man has written a lyric. What should he do with it?

A—Well, I can tell him what NOT to do. Don't send it to ME! I get too many already, and I never read them.

Q—But what SHALL he do?

A—Seriously, that's a hard question. Successful song writers are either established teams, or those like myself who write both words and music—neither of whom has any use for unsolicited outside material. There remain the publishers—who usually have their own paid staffs and are too busy to look at the thousands of volunteer contributions. I'd say that it's hopeless to send a manuscript to a publisher. Like the picture producers, they can't afford to take time to read through these thousands of manuscripts and perhaps only find one or two fairly acceptable ones.

"THE best way for an amateur to do is this: Get a complete number—words and music. Then get somebody—say a vaudeville artist, or an orchestra leader with a singer in his band, or anybody else who does music publicly—to do it where people can hear it. Then the author will mighty quick know how good or how bad his work is.

"If it's just fair—or even pretty good—I'd still advise him to forget it. But if it has that certain something, he won't have to do anything more about it. The publishers will come on their knees, begging him to write his own ticket."

P. S. The writer decided to stick to his job!





★ **ONLY THE BRAVE**—Paramount

"ONLY the Brave" deserves the fair Mary Brian. If that isn't a reward for valor, how's all the folks?

Here's another war story, but for a change its setting is the late unpleasantness between the States. All of it is far enough in the past to take on the aspect of a fancy dress ball.

It is sentimentality of the "Shenandoah" era, but it's picturesque and moving in spite of artificialities. Gary Cooper is romantic and handsome as a Northern spy under a death sentence, and Mary Brian turns in a neat performance as a Southern girl. One of the high lights of the picture is the surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox.

William LeMaire about walks off with the picture as a very funny specimen of "po' white trash." Some of the Southern accents are pretty synthetic. A good phonoplay.



★ **SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox

OUT of tragedy and long and inspired labor has come a brilliantly made talking picture in "Such Men Are Dangerous." It was during the making of this film that Kenneth Hawks and nine other Fox employees met their death in an air crash over the Pacific.

The story is based on the fate of the famous Belgian financier who disappeared during a flight over the North Sea—still a mystery, and a grand picture plot in fancy.

Elinor Glyn wrote this tale. In her plot the man reappears under a different name, with an altered face, in order to win the love of the girl who hated his money-madness.

The picture has splendid acting by Warner Baxter, Catherine Dale Owen, Hedda Hopper and Claud Allister. One of the best pictures of recent months.

## The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

### A Review of the New Pictures



★ **LUMMOX**—United Artists

WINIFRED WESTOVER prayed for the part of the big, dumb Swede in "LummoX." Yes, and worked for it too, trailing Director Herbert Brenon from coast to coast. If proof were needed that prayer is answered, Winifred Westover's work in this picture would prove it. In a season of astonishing talkie performances, her work stands out. It is superb.

On her broad shoulders rests the success of this rambling series of episodes in the life of a scrubwoman. They never bow. From the moment the picture opens, with *Bertha Oberg* defending a little girl in a dockside saloon, to the last shot where old *Bertha* finds peace, Miss Westover holds up the film by main strength.

It's a spotty and rather maudlin story—this Fanny Hurst tale of an inarticulate drudge, belabored, but never quite wrecked by life. But it has a certain beauty which reaches us through the remarkable acting of the former Mrs. Bill Hart. As filmed, it is necessarily patchy, leaping from incident to incident in the hopeless, pitiful life of *Bertha*. And the acting is as mixed. Among those deserving high praise are Dorothy Janis, William Collier, Jr., Clara Langsner, and especially Edna Murphy, as a shrewish young wife.

If "LummoX" were not adorned by the remarkable acting of Winifred Westover, it could easily be a poky tear-jerker. But she gives it dignity, power and, above all, beauty.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

LUMMOX                      SONG O' MY HEART  
                                 ONLY THE BRAVE  
                                 SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS  
 MONTANA MOON                      HELL HARBOR

## The Best Performances of the Month

Winifred Westover in "Lummox"  
 Edna Murphy in "Lummox"  
 John McCormack in "Song O' My Heart"  
 Tommy Clifford in "Song O' My Heart"  
 Mary Brian in "Only the Brave"  
 William LeMaire in "Only the Brave"  
 Warner Baxter in "Such Men Are Dangerous"  
 Joan Crawford in "Montana Moon"  
 Lupe Velez in "Hell Harbor"  
 Dixie Lee in "The Big Party"  
 William Haines in "The Girl Said No"  
 Constance Bennett in "Song of the Gods"  
 Mitzi Green in "Honey"  
 Edward G. Robertson in "A Lady to Love"  
 Evelyn Brent in "Slightly Scarlet"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 134*



★ SONG O' MY HEART—Fox

IN a contest conducted by PHOTOPLAY there were more requests for John McCormack to sing "Little Boy Blue" and "I Hear You Calling Me" than any other numbers. These are the hit pieces, and when he sings 'em you break down and tell your right name. Does that Irishman touch the old heart strings? The romance concerns one *Sean O'Carolán* who loves the girl who married another. And, although McCormack isn't expected to do any heavy acting, his is a pleasing personality. The settings are gorgeous. Most of it was filmed, you know, in the Land of the Shamrock.

With much publicity ballyhoo, Maureen O'Sullivan was brought to this country from Dublin to carry the heart interest. She doesn't make the grade, but Tommy Clifford, the eleven-year-old kid, playing her brother, is a sensation. Maureen will undoubtedly go back to the old fireside, but Tommy can park his Irish brogue in Hollywood as long as he likes. John Garrick is again charming as a young lover, Joe Kerrigan and Farrell MacDonald bring in a lot of laughs, and Alice Joyce plays McCormack's sweetheart without much success.

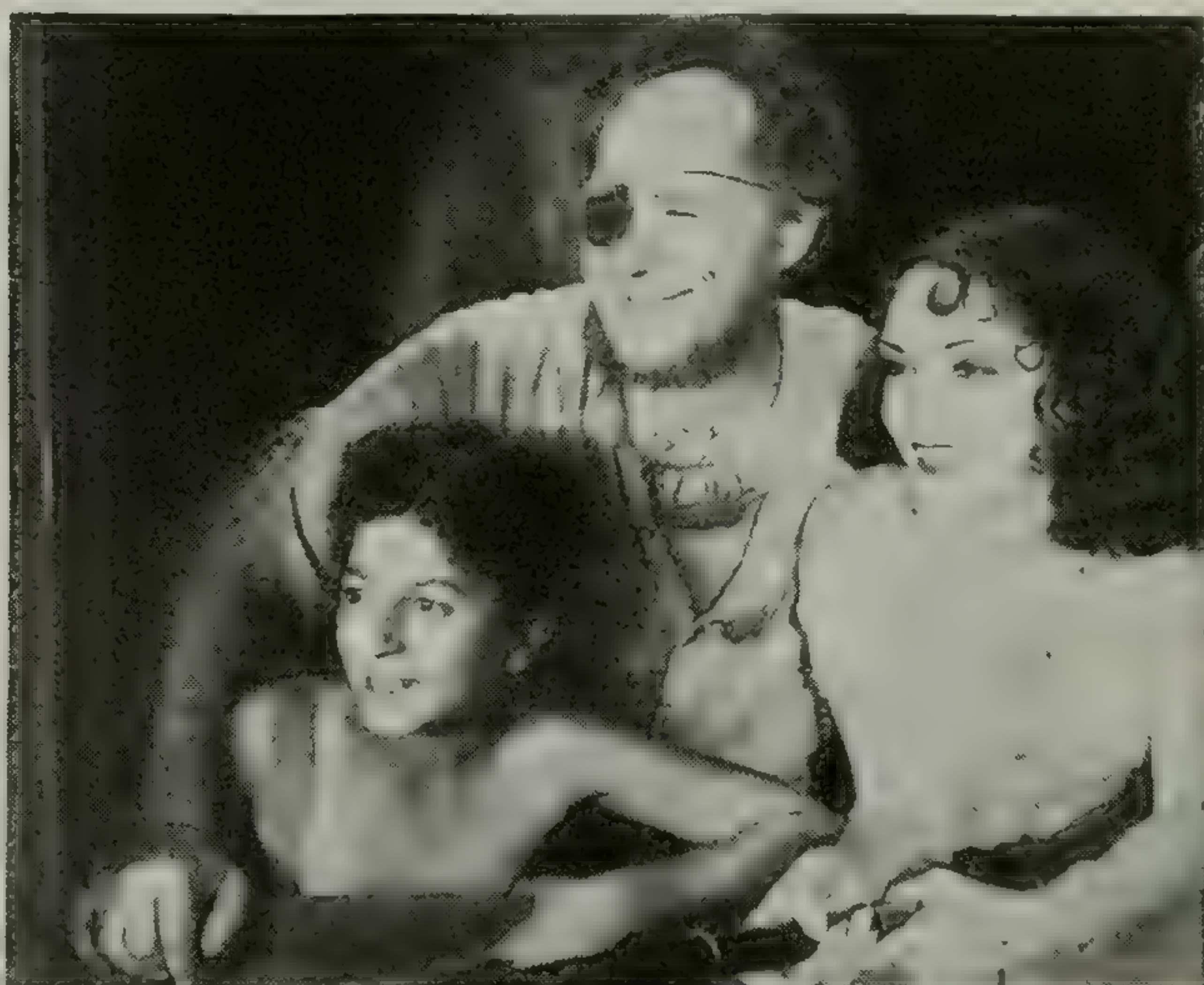
But who cares about the other actors or the story or anything when there stands McCormack right before your very eyes, singing with all the tenderness and beauty for which his voice is famed? You find yourself reaching for the dry handkerchief. See it by all means.



★ MONTANA MOON—M-G-M

JOAN CRAWFORD, still untamed but out of the jungle and into the open spaces, fills this somewhat inconsistent tale with some of the most delightful comedy the screen has held in a long time. Even if you rebel in spots, you'll care for this picture in a big way, in spite of yourself, for it has great gusto and paprika.

Joan is loose on a Montana ranch, this time, with Johnny Mack Brown doing yeoman service as an ignorant foreman of cow-gentlemen. And Joan does a tango with Ricardo Cortez that you'll like. In addition, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer turned loose its comic force in full, and Benny Rubin, Karl Dane and Cliff Edwards are funny. Bubbling Joan is back where she belongs, in a light and frolicsome picture, and her fans will welcome the change of style.



★ HELL HARBOR—United Artists

THERE'S been a continual wail of "Give us something besides backstage singies and courtroom sobbies." Well, here's the answer. This is a rousing good melodrama, crammed full of suspense and color, mounted in a superb setting, and photographed and acted to the queen's taste.

Hell Harbor, peopled by descendants of a band of pirates, is the locale. The renegade grandson of Sir Henry Morgan tries to force his motherless daughter to marry the local Shylock. Comes down in the form of a young American sailor.

Lupe Velez, as the half-Spanish descendant of the blood-thirsty Sir Henry, has a rôle which fits her like a Sennett bathing suit. She's great. Jean Hersholt, as the greasy money lender, is a mighty mean menace. And John Holland is a likeable and convincing hero.



# Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

**THE BIG PARTY—**  
Fox



A SUE CAROL picture, starring Dixie Lee! Dixie doesn't steal it—they hand it to her on a red-hot platter. She's sensational. A roaring comedy, built around the adventures of three shop girls—principally Dixie. True love and villainy chase each other, with laughs winning. Fine work by Frank Albertson, Richard Keene and Douglas Gilmore (ssss!), and comedians Walter Catlett and Charles Judels.

**THE GIRL SAID NO—**  
M-G-M



IF you're one of those who cry for action in your talkies, you'll go for this William Haines picture. Wild Willie whizzes in and out in a high-g geared car, scraps in a whoopee spirit in cafes, gets and loses jobs and has some hilarious scenes with an amiably spifflicated Marie Dressler. Not to mention kidnapping the girl he loves. And the surrounding cast moves at Haines speed.

**PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ—**  
United Artists



HARRY RICHMAN'S first talkie is another backstage story with a new twist or two. Harry and Jimmy Gleason play two actors, and their feminine partners are Joan Bennett (at her best and loveliest) and Lilyan Tashman, furnishing many of the laughs. There is some good Irving Berlin music, particularly "Alice in Wonderland." Harry shows little in looks or acting, but you'll like his warbling.

**SON OF THE GODS—**  
First National



RICHARD BARTHELMESS plays an Americanized Chinese boy in this Rex Beach romance. Dick is hopelessly (perhaps) in love with a society girl—thus the drama. Frank Lloyd's direction is too slow-paced and the dialogue is unbelievably stilted, and the whole thing slows Dick to a walk. But Constance Bennett gives a grand show as the hoity-toity girl. Far from the best Barthelmess.

**SECOND WIFE—**  
Radio Pictures



IF you are seriously considering being a mother to somebody's boy, or even thinking of comforting some widower, see this picture first. Lila Lee, Conrad Nagel and Hugh Huntley manage to make Fulton Oursler's novel seem as real as it did on the stage, where it was called "All the King's Men." Freddie Burke Frederick as the boy is perfect. A domestic drama with general appeal.

**LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY—**  
M-G-M



LIFE, for Roy, is just one theme song after another. He's a song writer who gets (a) swell-head, (b) deflated, (c) a happy ending. The story's strong enough to be festooned with Technicolor girls, ballets, songs and effects without breaking down. One good revue scene. Charles Kaley and Cliff Edwards sing; Benny Rubin wisecracks; Ethelind Terry acts; Marion Shilling is pretty. You'll like this.



# The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**HONEY—**  
Paramount



**R**EMEMBER when Ruth Chatterton played "Come Out of the Kitchen" on the stage, and Marguerite Clark did it in pictures? The same story is now a phonoplay bearing the title "Honey." It stars Nancy Carroll (although she hasn't a lot to do) and boasts an excellent cast, among whom is that amazing kid, Mitzi Green. The comedy is light and the songs are pleasant.

**A LADY  
TO LOVE—**  
M-G-M



**O**N the stage, this was "They Knew What They Wanted," and a baby came along to make the triangle square. Now look at it!—no baby, and the triangle is an international affair in a California vineyard. Vilma Banky is *Lena Schultz*. Edward G. Robinson is splendid as the Italian she marries. Robert Ames is ditto as the lad who got what he wanted, within limits!

**TEMPLE  
TOWER—**  
Fox



**Q**UITE nutty! It's this bally *Bulldog Drummond* chap, up to his tricks again. Only this time he's Kenneth McKenna instead of Ronald Colman. Trapdoors, sudden deaths, quicksands, stolen gems, mysterious gadgets, secret tunnels, villains, pistols, rope ladders, fog and things like that. Melodrama with a grain of salt—and may heaven help those who don't know burlesque when they see it, intentional or not.

**SLIGHTLY  
SCARLET—**  
Paramount



**E**VELYN BRENT'S last picture for Paramount has considerably more to offer than anything since "Interference." The dusky Betty is well cast, an enchanting society thief on the Riviera. She has never been more beautiful or smartly gowned. Entertaining film, with flashes of unusual humor. Clive Brook is the hero, but Eugene Pallette is the individual "wow" as the millionaire husband of a social climber.

**PEACOCK  
ALLEY—**  
Tiffany Pro-  
ductions, Inc.



**H**ERE'S happy Mae Murray doing a talking version of that once glorious picture "Peacock Alley." It's a sorry affair now, with Miss Murray more affected and more bee-stung of mouth than ever. You'll laugh at the drama and weep over the comedy, for the story concerns a stage star who wants marriage and will accept no substitutes. Mae dances, sings and emotes. She dances well.

**SUGAR  
PLUM  
PAPA—**  
Sennett-  
Educational



**T**HIS is one of Mack Sennett's funniest, directed by the Old Pie-Master himself. The cast of fun-makers is long and hilarious. It includes Daphne Pollard, Marjorie Beebe, Andy Clyde, Harry Gribbon and Bert Swor—and in the list is Rosemary Theby, of other days. You'll undoubtedly roar at this. It's a good example of what sound can do to short subject comedies.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 81 ]



*A short story full of chuckles,  
based on a real Holly-  
wood incident*



# Make Way for a Genius!

THE breath of spring, disguised as a slanting tempest of rain, zoomed along Grand Avenue and rattled the windows of Ye Bull Pen Inn Restaurant as though eager to insult the credulity of loyal Los Anglans. Abraham Zoop, the famous producer of motion pictures, sat glumly in a corner, wondering when it would be safe to go home.

Not that Mr. Zoop gave a thought to the weather. The things that worried him were Momma and the movies, both getting a bit unwieldy as they increased in importance.

Following a day of profitless wrangling over the proper treatment for Stupefaction's new super-special, "The Curse of Calcutta," he had refused to appear at a tea which his wife was giving to what she preferred to regard as geniuses.

The guests, he knew, would have peculiar ideas, funnier haircuts and the same technique when it came to negotiating a loan.

One hundred feet away, in the cream and crimson Public Library, Pete Baker was in the unusual predicament of having his nose in a book. Mr. Baker was one of the minor cogs in the Stupefaction gears, assistant to an assistant director, a lowly and disconsolate calling where the red light was always against him. But now his eyes gleamed fanatically as he pored over the volume.

Driven into the library by the gusts of rain, Mr. Baker had foraged aimlessly about the shelves, looking for something with pictures rather than triple-jointed words, and had unearthed a *de luxe* edition of Doré's classic engravings for Dante's "Inferno." Fascinated by their macabre beauty, he grappled with the amoeba of an idea, totally oblivious to a lambent blonde who watched him from across the room.

Then, not being sufficiently artistic to forget that he pos-



*Illustrated by*  
Everett Shinn



Posed before the microphone and out of camera range, Carolyn became a specialist in off-stage moans and groans. But the rôle of Unknown Voice had not figured in her dreams of fame

## By Stewart Robertson

sessed a stomach, he blundered into the misty night, sprinted over to Ye Bull Pen, and froze with ecstasy as he beheld the High Mogul of Moviedom smearing himself with a maple éclair.

Never having spoken to his employer, Mr. Baker merely gawked hopefully at him and behaved in general like a pup in a pet shop window. The friendly Abe, who had reached that stage of loneliness where he would describe his birthmarks to a perfect stranger, looked at the dark and lanky youth before him, and smiled genially.

"No more tables?" he chirped. "On a night like this maybe you wouldn't mind warming this other chair, hey?"

"Thanks," quavered the intruder. "Good evening, Mr. Zoop; my name's Pete Baker. I—I work for you."

"Glad to hear it," said the president, "particular as you're different from some of the tramps I got on the payroll. Work—

they think because it rhymes with shirk it means the same thing! Excuse me for not knowing you, but should I remember all the faces in Culver City I could be librarian for the Rogues' Gallery."

"I do odd jobs for Director Adams' unit. Kind of help his assistant, you know, and take the slap when anything flops."

"Adams!" fumed Mr. Zoop. "His salary looks like a purse for racing horses, and still he's in the air about 'The Curse of Calcutta.' Maybe you heard us scrapping over it today?"

"I sure did, and Mr. Zoop, I think I've got the secret of how to put it over. I—"

"Just a second," said Abe, becoming wary. "You ain't no genius, are you?"

"Aside from Edison, y'understand, or maybe the guy that invented interest, I got no use for them." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]



See the fiendish grin on the fair face of Margaret Livingston? She has just rolled her tenth straight seven, thus relieving "Casanova" Busby of his last dollar bill!



Shortly after this picture was snapped, a shot rang out in the shrubbery! Or was it a taxi back-firing?

# A Vamp Steps Out

By Marquis Busby

SOMEbody is always taking the joy out of life. All these years, there has been racy ruminating about the expensive tastes of the stars.

How they spend some thousands of dollars on a single orgy.

Orgy, me eye! Most of the stars wouldn't recognize an orgy if it came right up and smacked them on the chin. Maybe you can spend money in New York, Chicago or Medicine Hat. But it costs less to have a large evening *a la mode* in Hollywood than about any place in the United States, including the Alaskan territory and the Philippine Islands.

Hollywood dining and dancing places are running charity establishments, and may they never change the evil of their ways.

Margaret Livingston, all dressed up in about fifteen thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, ermine and velvet, and yours truly in the old Hart, Schaffner and Marx, visited three cafes, spent about six hours in pursuit of WHOOP-eee, found it, and it cost about twenty-five dollars. You can't beat it at these prices. (There's a little item in the account I'd rather not mention—yet.)

The evening's expenditures swelled the grand total for five dates up to fifty dollars, ten dollars per gal. Truth compels the confession that Sally Eilers, June Collyer and Margaret Livingston got all the gravy. It didn't cost a cent to have a date with Anita Page and Lupe Velez. In those cases, we stayed at home and wore the davenport threadbare.

After a preliminary workout

with the ingénues, I felt worldly enough to try a date with Hollywood's favorite vamp, Margaret Livingston.

Now I've known Margaret for several years, and I'm pretty sure that she confines the big time vamping to the studios. Men just naturally trample women and children to talk to her. She's such a good fellow that she doesn't need the old come-hither in the eye. But that may be the most insidious form of vamping. The established Theda Bara technique wouldn't fool Davey Lee.

"Fine," said Margaret, when the subject of a date was broached. "Let's go to the Embassy Club."

"I'm not a member and I couldn't pay the bill," sez I.

"Why that's all right," sez she.

THERE it goes again; the Hollywood girls want to save a man's money. Even the vamps are sheep in wolves' clothing. Since Anita Page and Lupe Velez had the same idea,

I thought it was high time that I redeem myself by shaking the moths out of the billfold. So the Embassy was out. We finally settled on the Double Headed Russian Eagle (you only say all of it when cold sober) for dinner, and the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador for dancing later.

Margaret was ready at the time set. I just barely had a chance to admire her comfortable, big living room with its wicked divans, and not so wicked chintz-covered chairs. I didn't even have time to look [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115 ]

## THE SWINDLE SHEET

Dinner.....	\$8.75
Ambassador.....	4.25
Night Club.....	5.75
Tips.....	6.00
African Golf.....	40.00
TOTAL.....	64.75





Richee

AFTER all, friends, why write a caption for this? Need we announce, with valuable ink, that this is the latest picture of that so *charmant*, that so *piquant*, that so *adorable* Maurice Chevalier, Pet of Paris and Honey of Hollywood and points East? He looks like this in the new "Paramount on Parade"





Richee

**T**HIS is the one Brook who can go on forever with no kick from the fans. Christened Clive, his salary, his reputation and his gentlemanly English charm grow apace, as part follows part. Teamed with Ruth Chatterton in that elegant talkie, "The Laughing Lady," Clive was in top-hole form





**H**E has just scored one of the greatest successes in recent picture history. His magnificent voice has thrilled the phonoplay public. He has signed to leave opera and concert long enough to make one film a year. Name and rank? Lawrence Tibbett, great American baritone and star of "The Rogue Song"





Hurrell

YOU wouldn't know him for the gay, spirited blade who sang, dueled and loved his way through "Devil May Care," now would you? The watchful camera catches Ramon Novarro in one of his thoughtful moods, when he is less the dashing actor and more the thoughtful boy. His new picture is "The House of Troy"



# She Wants *Beeg* Family

By Katherine Albert

*French, fiery and twenty-two is Fifi Dorsay, who just adores the keedies*

"MY grandmother, she 'ave twenty-two children. My mother, she 'ave thirteen. For me—oh, *Mon Dieu*—I 'ope I 'ave two—well, maybe three or four.

"Baby I adore. I want to be married. Oh, 'ow I love to be married. If I marry, it weel be to 'ave beeg family. I love keeds."

Thus Fifi Dorsay, Hollywood's newest sensation. Bright as Clara Bow's returned engagement ring, clever and canny as a Scotch lawyer, radiant as the California morning sun.

She rolls those *beeg*, *beeg* eyes—*ooh, la, la*—and, if you're a woman you decide to visit the masseuse or the modiste, or just quietly slip away and swallow a *beeg* dose of poison.

She shrugs those slim shoulders and—if you're a man—you try to remember that awfully good attorney who said he'd get you a divorce cheap.

Fifi is French, fiery and twenty-two. Oh *garçon*, she has everything. She mows 'em down and leaves 'em writhing!

The little girl who vamped Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris" and made it pretty tough on Vic McLaglen in "Hot for Paris," has just come back from a tour over the Fanchon and Marco circuit.

AND did she make *beeg* whoopee? Listen!

"I get on the *beeg*, *beeg* stage. I am vaudevillian again. But I know that audience, they like picture people, so I go down into the audience to sing my song. And I pick nice man with sleek hair. I muss heez hair all up. I kiss heem. I pick old man with no hair. I sing for heem. I kiss heem. Oh, he loves it! The men in the balcony they starts to scream, 'Come up 'ere, Fifi, and kiss us.'

"I say, 'Sorry. You come next show and sit on front seat and I kiss you.'

"Some of those men, they stay for five show. They don't go 'ome at all.

"One old man—he is captain on the sea—he tell the usher, 'That is first time a young girl has kissed me for thirty year.'

"Oh, I am so sorry. Thirty year without not one leetle kiss. The other men, they write me letter. They say, 'You kissed me last night. Now my girl, she is mad with me. Send me your picture to make me 'appy.'

"I am so sorry if the girls they get mad. But so many people



The bundle of dynamite known to the screen as Fifi Dorsay, whose cuteness and general ginger brought down Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris," and later had their way with Victor McLaglen in "Hot for Paris"

come. They hang on the chandelier. They like my show.

"Oh, I 'ave so many boy friend in the theater. But I 'ave just one who is real. I go to marry heem and then—puff—I

do not get married."

Fifi was playing in a show in Pittsburgh. Her agent wired her to come to New York at once and have a test made. He added that it might lead to a flattering Fox contract. But Fifi didn't go to New York. Instead she went West, young woman, to marry Freddie Berrens, a vaudeville actor. "Oh, I love heem so."

She told the girls in the show she was going to be married, and they went to the train with her and gave her an enormous corsage with orange blossoms in it. But a strange and sinister fate, disguised as her agent, followed her. She was discovered in Detroit just as she was about to be married. The license was bought, the ring in the groom's pocket. But the theatrical agent cried, "No, no, Fifi, you must come back to New York and take a test. It's your big break."

"Well," said Fifi, "I go back to New York. I take my test. It is oh, so good, and I sign a *beeg* contract with Fox. Then I go back to the show in Pittsburgh. The girls say, 'Quick, quick, show us your wedding ring.'

"I SAY, 'Look, I got no wedding ring. I got this instead.' And I show them the contract.

"They all say, 'Oh, that is so much nicer than the wedding ring.'

"But I love my Freddie and I want to be married. Now I am 'ere in Hollywood, the papers they say I am engaged to Rex Bell. My sweetheart he send me a wire, 'What's this being engaged to a cowboy?'

"I send back, 'If I am engaged to cowboy it is *beeger* news to me than you.'"

She met Greta Garbo through Garbo's French director, Jacques Feyder, and the two dined together one evening at the Russian Eagle. The picture must have been a strange [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88 ]





The glamorous Nita Naldi in a flashback scene from "Lawful Larceny," for which an ancient Egyptian perfume was concocted

# The Sweet-

By H. M. K. Smith



The Helen Morgan we see in "Applause." For this picture Miss Morgan bought cheap and inferior scents in keeping with her rôle

**I**T may seem unbelievable to you that perfumes play any part on picture stages except as stars use them for dousing purposes to suit their own tastes.

As a matter of fact, sweet-smelling oils and waters play a very important, though invisible, rôle in the making of movies. There must be a good odor in film-land. Perfume has a powerful effect upon the human emotions—it brings peculiar and subtle psychological reactions—most important of all, it gives the key and cue to characters, times, and places.

I know! For ten years I was the harassed fellow who fitted the stars and their characters with just the proper scent. Just one of my duties as technical expert and research man at a large Eastern studio. I furnished enough olfactory atmosphere, in that decade, to send the whole population of New York State into a series of swoons.

My first experience with the power and place of perfume in pictures came in a production of "Lawful Larceny" with Nita Naldi and Hope Hampton, which Paramount made years ago.

In it was a flashback to an episode in the life of Cleopatra, with Naldi as the seductive Queen of the Nile. Alan Dwan was the director, and, with his passion for realism in detail, he insisted that we omit nothing that our research disclosed which would add to the authentic customs of the time—and that would pass the censor.

Now, Egyptian splendor, with an unbelievable use of perfumes, was at its height during the days of Cleopatra, whose beauty and charm were said to be doubly enhanced by the variety and quantity of sweet scented unguents and lotions she used.

**T**O anoint her hands but once required the worth of 400 denarii (about \$50.00), the odor of which was wafted away on the air and lost forever.

The favorite of this exotic daughter of Egypt was called "Kyaphi," and she employed it, among other things, to bring about the downfall of the mighty general of Caesar's legions, Marc Antony.

The mysterious and magic "Kyaphi" was kept by special slaves in containers of alabaster, gold and turquoise. In ancient papyri of that day, it is written, "It is compounded of twice-eight aromatics which please most in the night; and in the light of the moon no man may withstand its power."

**W**ITH this devastating scent, Cleopatra used upon her feet an unguent called "Aegyptium," composed of oil of almonds, honey and cinnamon, impregnated with orange blossoms and henna.

While we had to guess at the identity of some of the twice-eight aromatics, we followed the recipe for "Aegyptium" to the letter, and, in addition to these, the extensively perfumed Naldi was attended by slaves bearing gold vases filled with burning incense.

For this we used what is probably the first known formula for perfume, contained in the Bible itself where, in the Book of Exodus, it was given in detail by God to Moses.

It was composed of equal parts of "Stacte" (a kind of liquid myrrh), of "Galbanum" (an aromatic gum), and of pure frankincense, so that we had in this picture a mixture of perfumes both sacred and profane.

## Speaking of Perfume,

*Did You Know That—*

**N**APOLEON drenched himself with a whole flask of *Eau de Cologne* every time he washed?

The first recipe for perfume appeared in the Book of Exodus?

The favorite scent of Henry the Eighth of England was musk, and that he used it copiously?

A famous film star was awakened each morning by the scent of flowers placed on her pillow by her maid?



# Smelling SCREEN

The expert who pursued and selected just the right scent for movie stars tells all about the use of perfumes in pictures

In preparing for Valentino's magnificent production of "Monsieur Beaucaire," extensive research both here and in France disclosed some very amusing and amazing highlights on life in the luxurious court of Louis Quinze.

ONE of them was an edict issued over the king's own hand, commanding that every lady and gentleman of the court must wash the hands at least twice a day and bathe completely at least once a month.

It is easy, then, to understand why the fascinating Madame de Pompadour expended more than half a million francs a year for perfumes and cosmetics.

Her favorite astringent bath was one composed entirely of crushed wild strawberries. After her appearance as a strawberry sundae, the Pompadour was massaged with sponges of fine silk, soaked in violet scented milk. It is little wonder that the court over which she reigned so long as queen of love and beauty should have been called "The Perfumed Court."



Lya de Putti, the fascinating foreigner, used to keep a vial of wine distilled from roses on her dressing table at the studio

To be consistent in the reproduction of this court for "Beaucaire," for which more than a quarter of a million dollars were spent for authentic costumes and an additional seventy-five thousand for real period jewelry and accessories, we had special perfumes made in Paris from the eighteenth century recipes in the archives of the French government.

PAULETTE DU VAL, who played *Pompadour* to Valentino's *Beaucaire* and Lowell Sherman's *Louis Quinze*, used a different scent with every one of her quite numerous and gorgeous costumes.

Gloria Swanson uses a different perfume with every dress in private life, and her personal collection of perfumes is something to marvel at. On the stage, however, Gloria always used perfumes that fitted the character she was playing, and I once had to make a special trip from Paris to Algiers so that she might be able to do this in a picture called "The Wages of Virtue," whose scenes were laid in the Mediterranean gateway to the desert.

IN this production, Gloria was to play the owner of a canteen for the soldiers of the Foreign Legion, and, as always, she wanted to be in perfect character. My adventures in trying to find out what these ladies were really like, what they wore and what perfumes they affected are another story, but the result was Gloria was quite correct as far as manners, clothes and sweet smells were concerned.

During the production in France of "Madame Sans Gêne," during which Miss Swanson became the Marquise [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86 ]



Gloria Swanson in a scene from "Madame Sans Gêne," filmed abroad. For this production the author prepared many scents famous during the First Empire



# He Wanted To Write *the Worst* Way



Robert Montgomery in a love scene with Norma Shearer in that star's new picture, "Her Own Desire." Norma seems happy about it all

Montgomery wrote millions of words, but editors thumbed them down. Look at this picture and tell us—should he be really sorry?

**W**HEN young Mr. Robert Montgomery's pictures gain their widest circulation in these United States, he is going to be in for a load of fan mail that will break down a couple of ten-ton trucks.

If he isn't, we'll give up predicting and go in for guessing the weather. Our rheumatiz is as smart as the next man's.

Robert has charm, good looks, a soothing voice and an elastic sense of humor. He'll go far, and fast!

But if the world was cheated out of another Ernest Hemingway or F. Scott Fitzgerald, the editors have none but themselves to blame.

They returned all of Montgomery's manuscripts. He still thinks that all an editor keeps in his desk is little gummed labels—"We regret that this is not suited to our needs," or some such pleasantry.

**W**HEREVER he goes, Montgomery lugs about his short stories. He still thinks they're good. This year, he took them from his trunk, dusted them off, and sent them on the rounds again. They all came back, dragging their tails behind them—or maybe we're thinking of Bo Peep's sheep.

Next year he'll send them out again. Maybe there will be some new editors. Or a change in public taste. Or a shortage of material.

Robert Montgomery, who is now doing some heavy loving in return for an M-G-M pay-check, has collected experience the way William Haines collects antiques and Dolores Del Rio goes out for smell-good-on-hanky preparations.

He was born in a little town on the Hudson that once broke into public prints.

Harry K. Thaw escaped from a hospital there.

The Editors said  
He Did—and  
Now He's an  
Actor!

By Eugene Earle

After studying in a correct boy's school, and a tour of Europe, something happened to the family finances. Wanting to make money quickly, he dedicated himself to becoming a great author.

While he was collecting local color, or whatever it is great authors have to have, he sailed on a tramp steamer through the Panama Canal to California. His chum, and the potential illustrator of his books, went with him. The chum never came back. He liked the dark eyes in Mexico, and the hot tamales (food). He settled down to become a village squire, and the pleasant habit of siestas in the afternoon. Bob went back to New York. He drove a truck carrying a preparation that made the farmers' oat crops better. After that he

worked in an iron foundry.

All this time the Montgomery short stories were traveling from one publisher to another. He decided to give up writing for the time and pick on some other "easy" profession.

After looking over the field he picked the stage, and then starved for another two years.

The late Sam Janney, his friend, and producer of several successful shows, gave him his first real chance in "Loose Ankles." After that the sailing was a bit easier. He had long months of stock in Rochester and Baltimore, hard work and good training.

**A**S soon as his pocketbook had a slight lining he went to Europe again. He saw the Paris of the cafés and the cathedrals and all the cities in the Continental guide book. When he was down to his last few dollars he bet the works on the Helen Wills-Suzanne Lenglen match at Cannes, and cleaned up. He stayed two months longer. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



# Painting *the* Shadows

*The romantic story of a brilliant scientist, his Titian-haired wife, and the rise of Technicolor pictures*

By George Gordon



He invented Technicolor!

**N**EARLY ten years ago, after appalling labors in his laboratory, a learned gentleman named Dr. Herbert T. Kalmus stood his beautiful red-haired wife in a brightly lighted room and turned a new kind of movie camera on her.

Laboriously and with great care, the resulting film was developed.

And on the screen the beautiful Titian hair of Mrs. Natalie M. Kalmus showed beautifully Titian!

And thus, with a mop of pretty red hair, began the romantic story of the Technicolor process of photographing motion pictures in natural color—a

rescue. A dab of rouge on the bronze cheeks, a dab of makeup here and there, and the next time the statues stood out nobly, in full view.

Had you any idea that a pair of light blue eyes almost automatically barred their possessor from the black and white screen? They did, and many a blonde and blue-eyed Ziegfeld doll baby fell before the old time camera because of the pale orbs so fetching off screen.

Pale blue eyes are the Technicolor camera's particular dish, and if there's one thing it likes more than another it's a dazzling blonde. We refer you to Marilyn Miller in "Sally."

Dennis King, star of stage operetta, pouted at the thought of Technicolor when he went to Paramount to make "The Vagabond King." They coaxed him into making a test. When he saw the first rushes—which showed his blond coloring and blue eyes to perfection—he went overboard for the color idea with a splash, and is now happiest before the new camera.

**T**HE Technicolor camera plays weird tricks. Frank Fay has fiery red hair. It has a tendency to fly in the breeze, so somebody suggested he use a little brillantine to make it lie down. He did and when the Technicolor rushes were run his hair was a brilliant green.

Ten years ago Dr. Kalmus made his first Technicolor camera. It took over a year and cost \$140,000.

Today the learned doctor is president of a \$35,000,000 corporation that makes the cameras, rents them out, furnishes technical experts and develops the colored film—the slowest and trickiest process in the whole parade from raw stock to the picture on the screen.

But the doctor and his work are only half the glamorous story. His devoted and handsome wife, the aforesaid Natalie M., is one of the most romantic figures of the day.

And it is a far cry from the day she was her husband's first model to the early months of 1930. Now she is expert supreme on all technical questions of light and color in the astonishingly complex and varied art of photographing in color.

Natalie M. Kalmus works almost with ferocity. Sixteen hours a day is nothing to this amazing woman.

She has developed the art of using color to express varieties of dramatic feeling to the highest  
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84 ]



Technicolor's first star!

tale as thrilling as any that could be conjured up by the imagination of an inspired fictioneer.

The coming of talking pictures gave Technicolor its big push. Today it works miracles!

Did you know that by proper costuming and lighting the Technicolor camera can take off or put on twenty pounds in the case of any player it chooses? Well, it can, and you can page Clara Bow or Molly O'Day! What price grapefruit now?

For instance: It is a well known scientific fact, proven by the Einstein and other theories, that Russians like their chorus ladies plump. So when Director Alan Crosland, making "Song of the Flame," was faced with a whole chorus of slim American girls supposed to be Russian ladies, he was horrified, and near a stroke. But the witchery of Technicolor, by the proper use of color schemes, put no less than twenty pounds on each of these slender maidens, and in the picture they look as plump and buxom as any Muscovite could wish.

**T**HE use of color has put rouge back in the dressing rooms of the studios. Black and white pictures called for flat and uninteresting makeup, but the rouge pot is called into play again. Facial makeup photographs, in Technicolor, just as the eye sees it—so a player can almost walk from the street to the color picture stage and pass inspection by the head man of the makeup department.

This leads to droll happenings around the stages.

In one all-Technicolor subject a row of bronze statues lined the background of a scene. When the rushes hit the screen the figures were nothing but a row of smudges. They just didn't take.

But the color heroes were not daunted. They grabbed their trusty boxes and rushed to the

## Do You Know

—that Technicolor photography, by proper lighting and costuming, can reduce a lady twenty pounds, or put on that amount?

—that light blue eyes, impossible to photograph in black and white, are Technicolor's best subject?

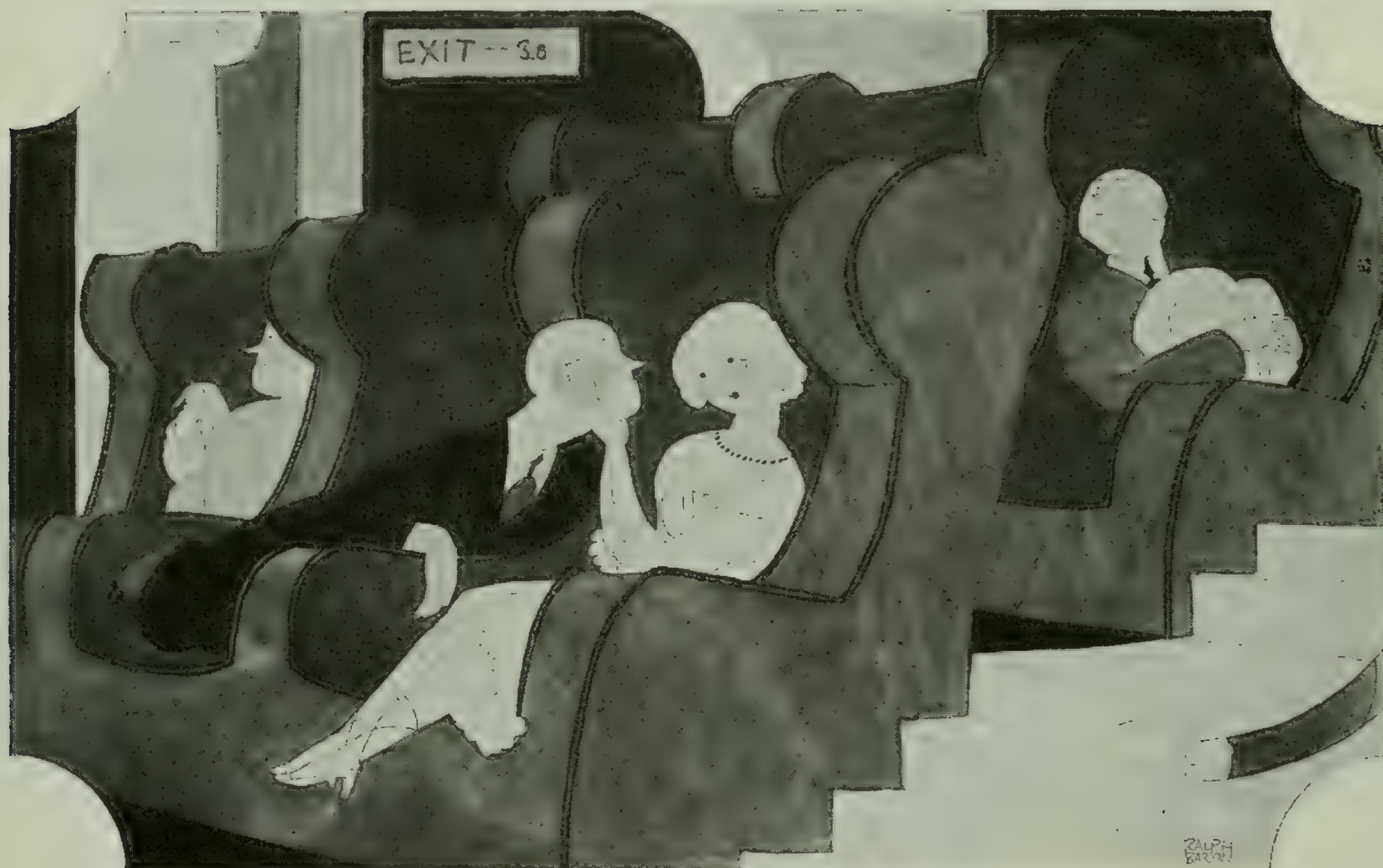
—that yellow will not photograph in natural color, but that if you add a little red, it will? And that then it will be orange?

No? Well, you'll know even more if you will read this story on the Romance of Technicolor!



# Reeling Around

with Leonard Hall



Logical effect of the cathedral idea in movie theater building. Four rows to the rear of this picture *The Ladies' Aid* is throwing a tea fight. It is rumored that a talkie is being shown four miles east of the gentleman with the bottle

## A Snicker or Nothing

The Rialto Theater, New York, claims the continuous run record by staying open forty-two consecutive hours. They were showing "The Virginian," and Gary Cooper got so tired at four in the morning that he went to sleep and fell off his horse. . . . The hot spot is getting a great break with "Hell's Angels," "Hell's Heroes" and "Hell's Harbor." I now await the production of "Hell's Belles." . . . Fanny Brice sums up the whole picture racket when she tells the *New York Mirror* that she "was out there eight months, worked five weeks and drew three years' pay." . . . After looking long at the leading lady of "Fashions in Love" and "Seven Keys to Baldpate," I am firmly convinced that what this country needs is a good five-cent Miriam Seegar! . . . Secretary of State Stimson, Washington, Dear Stim—what are you going to do about the fact that Greta Garbo's picture, "A Woman of Affairs," was hissed and booed during its showing in Berlin? Snap into it, Hen! We want action! (Signed) Fifty Million Garbo-Maniacs Who Can't Be Wrong. . . . Columnist Ted Cook says that the reason they put bars in box-office windows is to keep the cashiers from biting the customers. . . . Little Dorothy Lee, the picture actress, startled Hollywood by appearing with black finger nails on her return from Paris, but I beat her to this by twenty-three years. . . . Wicked Hollywood, home of sin and vice! There wasn't a single arrest for drunkenness in the film city on New Year's Eve. Must have been a good lecture in town!

## The Gag of the Month Club

This month's prize of a deck of fifty-one playing cards goes to Bob Benchley, Walter Winchell and a lot of other people. If you've heard it, try to stop the printing press!

"This picture needs a punch," said the great producer. "Who can we get to put a wallop in it?" "Why don't you get Jim Tully?" quavered a staff writer. "He's too caustic!" said another executive. "Get him!" thundered the great producer. "The devil with the expense!"

## Getting Personal

At last it's happened. Crash after crash sounded in the orchestra pit of the Roxy, New York, one afternoon. Police seized a young man, twenty-one and jobless, who confessed to having hurled fourteen electric light bulbs at the musicians, all of whom were doing their best! . . . Joan Bennett is very near-sighted, and wears heavy goggles off-screen. . . . Noah Beery and his wife have made up, after a two-year separation. . . . Two picture houses in Kenosha, Wis., closed their balconies at matinées, police charging that young folks used them almost exclusively for petting. But what about the evenings? . . . Mae Clark, seen in "Big Time," got a Hollywood divorce from Lew Brice, Fanny's brother. She said he had neglected her for card parties. . . . Metro's two African actors, brought to finish "Trader Horn" in Hollywood, live in a shack of their own on the lot. They do their own cooking, and insist that chickens be brought to them on the hoof. . . . Ethel Clayton and her husband, Ian Keith, have kissed and made up. . . . "Hollywood is no place for a young man without money," said Judge McCormick, in suspending sentence on Leslie Perry, 22, on condition that the lad return to New York. New York without money is no bargain, either. . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is said to have paid Eddie Cantor \$10,000 for the right to use the title of his book of market gags, "Caught Short." Marie Dressler and Polly Moran are to be featured.



# Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr.

and her debutante daughter Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel



*Beautiful Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., of Philadelphia, New York and Biarritz, is the former Miss Marjorie Gould, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould. Her daughter, Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel, has been a brilliant favorite among this season's débutantes, since her recent début at the Ritz.*

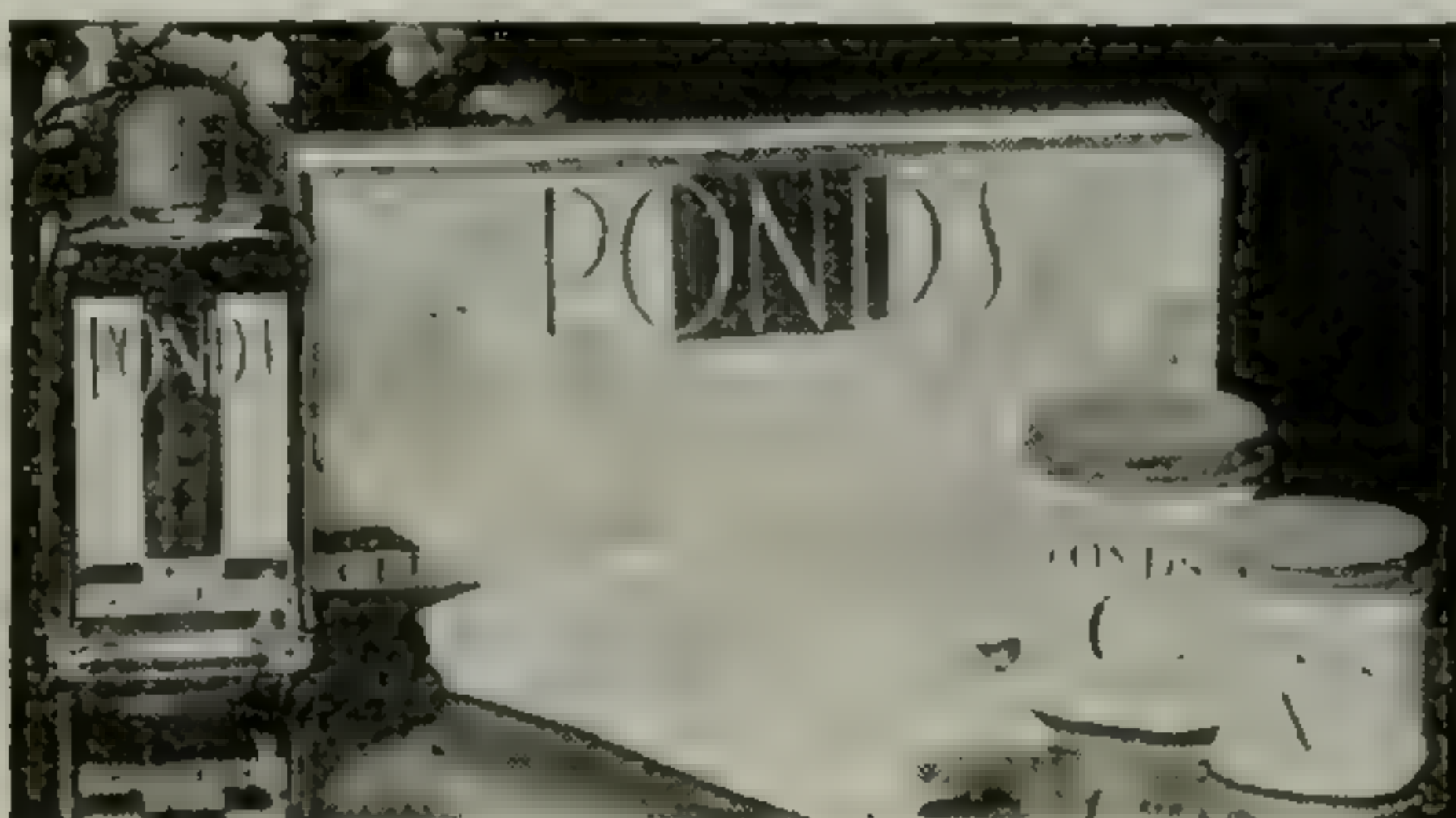
**L**OVELY DAUGHTER of the brilliant alliance of two famous American families! Miss Edith Drexel's recent début recalls the magnificent coming-out party at the Plaza given for her mother when she was Marjorie Gould.

This season's fortunate young favorite inherits her mother's charm as well as her dark, vivacious beauty, her lovely wide-set eyes and clear, pale olive skin.

Mother and daughter, as débutantes and always, have used Pond's to keep their skin at its best. "In the old days," says Mrs. Drexel, "I used the Two Creams faithfully. Now we both delight in the soft new Cleansing Tissues and perfumed Skin Freshener. My daughter says 'Pond's is wonderful.' . . . And I agree with her!"

Follow these four steps of Pond's Method:

*During the day*—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting a little to let the fine oils sink into the pores.



*Pond's Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener*

*Second*—wipe away with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues, soft and so absorbent.

*Third*—briskly dab skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

*Last*—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

*At bedtime*—cleanse with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

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# First sweeping HOLLYWOOD

## and now

### *Lux Toilet Soap cares for the*

**Keep your skin exquisitely smooth just as 9 out of 10 glamorous screen stars do**

LONG AGO our own charming Hollywood stars discovered that for attractiveness a girl *must* have soft, smooth skin—and discovered that Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin at its very loveliest.

Then the famous Broadway stage stars became equally enthusiastic about this delicately fragrant white soap. Never have they been more grateful to it than since so many of them are playing in the talkies!

And now—in France, in England, in Germany—the European stars have adopted Lux Toilet Soap.

***In Hollywood alone 511 lovely actresses use it***

"No girl can be *attractive* unless she has the very loveliest skin." This is the conclusion of 45 leading Hollywood directors. Small wonder, then, that Lux Toilet Soap is the chosen soap of the world's most famous stars!

In Hollywood alone, of the 521 important actresses, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. And every one of the great film studios has made it the official soap for its dressing rooms.

At the request of the Broadway stage stars, it has been placed in their dressing rooms by 71 of the 74 legitimate New York theaters, and by other leading theaters all over the country.

If you aren't already using this delightful soap, order several cakes—today. Its caressing lather will keep your skin lovely, just as it keeps the skin of the famous stars.



JOAN CRAWFORD  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



JANET GAYNOR  
Fox Films

H O L L Y



MARY EATON  
"Five O'Clock Girl"



HELEN HAYES  
"Coquette"



ARLETTE MARCHAL  
French screen star



SUZANNE BIANCHETTI  
French screen star

# LUX Toilet Soap



# .. then **BROADWAY** .. the **EUROPEAN CAPITALS** *loveliest complexions in the world*



**DOROTHY MACKAILL**  
First National



**MARION DAVIES**  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



**BEBE DANIELS**  
Radio Pictures' Player



**EVELYN BRENT**  
Independent

W O O D



**MARILYN MILLER**  
"Sally"



**BEATRICE LILLIE**  
"This Year of Grace"



**LENORE ULRIC**  
"Mima"



**ANN PENNINGTON**  
George White's "Scandals"

B R O A D W A Y



**LUCY DORAÏNE**  
Franco-Slavic star



**LIL DAGOVER**  
German star



**MABEL POULTON**  
English star



**JULIETTE COMPTON**  
English star

E U R O P E

Luxury such as you have found only in fine  
French soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake... NOW **10¢**





Chidnoff

She says: "It isn't the original pull, it's the keep-up!"

## *Sada Cowan Is Tired of Being Asked*

# "What's Your Pull?"

**I** HAD worked, without stopping, for fourteen hours. Part of that time I had been in a hectic conference, fighting for a scene that I knew was right and in which nobody else believed. I had spent four hours on the set without once sitting down. I had begun the fourth treatment of an impossible story that three other writers had given up as a bad job.

My luncheon had been sent up to my office, and I ate while I dictated. The food was as bad as the continuity. Along toward the end of the day I had watched rushes and found that part of the script had to be rewritten. And hanging over my head was the knowledge that in three days I had to turn in an original story, the idea for which had not yet come to me.

I flung myself in a chair and made a feeble attempt to powder a neglected nose, when my office door was opened timidly and a very young, very earnest girl came in. She introduced herself and sat opposite me.

"I want to be a writer," she said. "Tell me honestly, Miss Cowan, what's your pull?"

The authorities would have locked me up in a padded cell if they could have read my mind accurately. I seriously contemplated murder, but I was too exhausted to make the physical effort.

**M**Y pull? Merciful heavens! My pull! What's my pull! The poor, eager little girl who wanted to be a writer, thought that somewhere in my past was a rich, fat executive who had given me a job because he liked the sort of earrings I wore. Or, maybe, that I had a great uncle with money who had bought my way into the studio. My pull!

I've remained silent too long. This is the time to speak. There isn't any pull except work, work, work and the ability to rebound. Why, I've been knocked flatter than a prizefighter's nose at a caustic word from Cecil De Mille,

and the next day I've sprung back like a new elastic band.

I've finished stories on hospital beds, and I've been carried to my office when I was too ill to hold up my head. I've stood for the bitterest sarcasm, and I've seen stories in which I had faith torn to bits by a director who wanted a scene built up for his favorite bit of business!

I didn't have any pull—except the pull of a locomotive going uphill.

The story of my experiences should counteract this interested-man or rich-uncle theory. And I assure you my career has been no different from that of many other women who have become successful.

Dorothy Arzner was a wealthy girl, but no one would have known it from the way she worked. She was once my secretary, and she learned every phase of the industry and gave limitless time and energy to her study before she was ready to sit in a director's chair.

**L**ORNA MOON has been tubercular for years, but has never stopped writing. I've seen her work from twelve to sixteen hours a day without a word of complaint.

Before Frances Marion became a writer, she had gained experience as a cutter and an actress, and she was always an enthusiastic, hard worker.

Agnes Christine Johnston is another woman who has worked like a slave for her success. Florence Ryerson, Dorothy Farnum, Beulah Marie Dix and many more women have reached big salaries and wonderful success without any pull at all, but by continued work and effort.

A butter-and-egg-man or an important cousin might get you a job. He can't keep it for you unless you have writer requirements.

**I** CAME to California with the remains of what the sob sisters call a broken heart, and a twenty-five dollar a week income. I had seen but one movie—"Cabiria." I took room and board at a small hotel for twenty-five dollars a week (exactly the amount of my income). I thought that this Cecil De Mille the other lodgers talked about was a girl. And that "location" must be a large place, since so many people went there.

I had to do something. I had never earned my living before, but since everyone was talking about pictures, I thought I might be able to do extra work. I had a friend who knew William de Mille, so I

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84 ]

**I**f you have ever wanted to write for the movies, don't skip this article by Sada Cowan.

As the pioneer free-lance woman writer of Hollywood, she was one of the first women to earn a thousand dollars a week with her pen. Besides having authored dozens of successful screen dramas, she is responsible for sixteen one-act plays and many short stories. And in addition, she is one of the most charming members of Hollywood's writer colony.

She writes us: "Everybody asks a star what her pull is. They pop the same question at directors. Even writers come in for their share. Well, here's my answer!"





*Had my eye  
that sparkle...  
my cheek that bloom!*

*Many a woman's secret is not expensive beauty parlors, but a good cream and a saline laxative!*

THE good that care and creams have done the skin is not to be denied or minimized. And we commend, in no uncertain terms, the good effect of careful grooming.

But we also insist that true beauty—clear complexions—healthy, fresh and flawless skins come from within as well as from without.

Lack of internal cleanliness stops many a woman from having a complexion clear and fine. Physicians everywhere testify to this truth. And so thoroughly do European women believe in internal cleanliness that every season they visit the famous saline springs—Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden—and there by drinking the health-giving waters, rid themselves of constipation and find again their youth and beauty.

Sal Hepatica is the great American way of enjoying the benefits of saline waters. It is the practical equivalent of



the natural spa waters of the continent and, like these famous waters, cleanses the system through flushing away poisons and wastes. Complexions are cleared and body and spirit rejuvenated.

Because it purifies the bloodstream

and eliminates acidity, the use of Sal Hepatica is suggested in the correction of countless ills—headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, stomach disorders, all the ailments that find their source in intestinal stoppage.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely indeed does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this treatment can improve your complexion and restore your health.

Send coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth," describing in detail how Sal Hepatica helps keep your skin fresh and free from blemishes, and how it helps relieve many everyday ills.

★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-40, 71 West St., N. Y.  
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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★ ★ ★  
**Sal Hepatica**

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



# NEWS! — VIEWS! — GOSSIP! — of Stars and Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]



This new picture hat adorns the pretty head of Marilyn Morgan, young Pathe player. It is made of pale blue horsehair braid and grosgrain ribbon, to harmonize with a summer frock of white and blue

What Hollywood decrees as the right length for new sports dresses. Lillian Roth wears this tennis frock designed by Travis Banton. It is a white flat crepe with red dots. Note the higher waistline



**FRANCES MARION**, the scenarist widow of Fred Thomson, is married again. The lad is George Hill, well known director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

They tried to keep it a secret, but you know how that is! They even went to Arizona to have the knot tied. But it didn't work, and now they are being wished happiness by all and sundry.

**HOLLYWOOD** is taking those gangster stories seriously, maybe. It's getting just like jolly, old Chicago, the last frontier of the two-gun men of the Old West. Someone even took a pot shot at Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day.

According to the mother of the sisters, her two daughters were followed by an automobile as they drove away from their home. When they sought refuge in a parking station a bullet whizzed between their heads and shattered the windshield.

Sally told a slightly different story. She said they had found the broken windshield when they returned to their car after visiting some friends in an apartment. Anyway, the bullet was real, and you can take your choice of the stories.

Just to prove that little things didn't upset her, Sally had her tonsils out the same week, although there really isn't much connection between the bullet and the tonsils.

P. S. A mean New York columnist said it wasn't a bullet—it was a brick!

**JOAN and Doug** (last names Crawford and Fairbanks) are tired of living in a Spanish atmosphere.

El Jodo is up for sale. The two now crave a little English home. Joan keeps on buying furniture. It's English now instead of Spanish.

**AFTER** years of trouping, the Gish family has a home!

When Lillian came back from Hollywood after making "The Swan," she took a long lease on a beautiful apartment in New York.

It overhangs the East River, with its fogs, its lights and its ferry boats. Lillian could drop a flat-iron on the head of a barge hand from her parlor window—if she was that sort.

There sits her beautiful invalid mother, looking across at the lights of Brooklyn. There friends like to visit.

Lillian feels more at home than she ever has before.



A Constance Bennett notion of a pretty sport ensemble. The suit is white serge, trimmed with Lake Como blue flowered satin print. A vagabond hat in felt rounds out this gay costume

**THE** most amazing spectacle that Hollywood has witnessed for many months was the showing of "The Story of Gosta Berling" at the little Filmarte Theater. This picture made motion picture history. Produced four or five years ago in Sweden, directed by Mauritz Stiller, starring Lars Hanson and featuring Greta Garbo, it was the film that decided Louis B. Mayer to bring these three to Hollywood.

You wouldn't recognize the Garbo. In it she is dark-haired, plump and ingenuous. She plays the rôle of a sweet young thing and, although there is none of the old Garbo languor, she is inexpressibly beautiful—more beautiful, many believe, than she is now.

It was her first screen appearance.

Also in the cast is one Mona Martensson. This girl was brought to America a year or so after Garbo. It was hoped that she would also become a great star. She returned to Sweden without making a picture.

**HEY!** Bill Hart fans!

Cal has become official attention-caller to noble ole Bill, and is glad to print the following letter at his request:

"As PHOTOPLAY [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 76 ]





CAUTION! Don't be fooled into thinking a dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; correct acid mouth; or firm your gums. These are to be treated only by a dentist. The one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth . . . any other claim is false and misleading, say the highest dental authorities.

## Why Colgate's Penetrating Foam is a "Double-Action" Cleanser

Colgate's cleans teeth two ways. It polishes the surfaces brilliantly with soft chalk powder, the material used by all dentists. But many other toothpastes can do that. Only in a toothpaste like Colgate's do you get *complete* cleansing due to the *washing* action of the famous penetrating foam which sweeps into the tiny fissures and spaces between teeth. This remarkable foam washes out the decaying particles from these hard-to-reach places where ordinary brushing can't clean. Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Leading

dentists say mere surface polishing is only half the job of cleansing. To *completely* clean the teeth, you must have the double action of Colgate's penetrating foam.

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices where Tooth Decay May Start*

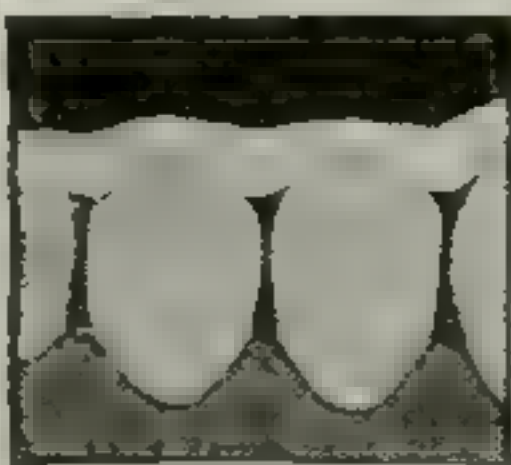
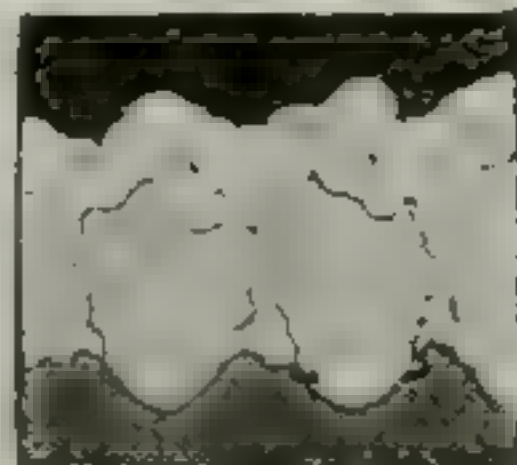
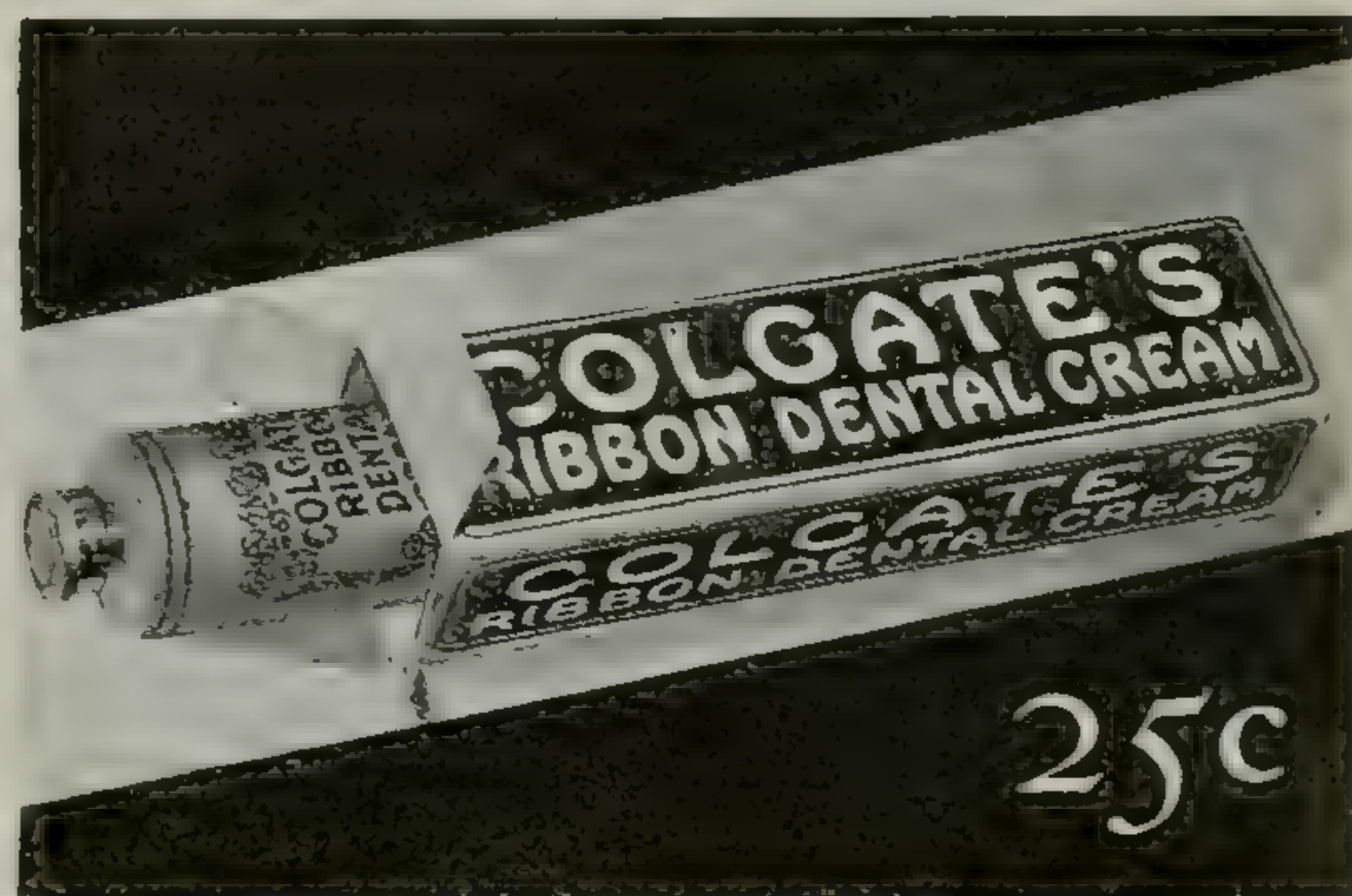


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleaning them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.



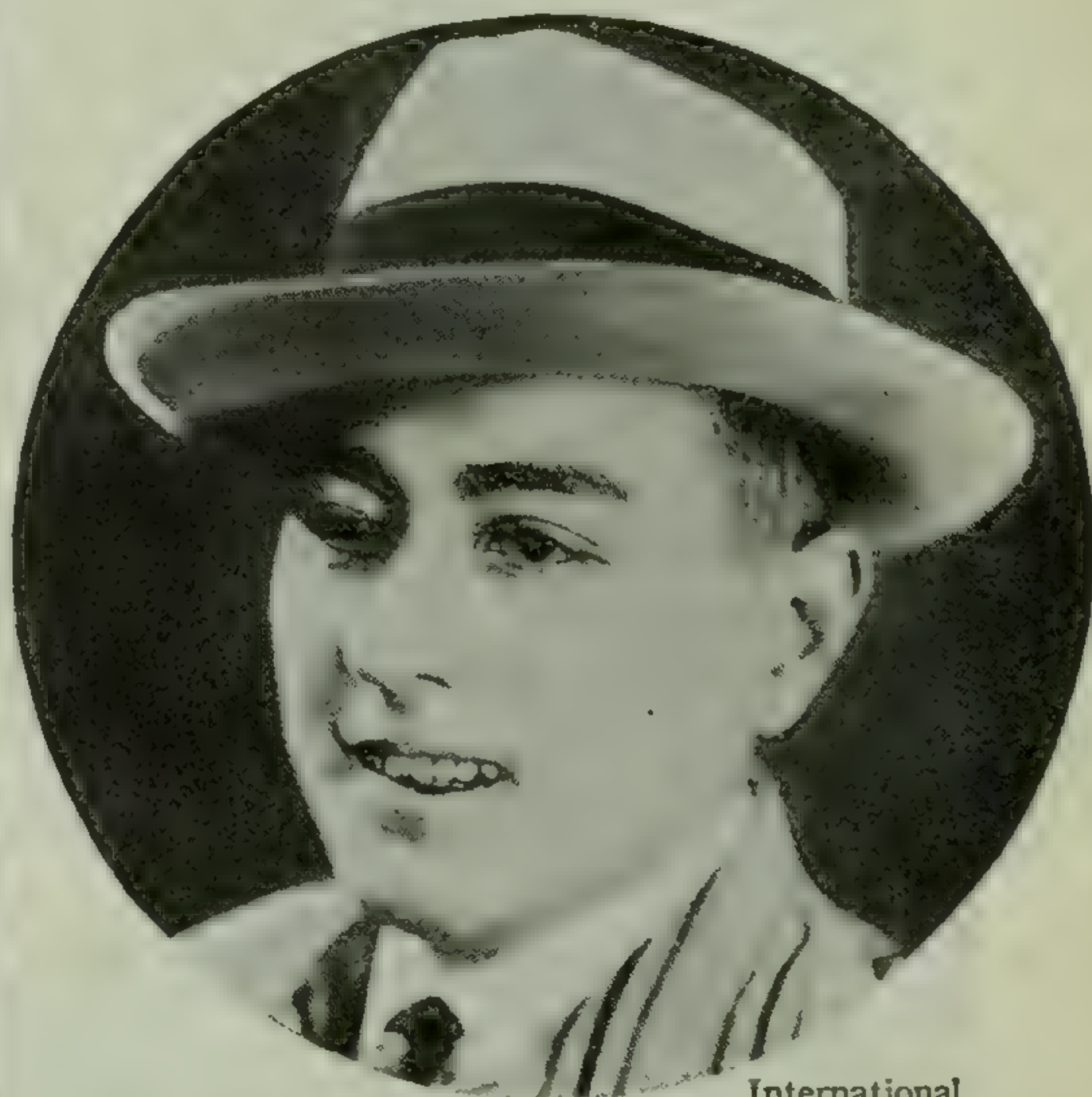


# NEWS! — VIEWS! — GOSSIP! — of Stars and Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74 ]



A happy group under the California sun. John McCormack, his wife, his daughter Gwendolyn and Charlie Farrell at Fox-Movietone City, where McCormack has just finished his first film. Charlie and Gwendolyn were often together



International

The dream lover of most of the moonstruck maidens of Japan, and the Flowery Kingdom's leading matinee idol of the screen. Mr. Tsuzuya Moroguchi, called the Japanese Valentino. Like some of our own, women admire the boy, but the men profess to despise him



has such a wide circulation, and there does not seem to be any let-up in my mail, do you mind mentioning that my address is as follows:

"The William S. Hart Company,  
"Horseshoe Ranch,  
"Newhall, Calif.

"I left my Hollywood place some time ago, and Uncle Sam does not like the forwarding job.

"Always sincerely yours,  
"Bill Hart."

There you are, pardner. And there you are, Hart fans.

**W**HEELER and Woolsey in a Tia Juana scene in Radio Pictures' "Radio Revels":

W.—"What'll you have?"

W.—"Oh, I'll have champagne. What's yours?"

W.—"Brandy."

W.—"Pale?"

W.—"Oh, no. A quart'll do."

**D**EVIL-MAY-CARE ALICE WHITE doesn't forget her old friends.

One of the girls she worked with in the old days married a struggling garage mechanic. They began saving for the little home. One day the girl happened to tell Alice that in two more years they'd have enough for the down payment.

"Don't be sil," said Alice. "You've got it now." And she put up the money for the first installment. If they can ever afford to pay it back—O. K. If not, they're instructed to forget it.

**O**NE of the most tragic stories in Hollywood is that of Anna Q. Nilsson.

Almost two years ago she was thrown from a horse and suffered a fractured hip.

Since that time she has been praying for recovery. Although confined to her bed, her room became a salon. Her friends did not desert her.

When she was able to be up and around at last she moved to Malibu Beach, hoping that the salt air would help her. Just recently she has gone through another operation.

A piece of bone was taken from her shin and grafted to the hip bone.

It will be months before she is up again.

**N**OT that it really matters, but the medico to Lupe Velez has placed her on a strict diet.

It seems that Lupe's inclination in the matter of menus runs to plenty of meat, [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78 ]

A merger of tennis costume and bathing suit, combining the best features of each. When Corinne Griffith leaves the surf for the courts, she just wraps herself in this jersey skirt and buttons it



England's leader in Beauty Culture

# Mme. BERTHA JACOBSON

## warns "against harsh effects of soaps not made of olive and palm oils"

*"Other soaps may irritate the skin: may cause coarse pores and an unpleasant feeling of roughness. Palmolive is refreshing, pure, safe."*

*Bertha Jacobson*

11/12 DOVER STREET,  
LONDON, W. 1



*A corner of the quaint Victorian waiting room in Madame Jacobson's London salon.*



*Entrance to Madame Jacobson's Mayfair salon, where the smartest women of London consult this expert.*



*Madame Bertha Jacobson, herself, administering to a client in her Mayfair beauty salon.*

"WHEN women come to me for advice on the care of the skin," says Madame Bertha Jacobson, of London, "I always impress on them the need for soap and water, as cleanliness of the skin is the first step to beauty."

"But," Madame Jacobson goes on to say, "I warn against the harsh effects of soaps not made exclusively of olive and palm oils."

### *Dangers to skin beauty*

The skin secretes oils; the day's make-up, face creams, dirt, clog the tiny pores. Unless these accumulations are safely and gently removed, blackheads and other blemishes soon appear. And

the delicate lather of Palmolive is the chosen method for keeping skin free of these blemishes... the preferred method of more than 19,800 experts.

Both as a teacher and beauty specialist Madame Jacobson is deferred to by members of her profession. And among London society women, her superiority as a beauty specialist is unquestioned.

When Madame Jacobson urges the daily use of Palmolive

that recommendation carries the weight of authority.

### *This treatment, night and morning*

Make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder.

To get the full benefit of salon treatments, you should co-operate with your beauty specialist by using Palmolive Soap twice a day. By beginning tomorrow you will hasten the return of natural loveliness.

Since Palmolive costs so little, why not enjoy it for the bath as well as the face? Millions already do, in 48 countries the world over.



**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAJ and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company

Retail Price 10c

5249



# NEWS! - VIEWS! - GOSSIP! - of Stars and Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76 ]

and not too well done, if you please. She has a high disdain for such little succulencies as spinach and turnips.

Cal realizes that this shatters an illusion for all of you. Lupe seemed one of those free, untrammelled souls who could eat lobster salad, roquefort cheese, and a slab of strawberry ice cream, and never bat an eye.

**T**HE Big Director wanted a man to play a Scotland Yard detective, and the casting office sent him a prospect. After a very brief confab, the director sent the actor back to the casting boss with a note. It read: "This man won't do. Hasn't a trace of a Scotch accent!"

**I**T was an impromptu conference at Radio Pictures about a likely story for Chic Sale. Nobody had an idea until Catherine, somebody's secretary, spoke up:

"May I suggest something?"

"Uh huh," uh-huhed somebody.

"Well," she said, "my boy friend told me last night that Mister Sale had written an awfully clever book, and I don't see why it mightn't be a good idea to film that. Of course, I haven't read it, but it's named 'The Specialist.'"

So they told Catherine to go ahead with her typing.



Mother Mary and her train of six Carrs. The unforgettable mother of "Over the Hill" is proud of this large and good-looking brood of her own. Mary Carr, you will be happy to know, is winning out in talking pictures, and has a good part in the new Radio Pictures drama, "Second Wife"

**B**ERLIN: A new popular song here is entitled "Greta Garbo Kissed Me in My Dream..."

Quick, doctor!—a double sleeping powder . . . !!!

**S**OMETIMES Cal thinks he just can't go on.

He's been chronicling the fact that Mary Brian has a new boy friend for lo, these many, weary years. Mary wins something or other for the most rumors of engagement. Bebe Daniels isn't even running a good second.

With Mary it has been Buddy Rogers, Arthur Lake, William Bakewell, Rudy Vallée, and an assortment of football

heroes. But if we keep up with the times, we'll have to put it down in black and white that Phillips Holmes seems to have the inside track now.

He lunches with Mary, and he took her to the New Year's Day football classic at Pasadena. The worst of it is, by the time this gets into print, Mary will probably be the leading lady in another set of rumors.

**T**HE Tom Mixes separate? Pooh! Tom and Victoria turned up in New York not long ago, happy and healthy, and soon left for Florida to try out the sunshine.

There Tom will confer with John Ringling, his circus boss. Tom's show contract for next summer calls for thirty-five weeks at a measly \$10,000 per.

**A**MERICA'S boy friend, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, turned off-screen hero the other day, registering a neat performance.

"Buddy" found his two house boys, Edicio Urequo, and his brother, Jesus, overcome by monoxide gas in their room at his new home. "Buddy" put in a hurry-up call for the inhalator squad, the police, and for two or three hospitals.

The physician finally brought them out of it, but two more minutes and "Buddy" would have been frying his own eggs.

**A**DVICE to chorus cuties: To step up your sex appeal, put things ON; don't take 'em OFF!

They learned that truth at the Radio Pic-  
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]

Try this on your bathing suit for 1930. Dorothy Mackaill demonstrates how to combine a sun-tanned back with a bathing suit that does not slip off the shoulders. The little draw-string she's tugging does the trick





# "CONDEMNING SHADOWS"

*William Shakespeare, 1564-1616*

"COMING EVENTS CAST  
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"

*(Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844)*

## AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

by refraining from over-  
indulgence, if you would  
maintain the modern fig-  
ure of fashion

We do not represent that  
smoking **Lucky Strike** Ciga-  
rettes will bring modern figures  
or cause the reduction of flesh.  
We do declare that when tempt-  
ed to do yourself too well, if  
you will "Reach for a **Lucky**"  
instead, you will thus avoid  
over-indulgence in things that  
cause excess weight and, by  
avoiding over-indulgence, main-  
tain a modern, graceful form.



*When Tempted*  
**Reach  
for a  
LUCKY**  
*instead*

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.





# WHEN THE TEN BEST PICTURES OF 1930 ARE CHOSEN



CHARLES BICKFORD brings a vivid reality to the rugged character of the sea-hardened mate who learns the tenderness of love from Anna Christie.



GEORGE F. MARION recreates for the talking screen the hardy role of Old Mott, the unforgettably powerful characterization he made famous in the original stage production.



MARIE DRESSLER has made the world laugh with her gayety—and now she shows a new and amazing dramatic power in the role of Marthy. A portrait of the talking screen you will never forget.



CLARENCE BROWN has directed many mighty entertainments for the screen but the greatest of all is his superb picturization of O'Neill's soul stirring drama.

# GRETA GARBO

IN HER FIRST ALL-TALKING PICTURE

# ANNA CHRISTIE

Adapted by Frances Marion from  
Eugene O'Neill's play "Anna Christie"

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION

Charles Bickford    George F. Marion    Marie Dressler

This soul-stirring drama of America's greatest playwright, Eugene O'Neill, will surely be selected for Filmdom's Hall of Fame! Gréta Garbo sounds the very depths of human emotions in her portrayal of Anna Christie, the erring woman who finally finds true love in the heart of a man big enough to forgive. A performance that places her definitely among the great actresses of all time. Don't miss this thrill!



# METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"



# The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

## SO LONG LETTY—Warners

TWO discontented husbands swap wives. That's the story. But Charlotte Greenwood as *Letty* is the whole show. Just to look at her boisterous antics is to laugh. You'll recognize the theme song, "So Long Letty." Bert Roach, Patsy Ruth Miller, Grant Withers and Claude Gillingwater add to the fun.

## THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA—Universal

UNIVERSAL has remade parts of its famous shocker, "The Phantom of the Opera," in talkie form, and synchronized the whole thing in sound. Like all such last-minute tricks, it's now a patchy picture, with some of the characters speaking but Lon Chaney still silent. But those who have never seen this exciting picture had better have a look, even if it is neither one thing nor 'tother. *Part Talkie.*

## BECAUSE I LOVED YOU—Aafa-Tobis

WE review this because it is the first Made-In-Germany talking picture to reach our resounding shores. At that, it is only about sixty-five per cent dialogue, German, of course. And it has a theme song! It's a mild love story, and the production shows that our brethren in the Fatherland still have plenty to learn. They are not quite up to Hollywood production of two years ago. *Part Talkie.*

## LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—First National

THIS would have been just another race track yarn but for two things. One is Eddie Buzzell, a musical comedy star who can sing and act, too. The other is the famous George M. Cohan music. Alice Day, as the Jockey's sweetheart, gives a sincere show.

## UP THE CONGO—Sono Art-World Wide

IF you can work yourself into a lather over those expedition things into Darkest Africa, this particular one is interesting.

## THE MOUNTED STRANGER—Universal

HOOT GIBSON is *The Riding Kid* who avenges his pappy's murder and stumbles spurs-first into a chili-hot romance in the doing. Casualties: two dead, two wounded. Just another Western.

## TROOPERS THREE—Tiffany Productions, Inc.

EVEN money (judging by the title) that this is either a back-stage story or an army picture. Ha-ha!—it's both. Slim Summer-ville's funny pan and shots of the 11th Cavalry make this interesting enough.

## WEST OF THE ROCKIES—J. Charles Davis Prod.

SOME day some bright soul will think up a new idea for a Western story; until then, "West of the Rockies" will pass muster if you're not fussy. Bandits, fast riding heroes, and pretty señoritas. Words and lip movements never quite catch up with each other.

## HER UNBORN CHILD—Windsor Picture Plays

THE grimmer side of sex. No light wines and dancing, no gay younger generation stuff. Oh my no! A sad-faced young woman

finds herself entangled with an equally sad-faced young man whose mother promises to cut him off with a penny if he marries the girl. Heigh-ho, you will pardon that yawn.

## CLANCY CAUGHT SHORT—Edward Small Prod.

THE Hollywood scenario writers ran out of Irish-Jewish jokes. After much deliberation somebody had the bright idea of a Scotch-Irish team. Then along came the stock crash to contribute more gags and a picture was born. Charlie Murray and Lucien Littlefield are the partners in comedy crime.

## THE SETTING SON—Darmour-Radio Pictures

A WILD, conglomerate satire on family relations, and for a short feature it packs an awful lot of wild, conglomerate comedy. Grandpapa, rich and ailing, takes the wrong



Master Richard Arlen at the age of eight, when the word "star" was still only an astronomical term. Note the wing collar and the dignified expression. After studying this, we've decided almost any boy can make good

medicine and thinks he's cashing in. Then the family count chickens before they're hatched. Al Cooke and Alberta Vaughn stand out.

## MEXICALI ROSE—Columbia

THE beautiful Barbara Stanwyck makes her second film appearance in this well-done romantic melodrama of girls, gambling, and nice American boys on the Mexican border. And Barbara does better than well, as does Sam Hardy, who plays a merry gambler. It's pretty good entertainment.

## THE AVIATOR—Warners

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON as a shrinking neurasthenic, afraid of anything that goes up, even elevators! Patsy Ruth Miller, as the hero-worshipping girl friend, complicates matters. Lee Moran gets his share of laughs.

## FRAMED—Radio Pictures

THE night club hostess, the gangster and his moll, the young son of the police inspector. Yes, ma'am, it's another underworld picture. But the story is as trim as a pair of dainty ankles and there's a trick climax which makes you believe in scenario writers again. Evelyn Brent, for once, does the sort of thing to which she is best suited. Darn good entertainment.

## MATCH PLAY—Sennett-Educational

THIS is highly recommended for golfers. Walter Hagen, British "champeen," and Leo Diegel, American "champeen," are featured. The lads are there when it comes to the niblick, but neither are very exciting as actors. But, after all, no one expected anything else. Comedy is dragged in occasionally.

## ON THE BORDER—Warners

THIS old-fashioned thriller includes practically everything except a Chicago gang war and a Filipino uprising. Smuggling Chinese across the Mexican border. Armida sings and Rin-Tin-Tin gives his usual intelligent performance. Rest of the cast are gotten up like comic strip characters. Forget it.

## BEAU BANDIT—Radio Pictures

WE just bet a shirt that Rod LaRocque has to spend the rest of his life doing a Spanish accent. He's at it again in "Beau Bandit." The title tells all that's necessary. You can't fool us with a theme song and good photography. It's just an old-fashioned Western, and not so hot at that. Rod is just too slim and elegant for words. Doris Kenyon sings beautifully.

## MURDER ON THE ROOF—Columbia

BOO! Another murder story, this time with the crime taking place up high among the pent-houses. It's a thriller for the shock fans, and it won't disappoint them. An excellent cast projects it. A right pleasing picture of its type.

## BE YOURSELF—United Artists

THAT old "My Man" plot gets dusted off for another Fanny Brice picture. Fanny is the little self-sacrificer who stakes her heart and money on a boxer who repays her by falling for a gold-digger. Just another movie.

## THE SHIP FROM SHANGHAI—M-G-M

THIS psychological drammer got lost in the movie woods. The central idea seems to be that one class is born to command and the other to obey. The test is made on a derelict yacht adrift on the Equator. High dramatic tension does not save the picture from being distasteful at times. Louis Wolheim is guilty of over-acting as the paranoiac steward, but Kay Johnson is splendid. Conrad Nagel goes kittenish.

## DAMES AHOY—Universal

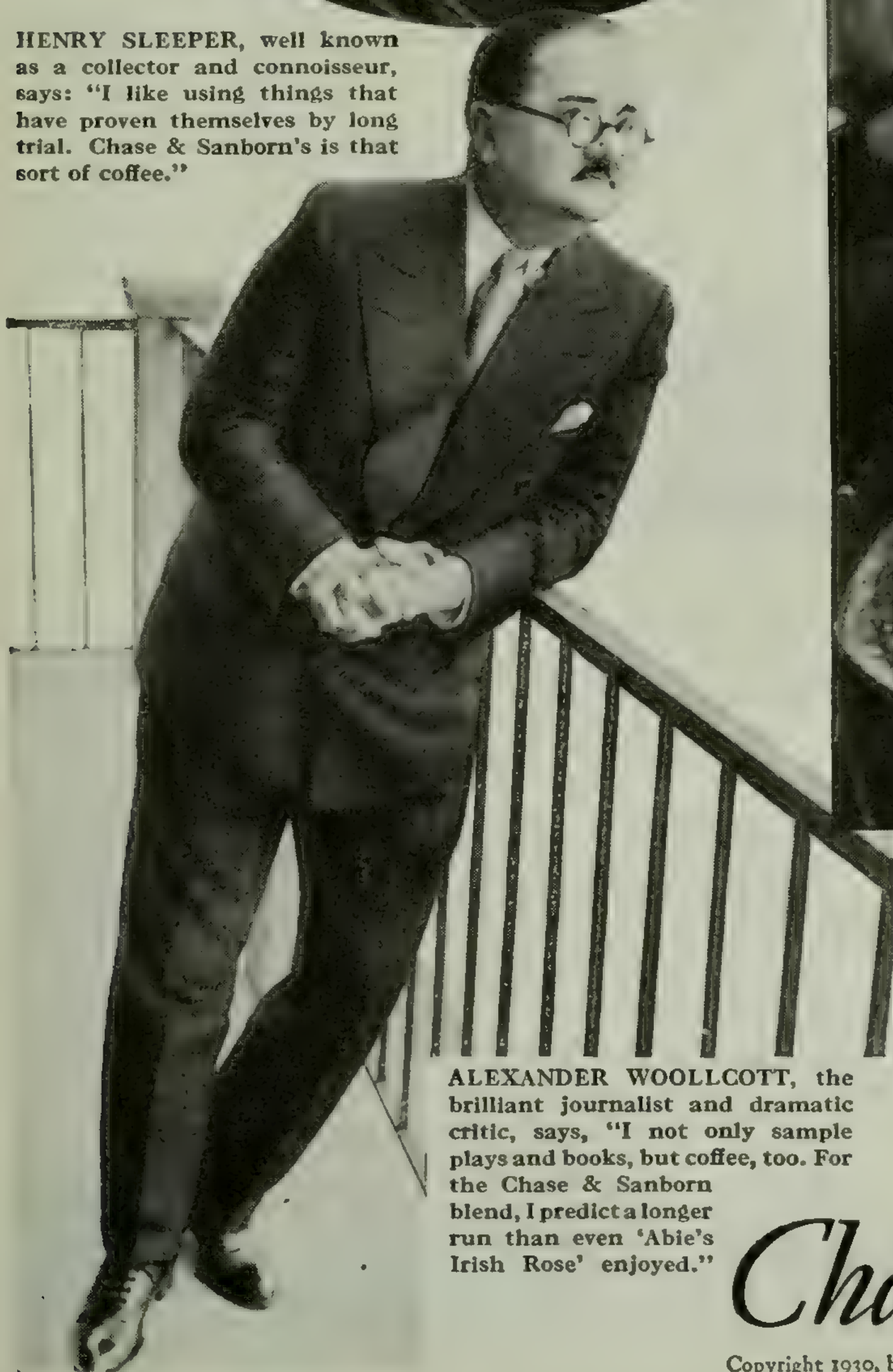
THIS one might be called "Fun in the Navy" or "How He Found the Strawberry Blonde." And if all the ancient gags were laid end to end, they'd three times encircle every comedy ever made. Glenn Tryon is supposed to be a smart-cracking sailor. The only difficulty is that the dialogue writer left out the smart cracks.



# Chase and Sanborn's **DATED** of each of these



HENRY SLEEPER, well known as a collector and connoisseur, says: "I like using things that have proven themselves by long trial. Chase & Sanborn's is that sort of coffee."



ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, the brilliant journalist and dramatic critic, says, "I not only sample plays and books, but coffee, too. For the Chase & Sanborn blend, I predict a longer run than even 'Abie's Irish Rose' enjoyed."



RICHARD HALLIBURTON, who writes so vividly of his travels in "The Royal Road to Romance" and "New Worlds to Conquer," makes this very interesting statement about coffee: "I've tasted the finest coffees of the world," he tells us—"in palm-thatched shacks in Panama, in proud palacios of Brazil, in dim bazaars in Turkey, and in most intervening points east and west. But never have I known one which could surpass Chase & Sanborn's for the perfect, indescribable flavor that comes from real freshness."

## Chase and Sanborn's

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.



# COFFEE served in the homes surprisingly domestic *well-known bachelors*

*NEW—this method of handling coffee like a perishable fresh food! Delivered freshly roasted direct to grocers twice a week . . . can't remain in the store more than 10 days!*

NOW coffee as fresh as "fresh bread" or "this morning's milk!" This is what "dated coffee" means.

Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is delivered to your grocer exactly like a perishable fresh food . . . in a *dated* package . . . straight from the roasting ovens. No delay for re-handling. No storage. He gets a fresh supply twice a week . . . just enough to last until the next delivery. And any left over at the end of ten days is regularly taken back by Chase & Sanborn and replaced by fresh.

For sixty-five years Chase & Sanborn's choice blend of coffee has been preferred in many sections of the country for its color . . . its clearness . . . its smooth, rich satisfaction of taste.

Now that it is handled like a fresh food through the "Daily Delivery" system of "Standard Brands Inc.," which delivers also fresh Fleischmann's Yeast, it has the distinction among coffees of "direct from the roaster" distribution everywhere. This gives it a final flavor advantage, which makes it the inevitable choice of men and women who care about good coffee.

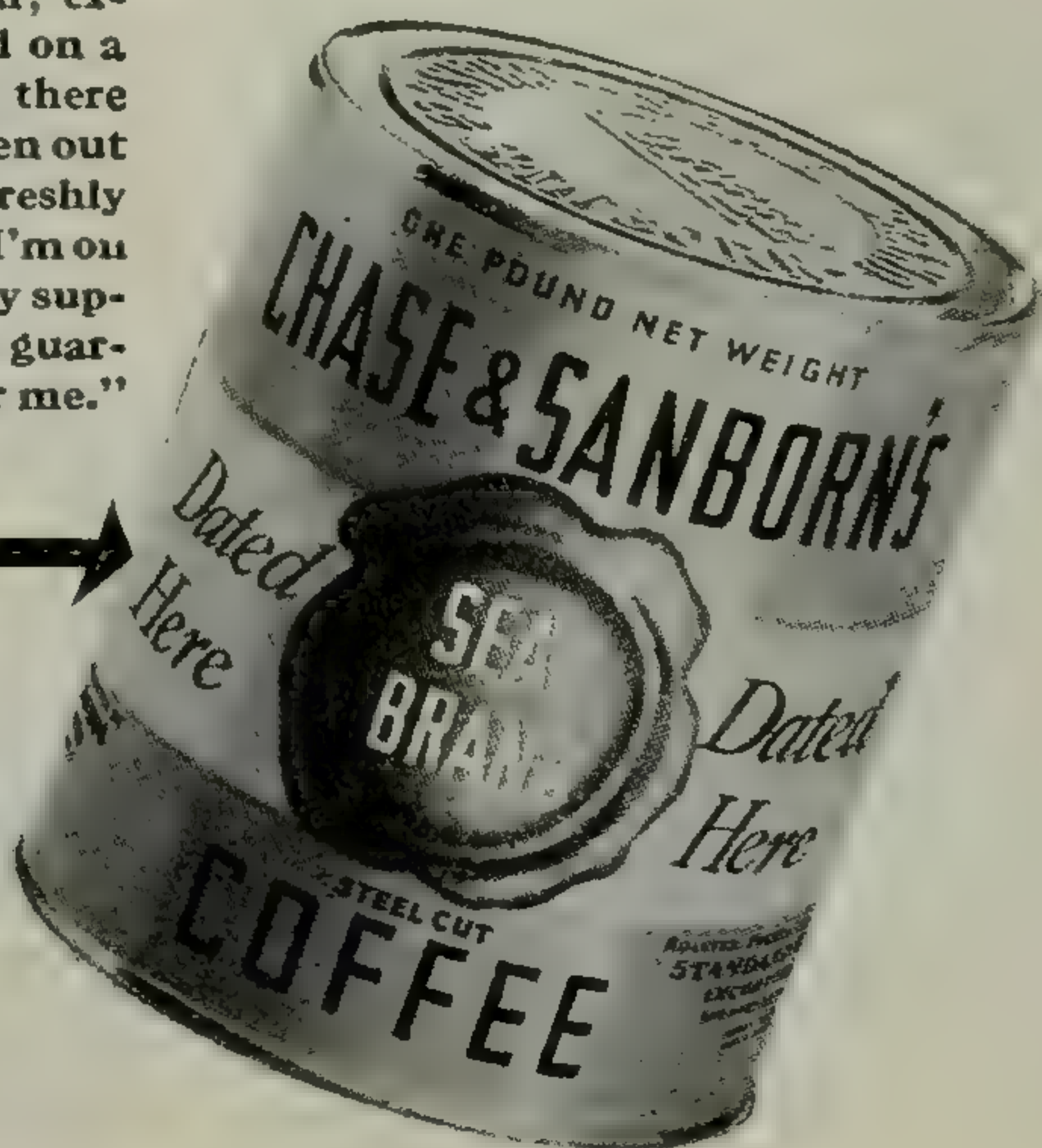
Don't postpone a treat. Get Chase & Sanborn's Coffee today from your grocer.



The rollicking, roistering Billy Haines of the silver screen at home is WILLIAM HAINES . . . Virginia gentleman. His menus are selected with the concern of one who makes a hobby of good living. "The fresher the better is true of roasted coffee," says this popular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. "That's why this dated coffee of Chase & Sanborn's is such a good idea."

GARY COOPER, Paramount star, explains that: "Having been raised on a ranch in Montana, I know that there is nothing more invigorating, when out on the range, than a cup of freshly roasted coffee. That's why, when I'm on outings, I take care to see that my supply of coffee is fresh. If a coffee is guaranteed fresh, that's the coffee for me."

LOOK FOR THE  
date  
ON THE CAN



## Coffee - DATED



# What's Your Pull?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72 ]

wrote a letter to the director and asked for an appointment, which I got.

That was all the pull I ever had—just that first contact—and I went to ask for extra work! I told him, during the course of our conversation, that I had dabbled with one-act plays, and he tactfully explained to me that I had better trade on what brains had been given me, rather than what beauty. He was working on a story and he needed an outside mind, so he offered me the chance to work with him.

I was not paid a cent for many weeks and then, suddenly, he told me he was going to New York for six weeks but he would give me a studio pass and I could learn something about the business while he was gone.

I MADE myself a complete nuisance. I stood behind Cecil De Mille's cameraman and I learned something of angles (they had only meant geometry to me before). Ruby Miller at that time had charge of all the girls who copied scripts. She helped me tremendously by letting me read the best continuities. I ruined the cutter's day by asking a million questions, but by the time William de Mille returned I had done a practice script of a short story of mine, which, although impossible as a film story, was technically correct enough to be shot.

Apparently William told his brother about me, for one day I was on Cecil's set when he called out, "Tell that girl with the Japanese name to come over here!"

And he offered me a job at twenty-five dollars a week to work on the continuity of "Why Change Your Wife?" with Olga Printzlau.

Cecil De Mille is one of the most charming men I know—when he isn't working. When he throws himself into production he becomes another creature.

He ripped my work to pieces. He told me I was the poorest excuse for a writer it had ever been his unhappy lot to know; that I was a rank failure, and would never succeed. After a particularly hectic scene, which left me limp

and exhausted, he raised my salary that same night to sixty dollars a week, by way of apology.

In those days the writer titled the pictures and helped with the cutting. Many, many days I was on my feet from eight in the morning until eleven or twelve at night. Sometimes I didn't have my clothes off all night long.

"Why Change Your Wife?" was completed at last. I felt that, with Olga Printzlau, I had done a good job. She was making three or four times the money I was, so I went to Mr. De Mille and told him I thought I deserved one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week.

"I'll give you one hundred," he said.

"I won't take it," I answered.

"Not a cent more. Take it or leave it."

"I leave it," I said, and walked out of the office.

With only one-half of one script to my credit I set myself up as a free-lance writer—the first woman to break into free-lance work. There was a little office on the Boulevard I could rent for a small sum, so I installed myself in it and sent out letters to every director in the industry, announcing that I was open for business. The first month I got two short scripts to do at one thousand dollars each.

Then I was taken ill and knew I had to go to the hospital for a major operation. I made my will and finished my last continuity the night before I left, with my fever hitting 103 degrees.

I was in the hospital when a call came from Harry Garson, who was then Clara Kimball Young's manager. He wanted to see me at once. The nurse explained I was much too ill. I took the phone. "Can't you come over here?" I asked.

He couldn't leave his office but he said he would send his car for me. The doctor forbade my going, but I went, anyhow, in a wheel chair. That day I sold him a play for six thousand dollars, and signed a contract for one thousand dollars a week to do six original stories a year for Clara Kimball Young!

Did you ever try to get six plot ideas a year? Try it some time, just for mental exercise. But

it can be done, even if it leaves you, as it left me, completely exhausted mentally and physically and ready for another hospital siege.

My life has been punctuated by illness, but I've never stopped working. I've always been a free-lance, even when I filled a twenty-one weeks' engagement at Paramount for one thousand dollars a week. It gave me no little joy to go back to De Mille at that figure when, a year before, he had refused to pay me one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week!

THE story goes on from there. My life has been nothing but work and rebounds. I've had trials and disappointments that I don't even like to think about. I've had stories rejected and my pet ideas ridiculed. I've ground out plots on hospital beds and in stuffy offices, but I've kept right on. I've never stopped.

Do you blame me for contemplating murder when anyone asks me, "What's your pull?"

I've worked with directors at their homes until three and four o'clock in the morning. Incidentally, I've never had a door locked on me yet, like the heroine in the second act of the melodrama. What experiences the actresses have, I don't know. But I can speak for myself and the rest of the women writers. Directors are much too busy to bother with personalities. I've had many an insult to my professional pride, but none to my pride as a woman.

If you're the niece of a Wall Street financier, you may get your story read, but unless you know how to turn out a job in the face of every difficulty and unless you're willing to give every ounce of energy and time to your job, you won't keep a regular one.

If you have a pretty face that is admired by one of the chief high officials, you may be given one chance. Unless you're capable and willing to do a tremendous amount of work, you probably won't be given another.

What's your pull? Or my pull? Or anybody's pull? Hard work and plenty of it; courage; cheerfulness; resiliency; and, of course, ability.

## Painting the Shadows

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

point in its history. She and the directors of various films labor together to dress their players in the most dramatic colors, in accordance with the mood of the scene played.

She knows the clash of color to match the conflict of minds and bodies. Watch the duel scene between Dennis King and Warner Oland in "The Vagabond King." Both wear red—but dramatically different reds. And the costumes fight like the swordsmen, doubling the drama and stepping the scene into high.

THE growth of the Technicolor process, as demand for it increases, is one of the most dramatic in filmland's history.

A year ago, there were just exactly eight Technicolor cameras in the world, and they were all in Hollywood.

Last summer First National had "Sally" and "Paris" in work at the same time. They had four color cameras. Warners had four. There were three more out on contract at various studios. That's all there were on earth.

And through the blistering weeks First National's four cameras worked day and night.

"Sally" was shot in the daytime. At eight in the evening "Paris" went to work, and its labors lasted until six in the morning.

That strain is easier, now. At the moment of writing there are thirty-five of these magic boxes in existence, all in Hollywood. They are making them more rapidly all the time as their laboratories multiply.

In the earlier days developing the color films was the slowest of processes. Now the printing capacity is twelve times greater than it was fourteen months ago. Technicolor speeds ahead.

And it has to! Demands on it grow week by week.

There are still many tremendous problems to be faced and whipped.

There is the one of those colors which do not yet register well.

They admit that up to now a true yellow is unobtainable. In "On With the Show" Warners photographed a yellow taxi, but it came out orange on the film. Only when red is added does yellow pick up; and then the result is more orange than yellow.

Purple does not photograph, and there is no such thing as a true blue. As a matter of fact, blue inclines to go green.

But the eye can be tricked! A sky appears blue in contrast to green foliage, so all is pretty well.

Why, there's even a Technicolor goose in Hollywood now!

When First National was making "No, No, Nanette," they wanted a golden goose for a color scene, and a prop boy lathered a goose properly with gold paint, and the shot was made.

AFTER the ordeal the kindly director decided that it would be merciful to relieve the goose of all its earthly woes, as the paint could not be washed off. At this moment the goose laid an egg, and not a golden one either.

The director—soft-hearted chap—decided that such a willing fowl should live and spread its glory. So to this day, in a pen on the First National lot, struts the golden goose—the first goose to be turned into a proud swan by the magic of the Technicolor process!



Will  
you pay 50¢  
to get rid of  
dandruff?



It isn't at all surprising that many thousands of women—and men—have found the solution to the troubling dandruff problem, in a 50¢ bottle of Listerine.

Dandruff, many authorities contend, is a germ disease. Full strength Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds. Even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid), the stubborn germs used by the U. S. Government to test germicidal power, yield to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000.

Listerine first dislodges and dissolves the tiny scales which are the outward evidence of dandruff, then it soothes, cools, and heals the troubled scalp. If infection is present, Listerine attacks it. The flesh tingles and glows with new health

and invigoration.

If you have any evidence of humiliating dandruff, begin with Listerine at once. Remember that it is entirely safe, and douse it *full strength* on the scalp. Then massage the latter vigorously with the finger tips. Keep the treatment up as a part of the regular soap and water shampoo, or independent of

**Note to Medical and Dental profession:**

When prescribing a mouth wash for germicidal purposes, make certain that it is a germicide; and not merely a colored preparation which is only deodorant and astringent.

it. If your hair and scalp are exceptionally dry, use a little olive oil in conjunction with the treatment.

You will be delighted to find how quickly Listerine overcomes ordinary cases of loose dandruff. When dandruff persists, consult your physician as the condition may require expert attention. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



LISTERINE  
for dandruff

the safe antiseptic  
*kills 200,000,000  
germs in 15 seconds*



# The Sweet-Smelling Screen

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65 ]

de la Falaise, a number of interesting things about the use of perfumes in the times of the first Empire were uncovered and utilized to give that final touch of reality to the picture which makes it perfect.

One was that the Empress Josephine was passionately fond of musk, an affection which she no doubt acquired in her native Martinique, and, still more surprising, that the most prodigal user of scent in those romantic and historic days was the Emperor himself.

EVERY time he washed, Napoleon poured over his head, shoulders and hands, an entire flask of *eau de Cologne*, and he used highly scented soap and toilet waters as well. His bill from the court perfumer for three months was for two cases of orange flower soap, three large flacons of essence of jasmine and 163 flasks of *eau de Cologne*.

This same *eau de Cologne* was first made by the brothers Farina in the city on the Rhine, where it became immensely popular among the soldiers of the various armies engaged in the Seven Years' War, and by them was subsequently introduced to all Europe.

For their further comfort, the warriors of ancient Assyria went into battle with their hair and beards elaborately curled and dripping with perfumes; the Crusaders returned from the island of Cyprus redolent of chypre, which became the favorite of King Richard of England; and Henry the Eighth, with his reputation for masculinity, was always highly scented with musk.

Perhaps my most amusing experience with the real need of perfumes to bring the final realistic note into a scene was in Herbert Brenon's production of "The Street of Forgotten Men." In this we had a bevy of those festive ladies who graced the swanky Bowery dance hall and café of the gay nineties.

When they were all dressed we took them down for Mr. Brenon's inspection—gored skirts, tight, plaid-taffeta waists, high, buttoned boots, dripping willow plumes and all. He looked them over most carefully, then turned to me and said, "They are perfect types, their clothes are wonderful, but somehow it seems to me that they still need some little thing to make them absolutely right."

It came to me like a flash. I rushed them back upstairs, while I raced to a shop in Fifty-seventh Street as fast as our most reckless studio chauffeur could drive me.

There I asked if by any chance they had a certain brand of perfume. Indeed they had, I was informed, and very chic and expensive it was. Now, this particular perfume in that same mauve decade was too daring for any but those delightful and fascinating ladies known as "fast." Its name is Jicky, it is made by the house of Guerlain, and is at the moment a very smart and sophisticated favorite.

AT any rate, I sprayed my Bowery beauties to the drenching point, and sent them back to Mr. Brenon. The moment they got near enough for him to get a whiff of "Jicky" his eyes lighted and he shouted, "Perfect, perfect—that's what it was all the time. They didn't smell the part!" Then he turned to me and said, "My Lord, what a memory!"

You will recall a play, later made into a picture called "Heliotrope," whose central theme was perfume. It was an underworld story in which a most daring criminal has a weakness for the scent of heliotrope and constantly uses it. He is framed by his wife and her lover and sent to prison for life, but manages after some time to escape.

The high point of the story is when the wife and her lover return to their darkened apartment in drunken gaiety, and their reaction

when their drink-muddled senses are finally pierced by the odor of heliotrope. There in the perfumed darkness vengeance is waiting, and they know their hour has struck.

In Jeanne Eagels' production of "The Letter," all the perfumes used by *Lady Tsen Mei* were those imported from China and made from sandalwood and ylang-ylang, and these same odors were used by the Chinese girls who were the inmates of her Singapore establishment. Chinese incense was burned throughout the picture to heighten the illusion for the performers, and only Chinese cigarettes and tobacco were used as well.

That charming artist and the idol of the studios by reason of her happy disposition, Helen Morgan, has most exquisite personal taste in perfumes. Yet in her current production of "Applause," not only did she disguise her beauty and charm beneath the frowsy exterior of a tawdry burlesque queen, but used only perfumes which she purchased herself in a cheap emporium, so that she might be utterly in character in this important detail.

Of course every woman on the screen uses

perfume as a personal attraction, and after ten years of intimate association with some of the loveliest and most expensively perfumed ladies in the world I ought to know something of the power of perfumes and their indication of personality and peculiarities among women.

There was one exotic and tempestuous star who adopted what is probably the most unique method of being awakened ever heard of in this modern world of Big and Little Ben alarm clocks. Each morning when it was time for this princess of the cinema to rise, her maid would lay heavily scented flowers on her mistress' pillow. At first only one or two, and then more and more, until at last their odor finally penetrated the clouds of sleep and this lovely lady woke into a scented world.

ANOTHER lady of pronounced beauty and vivid personality, if perhaps less refined tastes, used a special perfume so strong that we never had any difficulty in tracing her through the studios when she was wanted on the set.

Indeed, traces of her visits lingered for hours in the air, and under the lights her perfume was sometimes almost more than we could endure. But since she said she wore it only to inspire her in her art, what could we do but bear it, and air our garments afterward?

The voluptuous de Putti used to keep on her studio dressing table a cut crystal silver-mounted decanter, which contained a gold colored liquid which smelled like perfume and which floated on a two-inch foundation of candied violets and rose leaves.

It was not a perfume, however, for like the beauties of ancient Rome who had a special wine distilled from roses, the sinuous Lya sometimes drank a little of this scented concoction. Some of her associates said this was but a canny German way of keeping others from sampling the contents of that crystal decanter, but I am sure it was only one of the many perfume complexes with which I came in contact in my ten years in the studios.

Since the days of Eve's experiments with them, perfumes have been used principally and with devastating effect to beguile the hearts and bewilder the senses of the sons of Adam.

Whether women do this deliberately or innocently, it is a fact that certain perfumes do have a powerful effect upon the emotions of the opposite sex. What they are cannot be disclosed in this article lest it leave poor man without any protection whatsoever, and things are quite difficult enough for him as they are.

But there is one hint that women may take from the flowers themselves, for perfume with them is purely an attractive quality to bring on the bees and butterflies, with whom they enter into a kind of fragrant courtship.

WHILE most flowers give off their perfume by day, there are many curious exceptions which are practically scentless until darkness falls, and whose odor increases from that time up to midnight, fading again toward dawn. The perfume of these night flowers is far stronger and more penetrating than those of the blossoms of the day, and, by the same token, the visitors of the night, the night moths and other nocturnal flower lovers, are larger and stronger and shall we say rougher, than the gentler bees and butterflies of the sunlit hours.

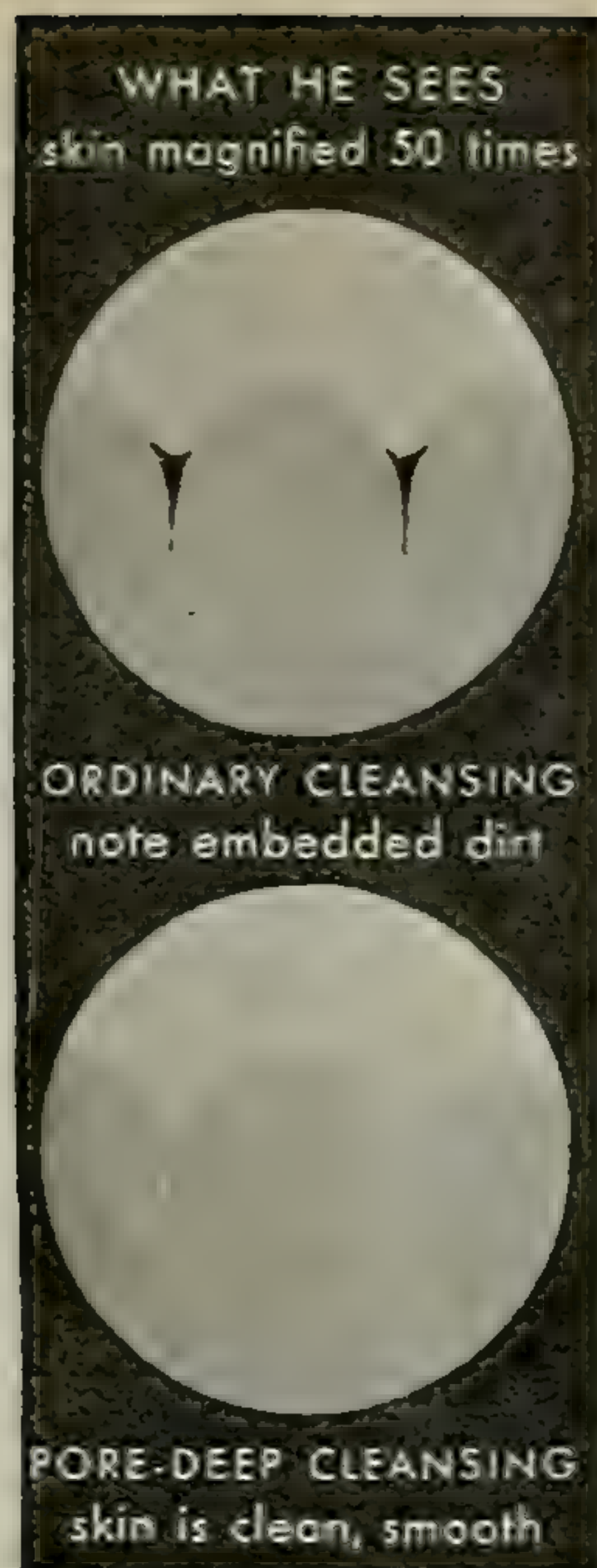
Isn't it true, too, that the men who have the time and inclination to entertain their women friends in the daytime are apt to be gentlemen of wealth and leisure whose tastes in the pleasures of life are more delicate, more refined, than those of us who have to battle more fiercely with the world of work and can seek the company of youth and beauty only at night?

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88 ]



We always were strong for those saucy little bolero jackets. Especially on a slim and modish maiden like Carol Lombard. Carol's frock is of black faille crepe with collar, vestee and jacket lining of aquamarine chiffon, trimmed with tiny gold beads and garnished with a gardenia





MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AGREE: "Doctors always use liquid solvents for thorough cleansing."

## Only a specialist told her the truth

**SOMETHING** must be done. Her skin was showing the unmistakable signs of age that every woman dreads—enlarged pores, tiny new wrinkles, sallowness, a coarsened, sluggish texture.

**DIAGNOSIS**—Regardless of cost she felt she must learn the cause of these blemishes—see if they couldn't be corrected. At the suggestion of her own physician she visited one of the greatest skin specialists in New York. He said to her:

"Madam, the surface of your skin is thoroughly clean but the pores are clogged with impurities—filled with an oily mixture of greasy dirt from the outside and bodily secretions from within. Germs lodge in those unclean depths. This condition interferes with the circulation. The life of the tissue is impaired. To remedy this you must cleanse the pores, dissolve out the embedded dirt. Then normal circulation will be restored. Don't forget: a clean skin is a healthy skin which will remain young for many, many years."

**TREATMENT**—With her new liquid solvent she did precisely as he had

advised. Almost at once her skin began to feel better. She experienced that delightful sensation of renewed life in the skin itself. The natural coloring and the fine texture of her complexion were being restored. Before long her friends began to ask her what new beauty treatment she had discovered . . . "It's a very simple thing," she said. "Just a matter of pore-deep cleansing with Ambrosia."

**WHAT IT IS**—Ambrosia, the liquid solvent that cleanses the depths of the pores, is new to American women. It was first made by a French chemist many years ago. It was named by Empress Eugenie. Until recently it was made only to private order.

Ambrosia penetrates instantly, dissolves the pore-deep dirt, rouses the circulation, normalizes and refines the skin. It prepares a dry skin to absorb a softening tissue cream; thus it combats any tendency toward wrinkles . . . Safe—no caustic alkali, no wax! . . . Quick—convenient! . . . Nothing to wipe away! Write for generous free sample. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 4-G 114 5th Ave., N. Y. —69 York St., Toronto, Can. No advance in price in Canada.



\$1.00 — \$1.75 — \$3.00

# AMBRŌSIA the pore-deep cleanser





## the western "whole in one" club

Kings of finance admiring the glistening slopes of snow-crowned peaks; bridge-weary dowagers gazing into mile-deep canyons; dancing debutantes pondering the internal fires, whence steaming geysers spout; children laughing at the antics of wild animals; gay young scions speculating upon the age of old Spanish Missions—thus the "Whole-in-One" Club swings 'round the Rock Island thru-service circle, seeing the West in one tour

COLORADO  
YELLOWSTONE  
CALIFORNIA



And many Scenic Circle Tours—in Colorado or Yellowstone or both—have been planned for the Intelligentsia—two weeks' outings on the all-expense plan. In some instances personally conducted; in others independent, "Go as you please."

For literature describing Rock Island planned vacations in detail mail this coupon.

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THE ROAD OF UNUSUAL SERVICE

Rock Island Vacation Travel Service Bureau  
786 La Salle St. Station, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me booklets descriptive of  
☐ Colorado ☐ Yellowstone ☐ California ☐ All-Expense Tours through Colorado and Yellowstone (check book or books desired); and information regarding train service and low summer fares.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## The Sweet-Smelling Screen

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 ]

If that is true, then by all means there should be both day and night perfumes.

Those for the aesthetic gentlemen "*d'après midi*" as well as for the caveman of the night clubs. Perfumes for the matinées and the theater at night, dependent on the mood of the play and the inclination of one's escort.

Perfumes for sports, for the tea and cocktail hours, as well as for the boudoir—but always perfume.

For a woman without perfume is like one of those hybrid roses that one comes upon at the flower shows in spring, gorgeous in form and color but utterly lacking in that charm which makes a perfect rose and a perfect woman.

SO although up to now the use of perfume has been principally to inspire the actor and to give the authority of tradition to scene and

action, it is not improbable that its charm and power may find further outlet. Sound we have and color and ever with increasing perfection, and why not perfume too? When Pompadour, in her dress of rose and silver, speaks words of love and languor, why should you not detect the odor of musk and patchouli with which her lace-bordered handkerchief is perfumed, as well as to see rose and silver and to hear her liquid syllables?

WHEN the Victorian heroine faints at the sight of a man and calls for *eau de Cologne*, or when the fragile Camille whispers, "Nanine, my smelling salts," why should not each sympathetic fan be refreshed by a whiff of those very things?

When that time comes, with color, music and perfume all combined, pictures will be perfect indeed.

## She Wants Beeg Family

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63 ]

one. The languorous, silent Greta and the spritely, tempestuous Fifi.

"But she like me and she is so nice, Miss Garbo. She never says much. She just sits and thinks."

FIFI wasn't born in Paris. Asnieres, a suburb of the capital, was her birthplace and also housed her when she went to school at a convent there.

She took a course in stenography and then when she went to Canada with her father, who is now dead, she worked as a typist and a translator.

But she was born for the theater as eggs

were made for ham, and the Greenwich Village Follies gobbled her up.

Vaudeville was an easy step.

But she isn't a silly, improvident girl. There's a brain in that thar little head. She saves her money—shrewd as all French women—and has, oh, so many boy friends, but loves only one—her Freddie.

If you haven't been kissed for thirty years—try getting a front row seat at the theater where Fifi is playing. *Mon Dieu* and a couple of *n'est ce pas*—here's one of the cutest, brightest, most charming little girls who ever planted French heels on the benighted hills of Hollywood.



Newark, N. J.

I was shocked by the change in his appearance. He looked fifty-four instead of thirty-four years. His clothes were ragged, his shoes cracked.

But most of all, his face—unshaven, and full of lines of tragedy and worry.

It was raining and he was soaking wet, yet he continued to wander in the dismal rain.

I concealed my amazement and took him to a restaurant. He ate like a wolf.

This was the United States Fencing Champion of a decade ago. How well I remembered him then, the acme of grace, action and well dressed perfection.

I wondered what had caused the

transition from a gentleman to this listless clod.

I soon found out.

I gave him money to buy shoes, etc.

With the money he bought booze.

Not because he enjoyed it but because of the warmth of the speak-easy that would tolerate his presence.

I took him to a motion picture house.

We sat through a showing of "Seventh Heaven."

It was the first picture he had seen in five years.

He was amazed. It opened up a new world for him. And it cost so little.

He now holds a job, his self-respect and health.

O. J. Bell



# Cultivating Beautiful Hands on just 3 minutes a day

Busy women are finding Many Advantages in the new Cutex Liquid Polish

*Hazel Rawson Cades*  
*Good Looks Editor*  
*Woman's Home*  
*Companion says*



## The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

*Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips*

Scrub the nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser, around the base of each nail to remove dead cuticle. Then use fresh cotton—freshly saturated—to cleanse under each *nail tip*. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

Cutex Liquid Polish protects and flatters the nails.

Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish. Then a tiny bit of Cuticle Cream or Oil, and a touch of Nail White under the nail tip.



MRS. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, whose lovely hands are famous among artists, says:

"The new Cutex Liquid Polish is so flattering. Before I use it I always soften and shape the cuticle and whiten the nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Then the Liquid Polish which lasts days and days. After that a bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to feed the cuticle and my hands can meet even my husband's critical artist's eye."

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, London, Paris



Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover 35¢.  
Polish and Polish Remover together 50¢. Per-  
fumed Polish and Polish Remover together 60¢.  
Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser 35¢.  
The other Cutex preparations 35¢.

At the Beauty Salon in the SHERRY-NETHER-  
LAND HOTEL, New York City, they say:

"Our patrons enjoy the flattering radiance  
of Cutex Liquid Polish and the assurance that  
it does not peel or discolor. And they like the  
gentle way Cutex Cuticle Remover moulds the  
cuticle and brings out the half-moons!"

### SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set contain-  
ing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures.  
(In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. OQ4, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.



# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

## Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



## Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

**DOROTHY McDONALD, KIRKWOOD, MO.**—It seems that there were once a couple of Irishmen named Pat and Mike, which has nothing to do with your letter but it's as good a way as any of getting friendly enough to tell you that Charles Farrell did not emote as "Tarzan the Mighty." And if it's all right for me to point, Marie Dressler and Louise Dresser are two different people. Marie's the one who clowned in "The Vagabond Lover," and if she were going to Europe she'd write 1871 on the line reserved on the passport for birth dates. Joan Crawford was born March 23, 1906, and by today has grown to the height of 5 feet and 4 inches.

**RICHARD PUNCH, SOUTHAMPTON, ENG.**—It was none other than William Powell who played the rôle of *Philo Vance*, the debonair detective (or, if you prefer, the suave sleuth) who solved "The Canary Murder Case."

**MICKEY, BOSTON, MASS.**—Leila Hyams and Phil Berg promised to love, honor, et cetera, in 1927. Leila, who considers 13 her lucky number, is 23 years old, has blonde hair and blue eyes, is 5 feet, 5 inches tall and tips the scales at 118 pounds. Helen Twelvetrees hails from Brooklyn where they brag about Clara Bow, too.

**BILLIE AND DOT, PORT STANLEY, WASH.**—Conrad Veidt played "The Man Who Laughs," but I don't know whether he laughed last or not, because he's back in Berlin now. John Boles is married; he was born Oct. 27, 1899, and is 6 feet, 1 inch in height. Eleanor Boardman thinks "The Big Parade" and "Hallelujah" are among the finest pictures made, because they were directed by her husband, King Vidor.

**SUE S., BRONXVILLE, N. Y.**—If your idea is to cast Ruth Chatterton's horoscope, I can't help you out because Ruth hasn't divulged the day, month and year of her birth. Ralph Graves, however, speaks right up and says he was born June 9, 1900. And I hope that when it rains you'll decide it's raining daffodils because now you know that Betty Compson was born March 18, 1897.

**JOE VARGAS, FOSTORIA, OHIO.**—With tears of mirth streaming down these furrowed cheeks, I rise to remark that Harry Green was the comic in "Why Bring That Up?" and the whole picture in "The Kibitzer."

**L. E. T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.**—When Rudy Vallée was a little boy he wanted to be a letter carrier. But today, being 28 years old and about 6 feet tall, he plays the saxophone and clarinet. His father is French and his mother is Irish. Ronald Colman was born Feb. 9, 1891.

**PHOTOPLAY** is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 96 before writing to this department.

In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

**NORA KIRKBRIDGE, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.**—They wouldn't have missed it very far if they'd had "Manhattan Cocktail, I Love You" as the theme song for "Manhattan Cocktail"; as a matter of record, the musical motif of that piece was entitled "Another Kiss." And "Precious Little Thing Called Love" was the theme song of "The Shopworn Angel."

**JANE ELIZABETH AVERY, FORT WORTH, TEXAS.**—Marguerite Churchill comes—and also goes—by her real name. She was seen in "Seven Faces," and multiplying that number by three gives you her age; in years, I hasten to add, not faces. Gladys Smith was born in Toronto, Canada, April 18, 1893, but she is in "The Taming of the Shrew" as Mary Pickford. Olive Borden didn't appear in "They Had to See Paris," but it might help to know that Fifi Dorsay was *Claudine* and Owen Davis, Jr., played the part of *Ross Peters* in the first talkie made by Will Rogers, America's poet lariat.

**V. M. HART, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.**—A close observer—in fact any kind of an observer at all, if he or she is lucky enough to see her—would notice that Myrna Loy has light auburn hair, green eyes, and is 5 feet, 5 inches tall. Alice White is 5 inches shorter than Myrna, weighs 105 pounds, has dark brown eyes and, the last time I saw her, blonde hair. But you know how it is: eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we dye. Roto pictures of Alice decorated the July, 1928, and the Feb. and Sept., 1929, issues, which you can get by writing to Photoplay Magazine, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

**STELLA ZAVIS, MILWAUKEE, WIS.**—"Serenade" by Tonselli (not a Hollywood theme song writer) is the piece that Gloria Swanson hums in "The Trespasser."

**FLORENCE BLACKSMITH, FORT WAYNE, IND.**—Did you know that Carol Lombard comes from your town and in those days was known as Jane Peters? Gwen Lee played the part of *Margie* in "Untamed."

**JACQUELINE DYKE, DES MOINES, IOWA.**—Was a time when I'd glibly reply that Gertrude Astor is the tallest actress in the cinema set. But Jobyna Howland (of the stage "Gold Diggers") is in the movies now and Jobyna, 6 feet in height, takes away the honor from Gertrude, whom she tops by 4½ inches.

**DAVID ARCHER, NEW ORLEANS, LA.**—The dark-haired lass who answered to the name of *Mexico* in "River of Romance" was Natalie Kingston.

**E. E. O., HARTFORD, CONN.**—For the benefit of you and some 50,000,000 other fans of his, I might as well break down right here and state that

John Boles' next picture will be "Moonlight Madness." And if you'll be patient, you'll see him a little while later in "King of Jazz." Billboards are announcing brightly that Dick Barthelmess' latest film is "Son of the Gods."

**J. F., ITTA BENA, MISS.**—Joan Crawford's parents didn't know, when she was born March 23, 1906, that some 23 years later she'd be singing "Chant of the Jungle" in a picture called "Untamed," during which Robert Montgomery, who was born May 21, 1904, warbled "That Wonderful Something Called Love." Sylvia Beecher heroined in "Innocents of Paris."

**FRANCES T. MISBACH, FLUSHING, N. Y.**—If you want to try the theme song of "The Rescue" on your piano, ask for a piece called "The Swamp Song." Ralph Forbes, who introduces his wife as Ruth Chatterton, is in Corinne Griffith's new film, "Lilies of the Field." Nora Lane's latest picture is "One Hysterical Night."

**BARBARA BEALL, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**—John Gilbert and Leatrice Joy got their final papers—divorce, not naturalization—Aug. 19, 1924; they were married March 2, 1923. To the best of my knowledge and belief, Laura La Plante is her real name. Claudette Colbert did her bit to make pictures bigger and better by entering movies in June, 1927.

**M. S., LOUISVILLE, KY.**—It looks as if all those old sayings, such as "everything comes to him who waits," are right after all. William Shakespeare waited a long time to become a movie author, but John Barrymore finally gave him a break by doing the soliloquy from "Henry VI" in "Show of Shows."

**EVE OF TORONTO, CANADA.**—"Sonny Boy"—Davey Lee—is climbing up on knees in vaudeville these days. Loretta Young is 5 feet, 3½ inches in height. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell will sing to each other again in "High Society Blues." They've both learned to play the ukulele for that film.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92 ]



# START TONIGHT THIS SWIFT SURE WAY TO..

BY *Frances Ingram*

OF all the fine face creams which today are at your command, there is none, perhaps, that gives such complete care as my Milkweed Cream. It is essentially different in formula from any other fine cream—it can benefit the health of your skin when and while you use it regularly as a cleanser.

Literally hundreds of women have written me how Milkweed Cream has made their skin clearer, finer, lovelier!

My mannequin is the guide to my method. Scrutinize your own skin at the six "starred" places, for there skin health needs great attention—there blemishes and lines mar beauty. Then follow this simple way to loveliness.

First, apply Milkweed Cream generously. Leave upon the skin a moment so the delicate oils may penetrate the pores. (*Immaculate cleanliness is the first step to lovely skin.*) Then pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh film of Milkweed and smooth into the skin until absorbed. (*Now the special toning ingredients dip into the cleansed pores to defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines.*) Pat gently at the six starred places, particularly where your mirror discloses a lack of health.

Do this faithfully every single night!

All drug or department stores have Milkweed Cream—50¢, \$1 and \$1.75. If you have any special questions on skin care, send for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram," Tuesday 10:15 A. M. (Eastern Time) on WJZ and Associated Stations.

## Clearer, healthier skin



STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

*"Only a healthy skin can stay young"*



★ **THE FOREHEAD** — To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow

★ **THE EYES** — If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.

★ **THE MOUTH** — Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.

★ **THE THROAT** — To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.

★ **THE NECK** — To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.

★ **THE SHOULDERS** — To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

Frances Ingram, Dept. A-40  
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

**INGRAM'S**

*Milkweed Cream*





## New! WINX in CAKE FORM

*in an adorable  
Silvery Compact*

To reveal the full beauty of your eyes—to possess the charm of shadowed, sweeping lashes—you really must discover Winx.

Now Winx comes in convenient cake form—in a new and charming silvery compact—with mirror and brush. Cake Winx is utterly different from anything you might have tried before—different because it is not hard—it's a *soft cake*, almost creamy. What does that mean?

Simply this: Cake Winx *never* makes your lashes brittle. It's like a drop of dark dew—always the lashes stay smooth and silky. Winx gives an enticing soft shadow to your eyes, a shadow that accents all the beauty, all the sparkle... The effect is wholly natural—equally smart in daylight or at night.

If you prefer a liquid preparation—Liquid Winx is the *only* waterproof and tearproof eyelash beautifier. Its popularity has been supreme for years... Ross Company, 243 West 17th St., New York City.

# WINX

*For Lovely Lashes*

## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90 ]

ROBERT C. BARTON, VANCOUVER, B. C.—It's none of my business, of course, but you're probably breaking plenty of hearts in your home town by feeling that way about Helen Chandler. Helen hails from Charleston, S. C., and besides being 5 feet, 3 inches tall and weighing 102 pounds, has blonde hair and blue-gray eyes.

C. M. L., BURLINGTON, VT.—That was Nick Lucas who sang "Tiptoe Through the Tulips" in "Gold Diggers of Broadway." Mary Pickford was nicknamed "America's Sweetheart," so whoever it is that thinks up sobriquets, if that means what I hope it does, dubbed Nick "The Crooning Troubadour" when he strummed a guitar and vocalized in vaudeville.

SALLY, MINOT, N. D.—You, too, can now be the life and soul of every party when you answer promptly that Ann Pennington was born Dec. 23, 1896. That Rex Lease was born Feb. 11, 1903. That Buddy Rogers was born Aug. 13, 1904. That Helen Foster is 23 years old. That Greta Garbo's latest picture and her first talkie is "Anna Christie." And that Buddy's latest look-and-listen is "Halfway to Heaven." When he got halfway, Paramount started billing him as "America's Boy Friend."

HARRY HUDSON, CARROLLTON, GA.—George Arliss is sandwiching stage appearances in between his talkie screen work. And while he isn't making any films at present, he's slated to answer cries of "More! More!" judging by the way he enunciates in "Disraeli."

W. H. R., MARION, OHIO.—Barry Norton has dialogue difficulty, which, if the case is severe, can develop into film fade-out. Barry was known to his school friends back in Buenos Aires as Alfredo de Biraben. Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Oct. 6, 1906. At the risk of embarrassing Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who wants to be taken for older than he is, I take my typewriter in hand to tell you that Doug, Jr., was born in New York City nineteen years ago. Charles Morton, who's latest is "Cameo Kirby," is married to Lola Medona. He entered pictures in 1927, which was 21 years after he entered the world in Vallejo, Calif.

SELMA TOBER, ST. LOUIS, MO.—As I've always said, there's nothing like having one's first impression confirmed. You were right in deciding that it was Frederic March who played opposite Ann Harding in "Paris Bound."

E. C. B., RENTON, WASH.—Before her recent divorce, Mae Clarke was Fanny Brice's sister-in-law; or, if you prefer to figure it out yourself, Mae was married to Lew Brice, who is Fanny's brother. She has light brown hair, brown eyes and a cheerful smile. And I don't have to be coaxed to tell you she is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 110 pounds, is about 19 or 20 years old and calls Philadelphia her own, her native town. Paul Page is married to Edith Allis. I'm told he always carries a rabbit's foot but keeps it out of sight.

MARY GILLIAM HILL, WILSON, N. C.—That handsome, black-haired, blue-eyed lad, Robert Montgomery, will next be seen opposite Norma Shearer in "Their Own Desire." He's 6 feet tall, weight 160 pounds, and proud neighbors in Beacon, New York, will tell you he was born there May 21, 1904.

L. M. H. AND IRENE MARIE ERIE, BELOIT, WIS.—When Harry Richman returned to New York after New Year's, he announced that he and Clara Bow would be married January 18. Only he didn't say what year. The engagement is still officially on, but he was seen about

in New York with Sally O'Neil. Allene Ray was born Jan. 2, 1901. Sally Starr, a George White's "Scandals"-Le Maire's "Affairs"-Publix Unit graduate, is about 20 years of age and still uses her own name.

BARBARA BLACKBURN, DEDHAM, MASS.—The Prince in "Street Girl" and the Marquis in "They Had to See Paris" is Ivan Lebedeff, who looks as though he'd never be at a loss to know which fork to use with which dessert. He can bow low from the waist like a Publix usher, has black hair, dark brown eyes, is 6 feet, 1 inch in height, weighs 148 pounds, and came to America from Russia where he is said to have suffered something fierce during the Bolshevik revolution. But that's another story—and what a story!

JOHN GLENN, CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Al Jolson first yelled "Ma-a-a-amy!" May 26, 1886, in Washington, D. C.

MIM KISTLER, READING, PENNA.—Charles Bickford seems to be a runner-up for two-fisted he-man screen honors so far held by George Bancroft and Victor McLaglen. Bickford comes from Cambridge, Mass., has red hair and is married. His latest appearance is in "Anna Christie."

IRMA KANAGY, HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF.—Reading from left to right, Lawrence Gray was born in San Francisco, Calif., July 27, 1898, and is still unmarried. He's 5 feet, 10 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. Marion Davies was born Jan. 1, 1900, and is now 5 feet, 5½ inches in height, weighs 123 pounds and plays a grand game of bridge.

MARGO, HOUSTON, TEXAS.—What could be Sweder? Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1905. She has golden brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet, 6 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds.

J. A. H., SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Regis Toomey was a Sigma Chi at the U. of Pittsburgh, but he gave his frat pin to his wife. His recent screen appearances were in "Rich People," "Illusion" and "The Wheel of Life."

ROBERT BLAKE KNIGHTON, DALLAS, TEX.—Zat so fascinating Mons. Maurice Chevalier was born in Menilmontant, France, about 38 years ago. Besides zat voice and zat personality he has brown hair and blue eyes and weighs 165 pounds for his 5 feet, 11 inches of height. There was an article about him in the Sept., 1929, issue. Mona Maris was born in Buenos Aires 20 years ago and has dark hair and blue eyes. Joseph Schildkraut, also known as Pepi, weighs 159 pounds and has black hair, dark brown eyes and a Viennese temperament.

MARY SPAIN USREY, BLYTHEVILLE, ARK.—Patsy Ruth Miller is no longer known as the most engaged girl in Hollywood; she's now Mrs. Tay Garnett. Jack Oakie, who takes Gwen Lee around in Hollywood, is 27. Nancy Carroll was born in New York City Nov. 19, 1906—and on Tenth Avenue, to be exact. Charles ("Buddy" or "America's Boy-Friend") Rogers was born in Olathe, Kan., Aug. 13, 1904.

F. M. S., MOLINE, ILL.—Jason Robards, in whom you're so interested, is Carroll Nye's brother-in-law. He's married to Agnes Lynch, whose sister, Helen, is Mrs. Nye. But getting back to your question, he was born in Hillsdale, Mich., Dec. 31, 1892. Before he went into pictures, Robert Armstrong was on the stage where, with Jimmy Gleason, he scored in the play called "Is Zat So?" And it was, F. M. S., it was!



# DAGGETT and RAMSDELL



**McCLELLAND BARCLAY** • illustrator, and painter of smart people, says: "The new Daggett and Ramsdell packages are smart, with the utter simplicity that characterizes all good design. Their 1930 dress is in exquisite harmony with the fine scientific reputation of the products."



**TERRY R. CRAMER** • anticipates the fashion demands of the chic women who patronize the fashion shop of Stewart, Fifth Avenue. She says: "The new Daggett and Ramsdell packages are a perfect expression of all that is fine in what is known as 'modern.' They possess that exquisite simplicity in color and design that is the keynote of the smart woman's taste, today."



**HELEN MARTIN** • Director of the Delineator Beauty Institute, says: "The users of Daggett and Ramsdell products should be grateful indeed for the added value you are giving them in these lovely containers which are as practical and useful as they are smart and decorative."

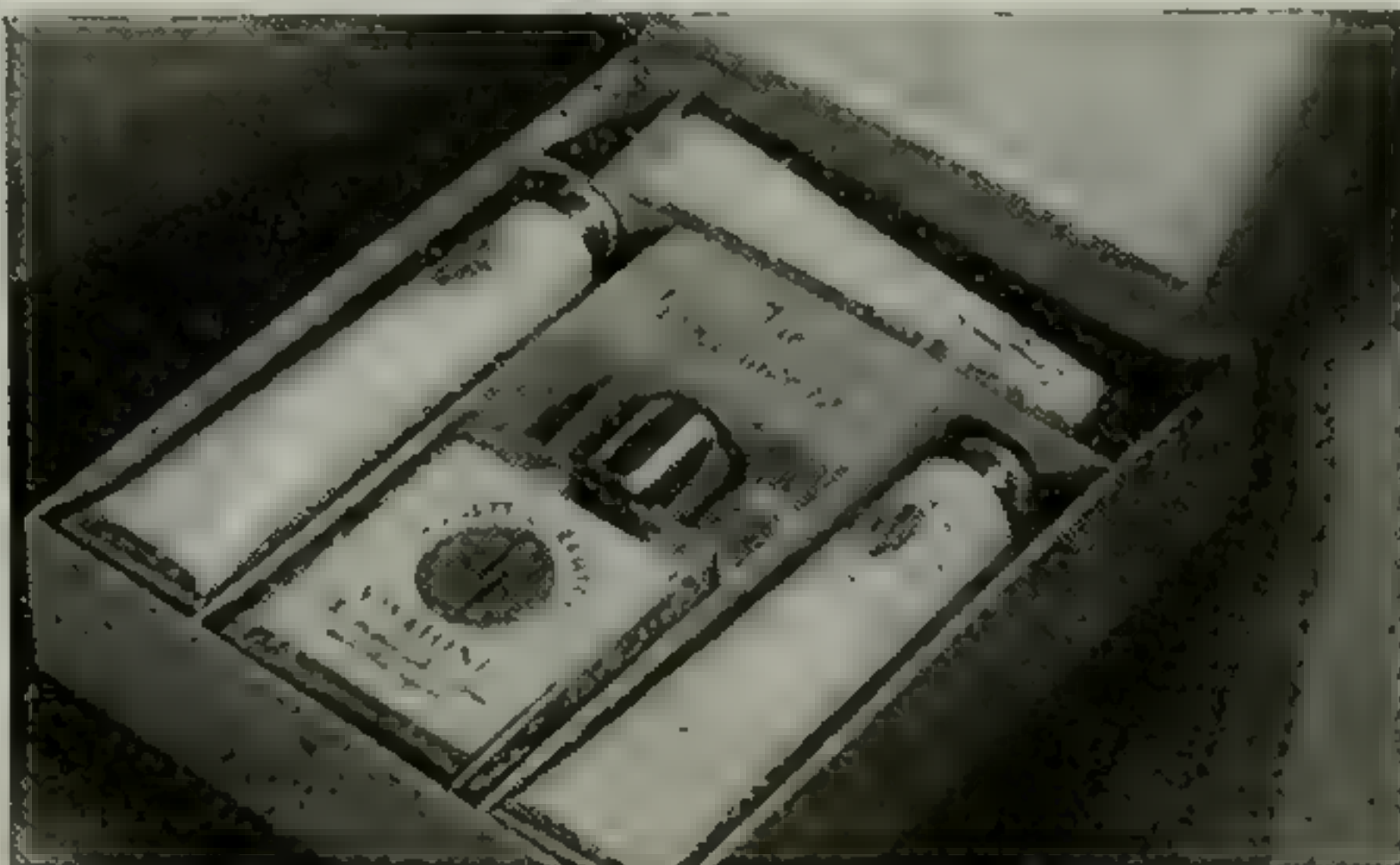


**HENRIETTE REISS** • an artist and one of America's leading authorities on modern design, says: "The new Daggett and Ramsdell packages designed by John DeVries are lovely; correct in color, line and design. Their chaste simplicity is at home in any good interior. They are fitting containers for the very excellent creams and lotion that come in them."

*"What a marvellous way  
to celebrate  
forty years' success"*  
say  
**FAMOUS FASHION  
DICTATORS**

*SEND the coupon below direct to  
Daggett and Ramsdell for the new  
Debutante Kit. It costs 50 cents and  
contains regular sizes of the three  
famous creams and Vivatone—  
enough for several complete facials.*

## The DEBUTANTE Kit



*ALL Daggett and Ramsdell products in  
their new 1930 dress can be bought at the  
stores where you have been accustomed to  
buy. The products themselves have in no  
way been changed.*

(Signed) *W. B. Daggett*  
FOUNDER

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Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Print)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





"I never used as fine and pure a powder as this marvelous new French-process Mello-glo Face Powder" says beautiful actress Miss Margaret DeCoursey, 57 W. 84th St., N. Y. C. "It absolutely banishes nose-shininess."



"This amazing new French-process Mello-glo Face Powder actually prevents large pores" says the charming and beautiful Ziegfeld star, Miss Dorothy Flood, 10 Maple St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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## Beautiful Women Thank this New Wonderful Powder

**MELLO-GLO prevents large pores**  
—The face powder that  
stays on longer.

Wherever beautiful women gather, there is talk of this marvelous new face powder—so smooth, so pure, that it stays on twice as long as the average powder. It is sifted and sifted—through the finest of silk meshes—mixed and re-mixed until the perfect consistency is obtained.

Use Mello-Glo and see your skin take on the lovely tint, the delicate bloom of youth!

MELLO-GLO prevents large pores! Made by a marvelous French process, it will not irritate the skin or leave that pasty flaky look that bespeaks clogged pores. Instead it spreads more smoothly, protecting the skin and keeping it soft and young, banishing shiny noses!

Its color is passed by the rigid tests of the United States Government—a delicate shade that blends perfectly with the natural skin tone. Remember there are no substitutes! Only MELLO-GLO has the secret formula and the new process. One dollar at all stores.

Liberal trial size of this new wonderful face powder will be sent upon receipt of 25c. Address Mello-Glo, Dept. 5, Statler Bldg., Boston.

# The Best Records from New Pictures



By Maurice Fenton

### THE BEST SELLERS

"A Little Kiss Each Morning" from "The Vagabond Lover." "Singin' in the Bathtub" from the "Show of Shows." "If I Had a Talking Picture of You" from "Sunny Side Up."

**A**S this is tapped off, New York is 100 per cent agog over Lawrence Tibbett's singing in "The Rogue Song."

The great Metropolitan Opera baritone, destined to be one of pictures' outstanding stars, sings the familiar music from Lehar's "Gypsy Love," plus a sentimental interpolated number by Herbert Stothart.

Six records from this picture are on the stands.

The White Dove	Lawrence Tibbett	Victor
When I'm Looking at You	Lawrence Tibbett	Victor
Narrative	Lawrence Tibbett	Victor
The Rogue Song	Lawrence Tibbett	Victor
The Rogue Song	Shilkret Orchestra	Victor
The Rogue Song	Columbia Photo Players	Columbia

Get the Tibbett records! They're marvelous!

### DEVIL MAY CARE

Charming	Frank Munn	Brunswick
	Ben Selvin	Columbia
	Leo Reisman	Victor
Shepherd's Serenade	Ben Selvin	Columbia
	Leo Reisman	Victor
	Frank Munn	Brunswick
March of the Old Guard	Frank Munn	Brunswick

The music from the Ramon Novarro picture is pretty thin stuff. "Charming" is a nice enough piece, but ordinary.

### SWEETIE

Alma Mammy	Waring's Pennsylvanians	Victor
My Sweeter Than Sweet	The Ipana Troubadours	Columbia

These two numbers from "Sweetie" are both aces. "Alma Mammy," which Jack Oakie warbled on the screen, is dazzlingly played by the excellent Waring boys from Tyrone, Pa. As for "My Sweeter Than Sweet," it is now a best-seller, and Rudy Vallée breathes it on the radio as one of his best numbers. This recording is good. It is probable that Vallée will get it on a disc, and then watch out!

### IT'S A GREAT LIFE

Hoosier Hop	The Duncan Sisters	Victor
I'm Following You	The Duncan Sisters	Victor

One of the prize discs. The Duncans, stars of this picture, record two of its hits for Victor in fine, harmonizing style. A good buy for any album.

### THE LOVE PARADE

Nobody's Using It Now	Marion Harris	Brunswick
March of the Grenadiers	Jeanette MacDonald	Victor

The excellent and foot-teasing tunes from the uproarious Maurice Chevalier phonoplay strike the wax far too slowly.

Marion Harris, one of the best of the "hot" singers, does the Chevalier ace number well, but it's essentially a piece for a man. The leading lady of the film, the fair Jeanette, does well by the stirring march song, but it's nothing to get goose-flesh over.

The companies still overlook a bet in "Let's Be Common."

### HALLELUJAH

Waiting at the End of the Road	Paul Whiteman	Columbia
	The Revellers	Victor

This fine song, sung so beautifully by Daniel Haynes in the King Vidor picture, is a real winner. And we have two exceptional recordings of it. Whiteman's band gives it all stops and shadings, while the close-harmony Revellers give it superlative treatment on the Victor platter.

### UNTAMED

Chant of the Jungle	The Revellers	Victor
	Paul Specht	Columbia

Joan Crawford's stirring number from the picture "Untamed" has both vocal and instrumental hearings here. The Revellers bear down in their accustomed manner, while Maestro Paul Specht turns his band loose on it with good results.

### SONG OF LOVE

I'll Still Go on Wanting You	Welcome Lewis	Victor
	James Melton	Columbia

This is a sentimental ballad from Belle Baker's Columbia picture. Welcome Lewis is really welcome. She is a lady who puts just the right number of tears into such a thing. The Melton boy is a melting tenor.



# AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

**WELL, WELL! So Beauty is Youth. Or is it that Youth is Beauty? Anyway the solution of the chief Beauty Secret of the Aztecs is that they knew how to STAY YOUNG. And, it's said, by the most inexpensive of methods—merely by chewing gum. The same sort you have in Wrigley's. Chew Wrigley's with a certain regularity every day. It tones up the skin around the mouth to an alluringly lovely glow and emphasizes your youthful beauty of lips. A woman is only as young as her lips. Try Double Mint—it's peppermint flavored.**

**THE FLAVOR LASTS... AIDS DIGESTION... COSTS ONLY 5c**

**NEW STYLE** **WRIGLEY'S** **DOUBLE MINT** **NEW STYLE**  
**CHEWING GUM**  
**PEPPERMINT FLAVOR**

FIVE  
STICKS

**WRIGLEY'S**  
**DOUBLE MINT**  
**PEPPERMINT FLAVOR**

MADE  
IN  
U.S.A.

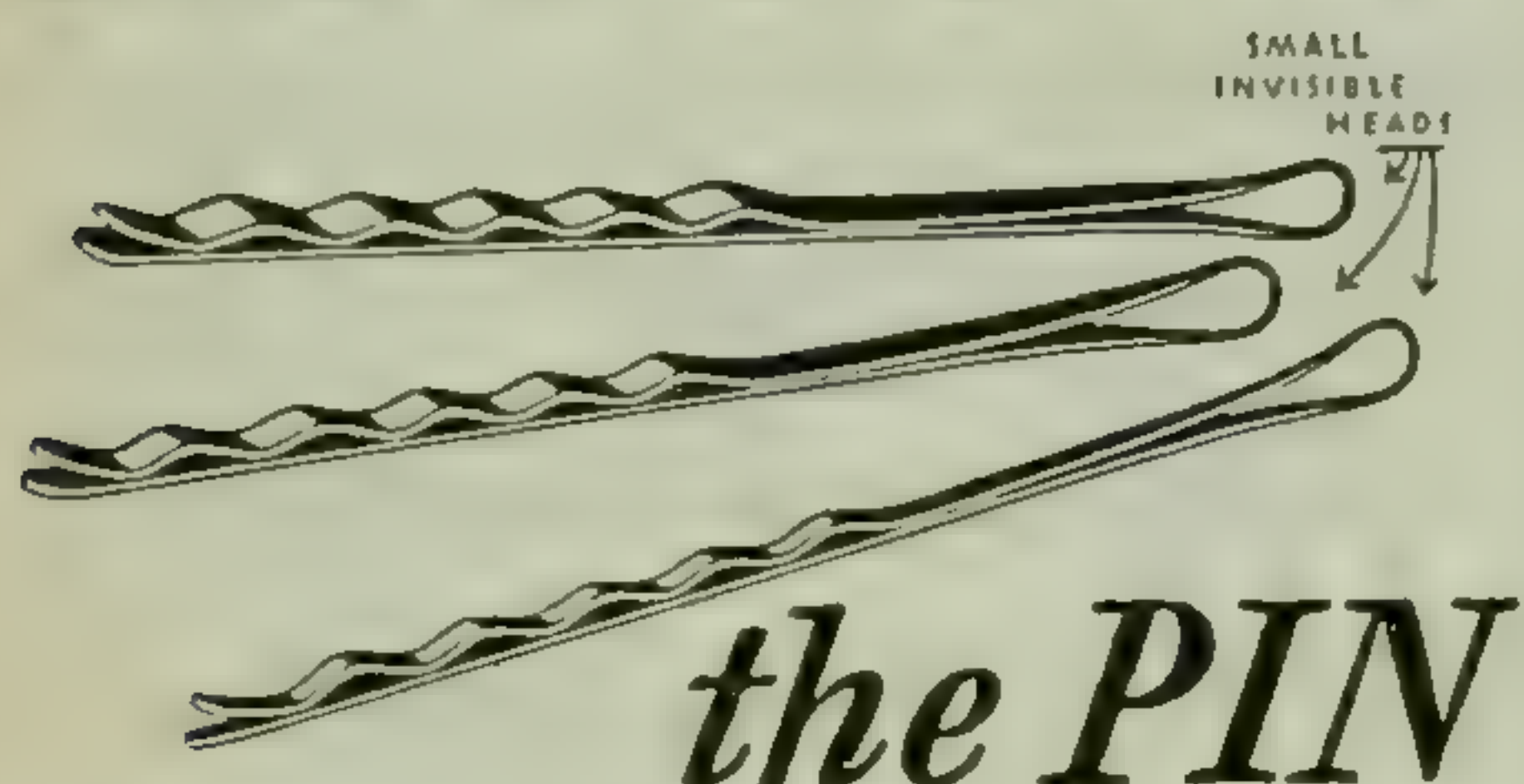
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# "I have *LOOKED*



## and *FOUND*



### *the PIN*

with the invisible head that loses itself in the hair"

AT the office—at dinner—at the theatre—it doesn't matter where you are—your hair must look lovely—*always*.

HOLD-BOBS keep your hair at its best. Those few loose ends—so disturbing to your perfect coiffure—are kept securely and neatly in place by HOLD-BOBS.

HOLD-BOBS are dainty and springy with invisible heads—in colors to match your hair.

HOLD-BOBS are different from any other make.

#### Look for these exclusive features

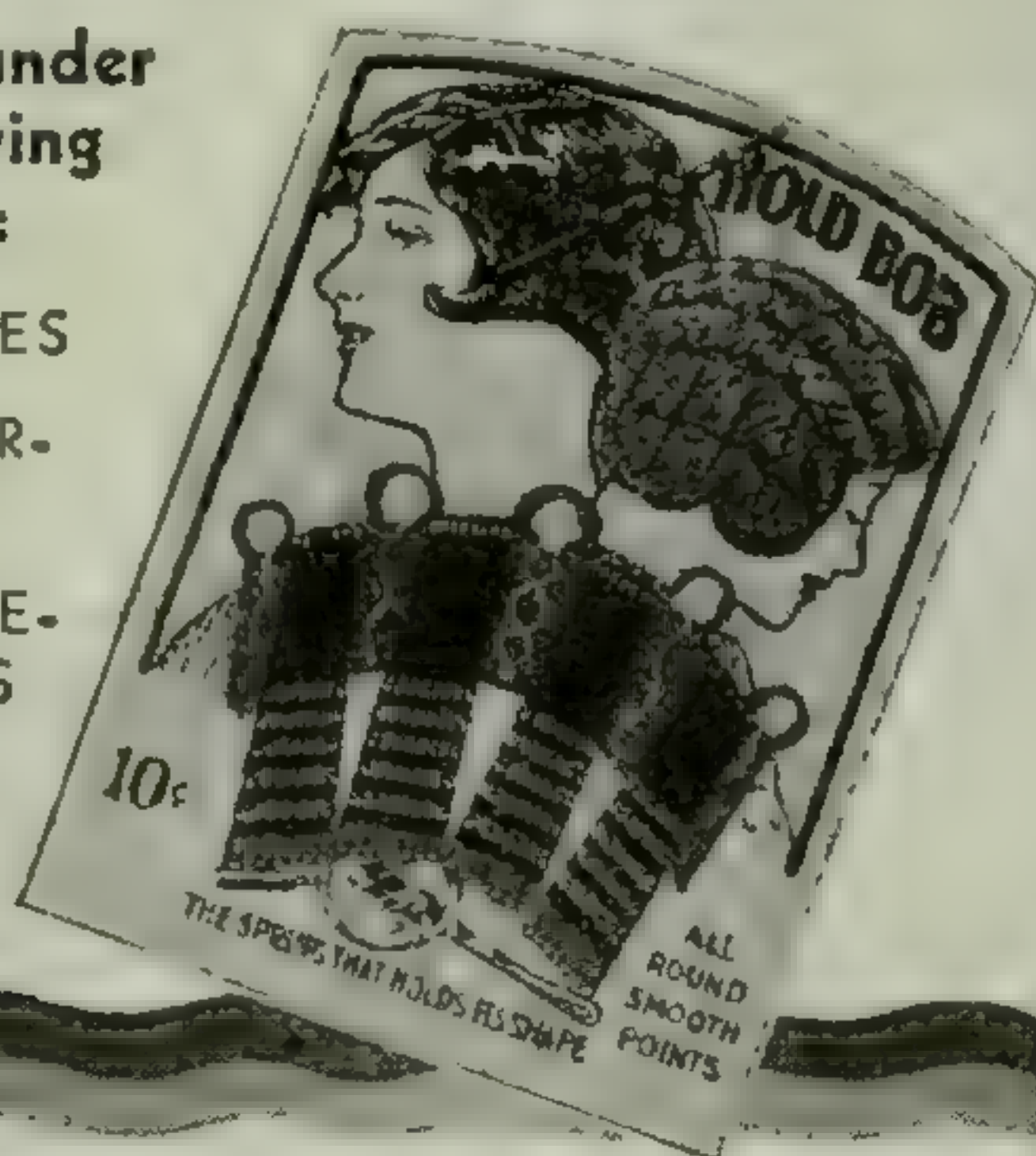
1. Small round invisible heads.
2. Thin, springy sides. One side crimped—shapes itself to the head.
3. Smooth rounded ends.

Look for the distinctive gold or silver cards! On sale everywhere.

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Sol. H. Goldberg, Pres.  
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Please send me the booklet on Modern Hair Culture and latest hairdress styles and sample package of pins, I am enclosing 10c to cover wrapping and postage.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Blonde ☐ Brunette

# Addresses of the Stars

## At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen  
Jean Arthur  
William Austin  
George Bancroft  
Clara Bow  
Evelyn Brent  
Mary Brian  
Clive Brook  
Nancy Carroll  
Robert Castle  
Lane Chandler  
Ruth Chatterton  
Maurice Chevalier  
Chester Conklin  
Gary Cooper  
Kay Francis  
Richard "Skeets" Gallagher  
Harry Green  
Paul Guertzman  
James Hall

Neil Hamilton  
O. P. Heggie  
Doris Hill  
Phillips Holmes  
Helen Kane  
Dennis King  
Jack Loden  
Paul Lukas  
John Loder  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Frederic March  
David Newell  
Jack Oakie  
Warner Oland  
Guv Oliver  
William Powell  
Charles Rogers  
Lillian Roth  
Regis Toomey  
Fay Wray

## At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree  
Nils Asther  
Lionel Barrymore  
Wallace Beery  
Jack Benny  
Charles Bickford  
Edwina Booth  
John Mack Brown  
Lon Chaney  
Joan Crawford  
Karl Dane  
Marion Davies  
Mary Doran  
Duncan Sisters  
Josephine Dunn  
Cliff Edwards  
Greta Garbo  
John Gilbert  
Lawrence Gray  
Raymond Hackett  
William Haines  
Marion Harris  
Leila Hyams  
Kay Johnson  
Dorothy Jordan

Buster Keaton  
Charles King  
Carlotta King  
Gwen Lee  
Bessie Love  
Nina Mae McKinney  
John Miljan  
Robert Montgomery  
Polly Moran  
Conrad Nagel  
Ramon Novarro  
Edward Nugent  
Elliott Nugent  
Catherine Dale Owen  
Anita Page  
Basil Rathbone  
Duncan Renaldo  
Dorothy Sebastian  
Norma Shearer  
Sally Starr  
Lewis Stone  
Lawrence Tibbett  
Ernest Torrence  
Raquel Torres  
Roland Young

## At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Albertson  
Robert Ames  
Mary Astor  
Ben Bard  
Warner Baxter  
Rex Bell  
El Brendel  
Warren Burke  
Sue Carol  
Helen Chandler  
Marguerite Churchill  
Mae Clark  
Sammy Cohen  
William Collier, Sr.  
June Collyer  
Joyce Compton  
Fifi Dorsay  
Louise Dresser  
Nancy Drexel  
Charles Eaton  
Stuart Erwin  
Charles Farrell  
Stepin Fetchit  
John Garrick  
Janet Gaynor  
William Harrigan

Richard Keene  
Lola Lane  
Dixie Lee  
Ivan Linow  
Edmund Lowe  
Sharon Lynn  
Farrell MacDonald  
Mona Maris  
Kenneth McKenna  
Victor McLaglen  
Don Jose Mojica  
Lois Moran  
Charles Morton  
Paul Muni  
J. Harold Murray  
Barry Norton  
George O'Brien  
Paul Page  
Tom Patricola  
Sally Phipps  
David Rollins  
Arthur Stone  
Nick Stuart  
Norma Terris  
Don Terry  
Marjorie White

## At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess  
Bernice Claire  
Doris Dawson  
Billie Dove  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Alexander Gray  
Corinne Griffith  
Doris Kenyon

Dorothy Mackaill  
Marilyn Miller  
Colleen Moore  
Antonio Moreno  
Jack Mulhall  
Donald Reed  
Milton Sills  
Alice White  
Loretta Young

## At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lew Ayres  
John Boles  
Ethlyn Claire  
Kathryn Crawford  
Lorayne DuVal  
Ruth Elder  
Robert Ellis  
Hoot Gibson  
Dorothy Gulliver  
Otis Harlan  
Raymond Keane  
Merna Kennedy  
Barbara Kent  
Scott Kolk  
Natalie Kingdon

Beth Laemmle  
Allen Lane  
Laura La Plante  
Fred Mackaye  
Ken Maynard  
James Murray  
Mary Nolan  
Mary Philbin  
Eddie Phillips  
Joseph Schildkraut  
Sisters G  
Glenn Tryon  
Paul Whiteman  
Barbara Worth

## At Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton  
Sally Blane  
Olive Borden  
Betty Compson  
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro  
Richard Dix  
Bob Steele  
Tom Tyler

## At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong  
Constance Bennett  
William Boyd  
Ina Claire  
Alan Hale

Ann Harding  
Jeanette Loff  
Carol Lombard  
Eddie Quillan

## At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore  
Monte Blue  
Betty Bronson  
William Collier, Jr.  
Dolores Costello  
Louise Fazenda  
Audrey Ferris

Al Jolson  
Myrna Loy  
May McAvoy  
Edna Murphy  
Lois Wilson  
Grant Withers

## At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado  
Fannie Brice  
Charles Chaplin  
Dolores Del Rio  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Lillian Gish  
John Holland  
Chester Morris

Mary Pickford  
Harry Richman  
Gilbert Roland  
Gloria Swanson  
Norma Talmadge  
Constance Talmadge  
Lupe Velez  
Louis Wolheim

## At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Belle Baker  
William Collier, Jr.  
Jack Egan  
Ralph Graves  
Sam Hardy  
Jack Holt  
Ralph Ince

Margaret Livingston  
Ben Lyon  
Shirley Mason  
Dorothy Revier  
Marie Saxon  
Johnnie Walker

## In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky  
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman  
Lily Damita

## In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Roland Drew  
Rita Carewe

LeRoy Mason

## At Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Charley Chase  
Oliver Hardy  
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel  
Our Gang  
Thelma Tod

## At Sono Art-World Wide, care of Metropolitan Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Reginald Denny  
Eddie Dowling

Jacqueline Logan  
Ruth Roland

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Gilda Gray, 22 East 60th Street, New York City.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Bert Lytell, P. O. Box 235, Hollywood, Calif.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.





# TANGEE

*world famous  
because of its  
Marvelous Color Principle*

In an amazing way, Tangee changes color as you put it on . . . and blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, whatever your complexion. It is the one lipstick which gives Nature's warm, lovely color to blonde, brunette or titian.

You can see the color come to your lips . . . color so lovely, so natural that it seems a very part of you. And in truth it is, for Tangee is permanent and leaves no unnatural coating or greasy smear.

Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base, soothing and healing to the lips . . . yet is firm in consistency and outlasts several of the usual lipsticks. In gun-metal case, \$1.00. In superb case of gold and black enamel, \$2.50.

Based on the same marvelous color principle . . . Tangee Rouge Compact, 75¢ . . . Tangee Crème Rouge, \$1.00. You know that your lipstick and rouge are the same in tone.

Tangee Face Powder, in the shade most becoming and most natural to you, \$1.00. Tangee Night Cream, for cleansing and nourishing, \$1.00. Tangee Day Cream, to protect the skin and as a base for powder, \$1.00. The new Tangee Cosmetic, for beautifying lashes, brows and tinting the hair, \$1.00. All prices 25¢ more in Canada. *There is only one TANGEE. Be sure you see the name TANGEE on the package.*



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET  
(Six items in miniature and "Art of Make-up")

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Name.....

Address.....



# Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY



## Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

**I**F you want to make your hair... easy to manage... and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush... and brush it through your hair... when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

### Sets Hair Quickly

It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that... it will stay any style you arrange it... even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.



**Glostora**

**O**UR Editorial this month, as spring dawns in 1920, is called "A Letter to a Genius."

It is addressed to one Charles Spencer Chaplin, and in it we plead with the great little clown to come back to us in all his tragicomic glory.

We say that we haven't really seen him since "Shoulder Arms," though he has made and released two mediocre comedies since. It seems to us that he doesn't like his \$10,000 a week contract and is sort of laying down on the job. "Come back, Charlie!" is our last ringing line.

In April, 1930, that's nothing but a chuckle. What would we have thought, ten years ago, if the greatest living comic genius retired into the hills to become a Great Thinker, with dyed hair and no inclination to work? Now we're lucky if we get him every eighteen months. And if we needed the toil of the great little clown in 1920, how much more do we need it now?

Alas! It's just a sad snicker.

**O**NE feature story, this month, is a private exposé of Mary Pickford's pet charity—The Los Angeles Orphan Asylum.

It tells how little Mary comforts the parentless tots with her presence and her gifts. And

bridle path on the boulevard. . . . We fictionize, in the magazine style of ten years ago, Bill Hart's newest thriller, "The Toll Gate," in which a pretty Scandinavian girl named Anna Q. Nilsson plays the girl who is put upon by the villain. . . . An historic picture of Charlie Chaplin and Max Linder in Hollywood. Max was the little French film comic imported to compete with the Chaplin rage. He flopped, and then said good-bye to Charlie. Five years later he was to die by his own hand in his beloved Paris. . . . Jim Kirkwood gives up directing to return to acting in the pictures. . . . One of the first stories on music with the movies, in this issue. It is about the arrival of huge orchestras in theaters, and the way Griffith introduced the use of special character themes in picture scores.

**T**HE Girl on the Cover, this month, is the beloved Pearl White, queen of the serials, and we print a piece by Julian Johnson about her.

In 1920 the blonde and beauteous Pearl, eight years of picture work already behind her, was living in a huge house at Bayside, Long Island, and toiling in the Fox studios. Already her serial days were over.

In 1930 she has become a thorough expatriate, dividing her time between Paris and the Riviera, where she was once reported opening an ornate casino devoted to the tonier games of chance.

There never was a more popular girl than Pearl, in her "Perils of Pauline" days. And there was never one who took retirement more seriously, or dropped out of the American scene quicker.

**A**BEAUTIFUL roto picture of Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen, with the family pup—the whole scene very lovey-dovey. Well, it wasn't long! . . . Alice Joyce and Percy Marmont are co-featured in "Slaves of Pride," a Vitagraph picture, one of those allegorical things that went out of style with chatelaine bags. . . . And Mae Murray is making her first real big one in "On With the Dance," directed by George Fitzmaurice. . . . May Allison's new picture is "The Walk-Offs," and Wally Reid's is "Double Speed." . . . Alice Brady has signed a three-year contract with Zukor. . . . Mme. Olga Petrova has just written a song called "The Road to Romany." . . . A little girl named Hope Hampton has just been made a star without any previous film experience, and her picture debut is "A Modern Salome."



Pearl White as she looked in the days when "The Perils of Pauline" and "The Exploits of Elaine" were making her the most famous serial queen in the world

**O**UR rotogravure section shows—Mildred Harris, now getting a job here and there; Robert Warwick, back on the stage; Marjorie Daw, now retired and the wife of Myron Selznick; Marie Walcamp, then a great serial queen; Alice Brady, now a stage star; Herbert Rawlinson, who played in a melodrama on the New York stage last winter; Doris May, then Doug MacLean's famous leading woman and now out of the picture; Agnes Ayres, now in vaudeville.

**A** STORY in PHOTOPLAY for April, 1920, recalls the halcyon days of screen villainy.

Its hero is none other than Robert McKim—"Bad Bob" he was, back then in the days of fightin' Westerns. Bad Bob played thunder in many of the grand old Ince mellers—often as the evil foil to the nobility of Bill Hart.

He was a choir singer and an advertising salesman before he found that screen villainy paid better. Those were the days when picture villains were not as sleek as they are in 1930—but they carried bigger pistols.

**O**WEN MOORE and Mary Pickford are working on the same lot this month, though they are divorced.

A dandy tidbit for Hollywood busybodies!

how she staged many of her asylum scenes for "Stella Maris" and "The Foundling" there.

And, drolly enough, in this very issue we carry Burns Mantle's review of her newest picture, "Pollyanna"!

So it's sort of a Mary Pickford Testimonial Number. But then, most of them were, back in those halcyon days of Queen Mary's reign.

**A**N excellent story on Hobart Bosworth, who went to California and regained his health at the age of fifty-two. Well, you should see him now at sixty-two—busy every day on the lots, and the handsomest elderly gentleman in Beverly Hills as he rides, all in white, down the



*inconspicuous*

NEW!  
MODESS COMPACT—  
EQUALLY EFFICIENT  
BUT THINNER  
BY HALF



THOUSANDS of women have suggested something of the sort—a thinner Modess with the same superlative softness and high absorbency which have made regular Modess so acceptable. Modess Compact has exactly the same amount of material as regular Modess and is just as comfortable, but it has been slightly compressed so that it takes up only half the room—a real convenience for week-end case or pocketbook. Its inconspicuousness commends it for the snug silhouette.

In every box of Modess with seal in upper right corner you will find three Modess Compact in a special wrap, and nine regular Modess. Use

Modess Compact with the same confidence you have in regular Modess.

Every woman who tries Modess is convinced that it is softer, more comfortable, amazingly absorbent and not clumsy. For eight months we have been offering to refund the price unless Modess impresses the purchaser as being better than the kind she has been using. Thousands have tried Modess on the strength of that offer. . . . Two women have asked us to return their money.

The secret of Modess superiority is a remarkable new substance used

for the filler. It is not in layers but is a gentle, fluffy mass like cotton, graciously soft, pliant and conforming. The sides of Modess are smoothly rounded and ends are tapered for greater comfort. The specially softened gauze is meshed with a film of cotton to prevent irritation.

This offer is particularly addressed to you if you have not tried Modess. Buy one box. Unless you are convinced that Modess is better, tear off front of box, write on it your name, address, and the price, and mail to us. We will refund the money.



**Johnson & Johnson**  
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. U.S.A.

*modess*

*World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.*



# Hair Is What You Make It

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]



## Ages of BEAUTY

TODAY, whether you are in your 'teens or your forties, retaining a youthful complexion is largely a matter of proper knowledge and care.

*Teens*

IN this first age of beauty gentle cleansing is all your skin really needs. Use my Cleansing Cream.

*Twenty*

HERE with widened activities and use of make-up you need the added protection of my Finishing Cream.

*Thirty*

USE my Cleansing and Finishing Creams and **add** my Tissue Cream.

*Forty*

IN the 4th age of beauty use the first three creams and add my Astringent Cream to help hold the youthful vigor of your skin.

BARBARA GOULD CREAMS  
\$1.00 each

If you will fill out the coupon I will gladly mail you a copy of my new Beauty Book.

*Barbara Gould*

BARBARA GOULD, 392 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me your booklet, "Any Woman Can Look Lovelier."

Name.....

Address.....

C. M. 30-2

in a smooth bob, or if long, it can be drawn back softly.

But if your soul yearns for curls where no kink has been bestowed by Nature, use judgment in selecting your method and your beauty parlor. A permanent wave can be a thing of beauty, and I'm happy to say that most of them are these days. But there are still a few unscrupulous operators who use antiquated methods and who do not always discriminate between hair that will respond to them and hair that won't.

Remember, too, that tight waves were never pretty and they are as out of date now as above-the-knee skirts.

If you prefer marcel, ask the operator to cool her ardor for speed and also her iron. Don't let her burn your hair until the ends stand out all over your head.

Are you tired of looking in the mirror at your reflection and finding it always the same—and perhaps not so satisfactory? Then try going to a new barber who will give you an entirely different type of cut. Or change the part from one side to the other, or to the middle. Or instead of having it curled, try wearing it straight for a while. Or, if you have long, straight hair and think you are beginning to look a bit frumpy, try a good wave—but not a permanent, until you are sure you like yourself in curls.

VIRGINIA:

Your complexion and your hosiery can match this season. One of the largest hosiery companies has cooperated with a maker of fine cosmetics, and has brought out four shades of stockings to match four distinct shades of face powder. So if you want to be topped and toe-ed in the same hue, just send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request and I'll tell you the secret.

K. S.:

I am glad my article on self-consciousness helped you. You probably needed the contact with other young people to teach you self-reliance. In addition to red, brown and black,

which you list as your favorite colors, you can wear most shades of blue and blue-gray, dark plum, pale pink and soft rose.

JANIE S.:

If your friend likes cold cream but feels she can't afford it, then I think she would appreciate your giving her some for a birthday present. There is an agreeable, new cream in an especially decorative jar, and the price is so reasonable that if your friend likes it she will probably continue to buy it for herself. Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and repeat your request, and I'll be happy to give you the name of this product.

C. G. M.:

Don't pluck your eyebrows in a thin line, as that is unbeautiful and unfashionable, but you can keep them shapely by using your tweezers once every week or two. Soaped toilet pumice used daily, and rubbed lightly on arms and legs from which hair has been removed, will help to delay its reappearance.

MARY ELIZABETH:

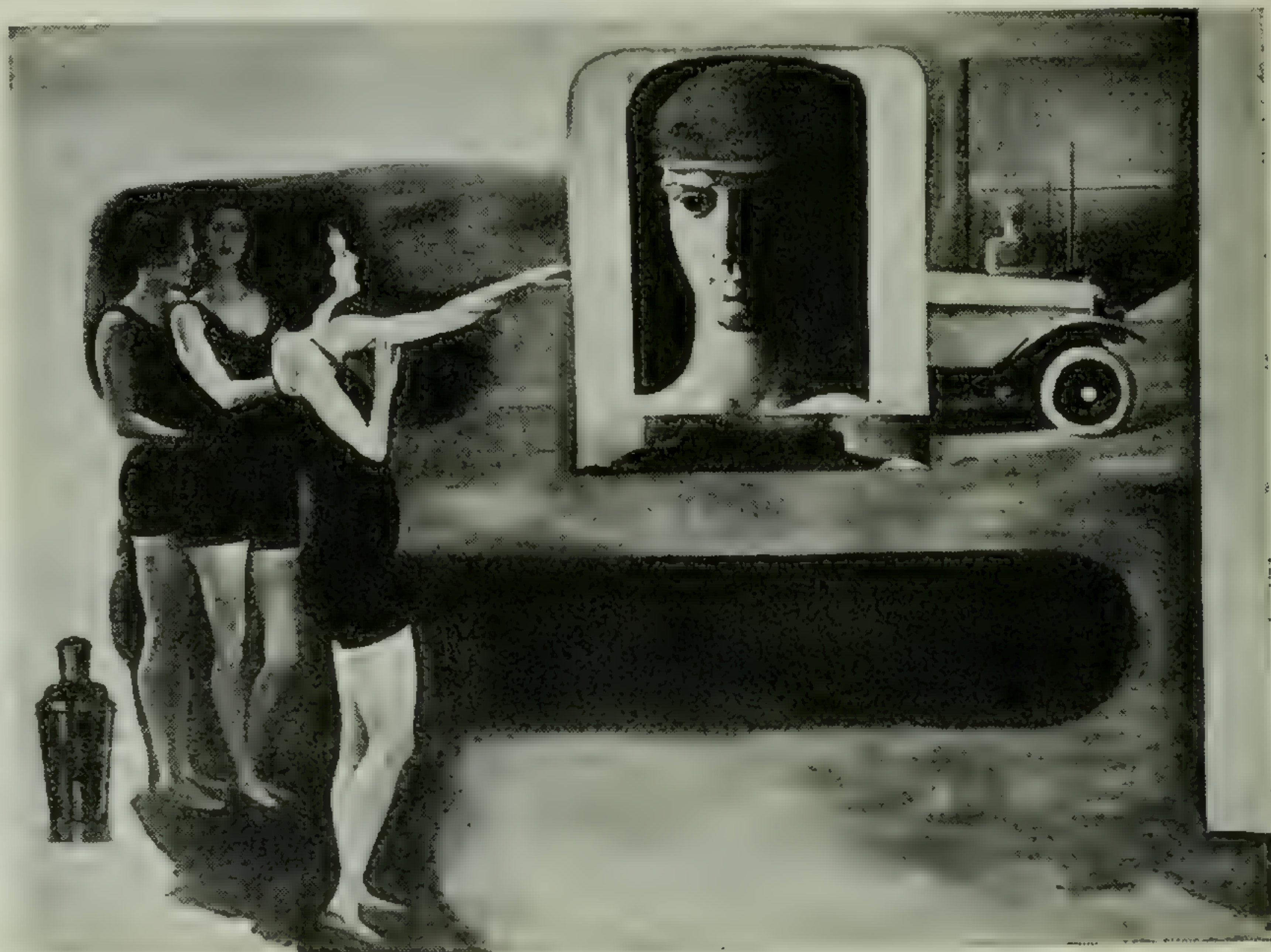
I think the liquid cleanser you describe is one which is advertised in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It is pleasant to use and effective, and I believe you will like it. I will be glad to send you the name of this product if you will write me again, enclosing the required stamped, self-addressed envelope.

LUCILLE:

From your description, these colors should be becoming to you: golden brown, blue and blue-gray, very dark purple, pale pink and soft rose, and white trimmed with a color. I think you should use a medium rachel powder, carmine rouge and corresponding shade of lipstick.

ANXIOUS:

Your correct weight is about 120 pounds. I think you will find a good cold cream simpler and more agreeable to use than the treatment you mention.



What a Parisian impressionist painter thinks of Hollywood. This is a piece of work by Monsieur Jacques Mauny entitled "Hollywood." Visible to the eye are bathing beauties, a cocktail shaker, a handsome youth and a motor car. But M. Mauny, *cher maitre*, there are so many other things! Where are Polly Moran, Arthur Caesar and the Brown Derby?





*Three fragrant exquisitries that  
preserve your just-bathed freshness  
throughout the active day*

**P**AT COOL, soothing dashes of Cheramy's April Showers Eau de Cologne over your just-bathed body. Immediately you glow with an awakened circulation—your blood racing, your muscles limbering, your skin tingling at the magic touch of this new French Lotion for the Body. Complete the ritual with the exquisite Talc and Dusting Powder fragranced by Cheramy

with the most delightful of French odeurs—April Showers (Ondées d'Avril)—so velvety soft, so protective, so fragrant—and you will retain the fresh exhilaration of your morning plunge throughout the active day.

**April Showers**  
EAU DE COLOGNE 30¢ to \$3.75 the FLACON  
TALC 25¢ DUSTING POWDER \$1.00  
**CHERAMY**  
380·RUE ST·HONORÉ·PARIS·



# VERY, VERY INTIMATE . . . AND HEARD AT THE RITZ



Oh! . . .  
a powder deodorant  
by all means

*Luxurious! Dainty! Safe!*

USE AMOLIN as *your* deodorant. It is a powder—an exquisite, delicately scented, silky smooth powder. And the beauty of it is—Amolin is a safe deodorant which does not seal the pores.

Dainty, luxurious to use, Amolin is amazingly effective. It prevents body odors by safely neutralizing perspiration. No fear of irritation. No danger of Amolin's eating away fabrics. In a twinkling you dust it on and instantly it takes effect. All day long it absorbs odors and keeps you fresh.

Remember, we never know when we may unconsciously offend. So be wise and *safe!* Use Amolin freely. Under the arms. Over the body. Try it with the sanitary napkin, too. It's particularly good for this use.

Amolin is on sale everywhere, 35c—60c. Special offer—send 10c for a generous trial package. Write to The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. AR-4 Norwich, N. Y. In Canada, 193 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.



# Amolin

*The dainty powder deodorant*

# These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

**JUNE CLYDE** ("Hit the Deck," Radio Pictures) has been in the show business since she was a small child. At ten she appeared on the screen in "The Sea Wolf," but during her 'teens she played in vaudeville and musical comedy with success. It was her excellent work in "Tanned Legs" that made Radio Pictures give her an excellent part in "Hit the Deck."



**DAVID NEWELL** ("The Marriage Playground," Paramount) is a Carthage, Mo., boy. He went on the stage in 1926, playing in the Stuart Walker company in Cincinnati, and later in other cities. Paramount signed him while he was playing the leading male rôle opposite Ethel Barrymore in "The Kingdom of God." He is six feet, two, and weighs 183 pounds.



**ZELMA O'NEAL** ("Follow Thru," Paramount) is a cute little product of the New York musical comedy stage. She became famous when she did her famous stomping for the "Varsity Drag" number in "Good News," and followed it with a hit in "Follow Thru," which she will do for the screen. A mad little minx, and for a year the wife of the young man just below.



**ANTHONY BUSHELL** ("Disraeli," Warner Brothers) is a blond and very young English actor who came to the attention of Broadway audiences in the stage production of Maugham's "The Sacred Flame." He married Zelma O'Neal and went West for pictures. He also appears in "The Flirting Widow," and "Journey's End," and has been signed for "The Circle."



**MIRIAM SEEGER** ("Seven Keys to Baldpate," Radio Pictures) came to our attention, on the screen, opposite Adolphe Menjou in "Fashions in Love," his last Paramount picture. A. H. Woods sent her to London for a stage engagement, and then she came back to America and many picture jobs. Miriam, we are pleased to announce, is a native of Kokomo, Ind.



**BASIL RATHBONE** ("This Mad World," M-G-M) was a distinguished leading man of the stage long before he thought of talkies. He played the tutor in "The Swan" with Eva Le Gallienne. His first sensational talkie success came in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," opposite Norma Shearer, and he is one of the newer hits. His wife is Ouida Bergere, well known scenarist.



**DOROTHY HALL** ("The Laughing Lady," Paramount) is another Broadway actress who has caught on in talkies by way of the Paramount Long Island Studio. She first played opposite Richard Dix there in "Nothing but the Truth." Her most recent appearance has been as the baby-talking blonde in "The Laughing Lady." Little more than a bit, the part stands out.



**WALTER WOOLF** ("Golden Dawn," Warner Brothers) has been, for some years, one of the leading baritone operetta stars of Broadway. He sang and looked his handsome way to fame in "The Lady in Ermine," and has been a Shubert star ever since. "Golden Dawn," done on the stage by Arthur Hammerstein, is his first single. Walter is married to a Richmond, Va., girl.







# "Please tell me ..."

## JEAN CARROLL'S Page on Hair Beauty

### A special shampoo for dry hair

Dear Jean Carroll: I have always had fine, soft hair, but lately it has been very thin and seems inclined to be rather dry and split on the ends. I'd like to have it thicker, and more glossy and lustrous.—Miss H. M., Brundage, Texas.



To quote a very eminent dermatologist, over-dryness is "a condition which should not be allowed to persist." This famous doctor is chiefly interested in the preservation of people's hair—I must confess that I'm interested in the *looks*, too. So I'm glad to say that there is a special shampoo for dry hair which is *good* for your hair, and which also makes it *look nicer*.

This special shampoo is Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo made by the makers of the famous Packer's Tar Soap. This lovely liquid shampoo is a pure vegetable oil soap, and it feels as gentle on the scalp as a nice fluffy cloud would. It contains soothing, softening glycerine that leaves your hair much softer and shinier than usual.

In addition to this special shampoo, I suggest that you get out your hair brush and brush and brush, to wake up those lazy oil glands. I'm sure you'll find that your hair will be healthier, and you'll get that lustre you're asking for.

### What shall I do for oily hair?

Dear Miss Carroll: My hair has an overabundance of natural oil, and to keep it looking half way decent, I have to shampoo it once a week. Most people insist that I shampoo it too often. What is your opinion? —A. J. B., Joliet, Illinois.



A shampoo once a week is not too often for oily hair. And will you forgive me if I say that this idea belongs back in the days when people thought baths were harmful?

You can shampoo oily hair oftener

than once a week, if you want to. I'd only suggest that you use a shampoo especially made for oily hair—you'll find it a great help. Such a shampoo is Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. It has an astringent quality which tends to coax the over-active oil glands back to normal.

This special "oily-hair shampoo" is also a marvelous cleanser. It leaves your hair so extra-specially clean that all the little natural lights show up.

### No dandruff allowed—says this soap from the pine woods

Dear Miss Carroll: I have quite a bit of dandruff and lately the hair seems to be coming out more than it should. I used to wash my hair every week or ten days, but this summer a very good friend told me that even oily hair shouldn't be washed oftener than every three weeks. But my hair looks dreadful before the three weeks are up, and my hair seems to come out more than ever. It used to seem better after my shampoos.—J. K. K., Green, Maine.



I can't imagine where that "every-three-weeks" rule started, but it's wrong. And it's especially terrible for anybody with a bad case of dandruff to follow that old superstition. Dandruff is a *germ* disease, and the best weapon against it is immaculate cleanliness.

I'm going to suggest a very radical change. But it is approved by doctors who specialize in the care of the hair.

Here it is—Tonight shampoo your hair with Packer's Tar Soap. Massage the good piney lather well into your scalp until you feel a little tingle. Wash your brush and comb. Repeat this tomorrow night and the next night. Then lengthen the intervals between shampoos, until you are washing your hair once a week again.

Packer's Tar Soap has been advised by doctors for years in cases of dandruff. It is gently antiseptic—to conquer those

stubborn germs—and the rich pine tar is wonderful for the scalp. In case this treatment sounds like a lot of trouble (it isn't much trouble, really), I'm going to give you a statistic to impress you . . . Doctors say that dandruff is responsible for about 79% of the cases of thinning hair.

If you have any questions to ask me, won't you write me again?

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty every Tuesday 10:45 a. m., Eastern Standard Time (11:45 a. m. Eastern Daylight Time), over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

If you have any of the difficulties described above, one of the Packer products will help. If you have a special problem, write Miss Carroll personally.

### Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 16-D, 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked.

I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

- ☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)
- ☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)
- ☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE





## TREAT that corn intelligently

Why torture yourself by slicing or digging at a throbbing corn? Why let it cut down your quota of exercise and oxygen? Or rob your walking of pleasure and comfort?

Gentle, reliable Blue-jay will end the pain instantly... protect the sore spot from pressure... turn you foot-loose while it destroys the corn's structure.

The safe 3-day treatment for banishing corns, Blue-jay leaves nothing to chance or guesswork. It is simple, complete, self-contained, easily applied, bath-proof. Made by one of the foremost producers of surgical dressings. Recognized for 30 years as the one mild, certain way of getting rid of corns. Buy it at any drug-gist's. 25 cents. (In Canada, 35 cents.)

# Blue-jay

CORN PLASTER

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY  
Chicago . . New York . . Toronto



## Are the Stage Actors Stealing the Screen?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]

theater crept up. The late Eagles and O. P. Heggie in that pioneer try at passionate human drama, "The Letter," Helen Ware in "Speak-easy." Only Jannings, the Titan, upheld the glories of pantomime. June heard Pickford in "Coquette" and the painstaking *Mary Dugan* of Norma Shearer—and the rich voice of Walter Huston, who, less than a year later was to be honored with the lead in D. W. Griffith's first talking drama. July brought the charming Chevalier and another "best performance" for Chatterton, in "Madame X." Colman crashed over in "Bulldog Drummond," another silent hero safe for the phonoplay. George Bancroft spoke well in August, and so did Menjou.

IN September, 1929, things happened fast! The list of best performances began to spread far down the page. Five or six was the rule in the days of silence. Talkies were stirring things up.

In that one month came Ann Harding and Hal Skelly. Nancy Carroll spoke well, as did Powell, Barthelmess and Lila Lee. Garbo was still there, silent but supreme. October—and the war raging. Basil Rathbone, Chester Morris and Ina Claire—Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen and Norma Shearer. Bebe Daniels whirled back in November—and we found Harry Green and Bert Wheeler of the theater.

By December no less than sixteen "best performances" were listed! Gloria Swanson conquered with "The Trespasser." I note the names of George Arliss, Walter Huston, Claudette Colbert, Marjorie White from the stage.

And 1930 began with EIGHT former stage players and SEVEN picture actors on the roll of honor!

So speaks the book! But remember that, now, we must not talk of these comparative newcomers as "stage people!"

Today they are ours of the phonoplay. Side by side, actors of the stage and of the screen work with but one increasing purpose—the best performances in their power, for the greater glory of the screen, and their own advancement.

Watchman, what of 1930?

It is no secret that Pickford and Fairbanks are nearing retirement. They have labored long and well, and have brought much joy to us all. Chaplin toils by fits and starts, with few of either. Jack Gilbert? Who can tell? Clara Bow, it must be admitted, slips. Janet Gaynor's future in the new medium is not entirely assured. There is reasonable doubt about Billie Dove, Vilma Banky, Corinne Griffith, Evelyn Brent and Colleen Moore. What can we be sure of in the case of Alice White?

Norma Shearer, one of the truest troupers and most faithful students in the panic days, will go on in glory. So will the astonishing Swanson. Chatterton the Great cannot be stopped, even by a few poor parts. Garbo is a sensation in "Anna Christie," and careful casting should add to her present fame. Colman, Barthelmess, Nagel, Barrymore, Baxter, Novarro, Cooper, Arlen, Brook, Rogers—all should keep happy, busy, successful.

But youth comes surging on, with new mature talent in its wake! What a year for the youngsters! Oakie, Charlie Ruggles, the Colbert flame—Stuart Erwin, Lew Ayres, Mary Nolan and John Boles. Arthur Lake, Loretta Young, Robert Montgomery, Frederic March. Chevalier has just begun his reign. What a dash Lawrence Tibbett is going to cut!

THE writing is on the wall, and even a baboon can read it. 1930 is the Great Divide. Down one side slide the bored, well financed stars of the last phase of silent pictures. Up the other storm the newcomers, led by stage folk, soundly trained and full of fight and resourcefulness.

People of the stage and screen now form one army under one flag—the greater glory of the talking pictures.

The youngsters march on!

They haven't any castles yet, you see, they are not hump-backed with dignity and dollars. The poor souls probably haven't even one butler!

But what fun they have. And how they can act!



Six little girls of the Gay Thirties in the garb of the Gay Nineties—proving that women are still Floradora babies at heart. Lenore Bushman, Patricia Caron, Ilka Chase, Marion Davies, Vivian Oakland and Ethel Sykes, modern maidens every one, catch the spirit of the famous Floradora Sextette in "The Gay '90's," Miss Davies' next for M-G-M



*From Paris*  
**a new odeur**  
 of the Mode  
 and for the Mode

**W**HEN Paris acclaims a new odeur, it is usually for a reason of Mode.

That is how *REVE D'OR*, newest of French fragrances, newly come to America, became the fashion-sensation of Paris. Truly of and for the new Mode—*REVE D'OR* has the same fragile loveliness, the same quiet charm, the same tantalizing softness that mark your new silhouette.

*REVE D'OR* created by the famous Piver, oldest of French parfumeurs, is expressed throughout the toiletry-ensemble of *Face Powder*, *Perfume*, *Toilet Water*, *Talc* and *Bath Powder*.

*REVE D'OR Face Powder*, in four flattering tints, including the new *Basanee* (an "after sun-tan tint") is \$1. *REVE D'OR Perfume*, \$10 - \$4. Also a purse size at \$1. *REVE D'OR Toilet Water*, \$2.50. *Talc* and *Bath Powder* \$1 each. At all good perfume counters. L. T. Piver, New York and Montreal.



**Rêve  
 d'or**

(GOLDEN DREAM)

**PRODUCT OF PIVER... PARIS**



## HOURS of this . .



and this . . . .



WASTED

by  
neglecting  
a minute  
for **THIS**



Often all the efforts made to attain a dainty, lovely appearance are undone by ruinous, tell-tale moisture spots on a beautiful frock.

It's so unnecessary, too, for just a minute devoted to DEW will keep excessive perspiration from spoiling your charming ensemble.

This original crystal-pure deodorant and instant non-perspirant may be used often and at any time of day. DEW will not irritate the most tender skin or injure the most fragile fabrics when the simple directions are followed. It stops perspiration instantly. It is colorless, and unscented and in a beautiful spill-proof flask. DEW instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary pads. At all drug and department stores. Three sizes: 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00. Write to Lambert-Fesler, Inc., Dept. J-11, for a generous, free sample.

LAMBERT-FESLER, INC., St. Louis  
Paris London Berlin Amsterdam Copenhagen  
Barcelona Sydney Toronto Shanghai

**DEW**  
CRYSTAL-PURE DEODORANT  
INSTANT NON-PERSPIRANT

## Talking of Talkies

"LIFE is just a movie, with God as the star."—The Rev. Donald B. Aldrich, New York City.

"Without improvements, people will tire of talkers. Talking is no substitute for the good acting we had in silent pictures."—Thomas A. Edison.

"Instead of finding motion picture stars engaged in the carousals they are credited with, I found them living sane and normal lives, so they may be fit to excel in their work. In fact, I doubt if men and women in any other profession give so much thought to the way daily living affects their productive value."—Juvenile Judge Camille Kelley, Memphis, Tenn.

"After deliberating six days and six nights for a new type of picture, the producers of a big company decided to make a war story."—New York State Exhibitors' Journal.

"Motion picture work is the hardest work I know. Life isn't worth living in it. If you turn out a good one, you worry about the next. If you turn out a bad one, you are in the throes of despair. I don't know a single person in the movies who has any peace or contentment."—Anita Loos, author for stage and screen.

"In ten years, most of the good music of the world will be written for sound motion pictures."—Arthur Alexander, American musician.

"Two sound versions of 'No, No, Napoleon' are being made—one for this country, one for England. The idea is that Britishers can't understand our slang. In the American version, the hero says 'A nut factory, eh?' In the English, he says 'A madhouse, eh?' Madhouse is, you see, the English slang expression for madhouse."—F. P. A., in The New York World.

"Thirty-four years ago the motion picture industry was practically non-existent. Today the motion picture is perhaps the strongest influence in our national life."—Flint, Mich., Journal.

"I don't care anything about money. Money means nothing to me. I can always make a living. I just hope I have something to contribute to the talkies. If I haven't, I'll get out—or they'll toss me out."—George M. Cohan, author and actor.

"I believe that motion pictures are doing some harm. Too many crook and underworld pictures are being shown. Some pictures are morally bad, and the proportion is larger than it should be.

"I haven't noticed a marked improvement in the character of the moving pictures in the last five years. In fact, too many pictures are shown depicting young people drinking, smoking, and dancing ridiculously."—"Baptist Warrior," in the New York Evening Post.

FIRST DIRECTOR'S WIFE—"I just heard an awful story about your husband."

SECOND DIRECTOR'S WIFE—"Tell me! I need a new limousine!"—New York State Exhibitors' Journal.

"There is nothing mysterious about the business of writing talking picture scripts. It is only a matter of using our imaginations as we did in the old days of silent pictures. And we must all understand that nothing is impossible."—Tom J. Geraghty, veteran scenarist.

"An interviewer reports that a certain movie magnate says that he gets a lot of his good ideas from his children.

"Which explains a good deal."—Walter Winchell, New York columnist.



Together, happy, healthy and working! A fine spring for Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon. Doris came back to the talking screen in Radio Pictures' "Beau Bandit," and Milton's comeback is in a Fox picture



# The complete guide-book

IF YOU'VE been a tourist in foreign lands, you've probably come to have a high regard for one or another of the standard guide-books. Surrounded by strange scenes, strange names, and with your time limited, you have turned with relief to any volume which tells you on good authority where to go and what to do.

Consider your ordinary shopping tours in the same light. Without an up-to-date guide-book of merchandise appearing within the pages of this magazine, your most casual trip to the stores would be more or less like a ramble in foreign countries.

We're speaking of the advertisements, of course. If it weren't for the advertisements you would be a stranger in the market, surrounded by strange names, strange brands. Buying would be guessing, unless you tested every article you wanted before you bought it.

As it is, you can make up your shopping list in a few minutes, and buy with confidence instead of suspicion—knowing what you're getting—knowing that consistently advertised goods *must* maintain standard quality.

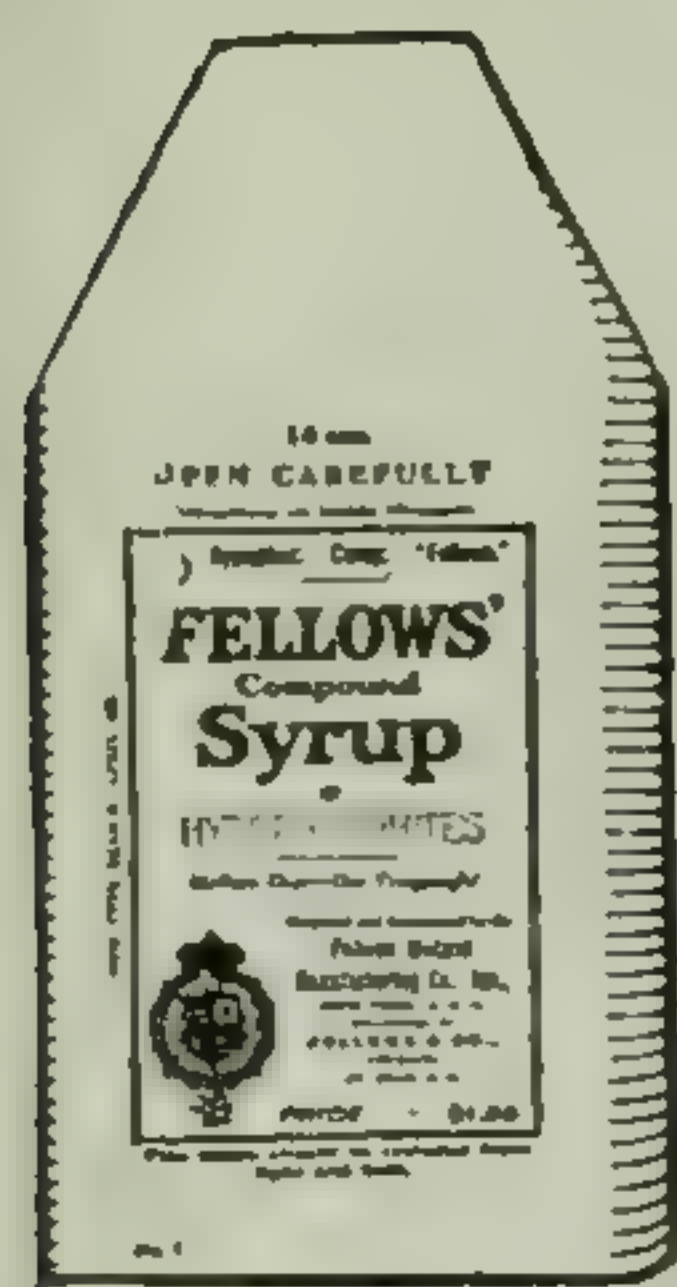


*Take full advantage of the great  
guide-book of this modern age . . . read the  
advertisements every day*





## A Vacation in a BOTTLE



How quickly "nerves" are ironed out and glorious energy returns, even in a two weeks vacation!... But what to do, when you feel tired and run down and can't get away?

Doctors say: "Take a tonic." And in 58

countries the tonic prescribed by specialists is FELLOWS' Syrup. You take it in water, regularly. Soon you know and feel that revivifying forces are at work. Your appetite improves. Your low spirits and weariness depart. Your nervous exhaustion is corrected. You no longer magnify your troubles. You feel the refreshing contentment that vacations always bring.

FELLOWS' Syrup acts by replenishing the body's vital mineral salts and supplying dynamic ingredients. Its potency is maintained by rigid laboratory control. Try FELLOWS' and you will be grateful, as millions are, to physicians who first prescribed it for them.

*FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets,  
a vegetable compound, are  
mild and effective.*



# FELLOWS' SYRUP

## News! Views! Gossip! of Stars and Studios!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78 ]

tures lot the other day, while shooting a big dance number for "Radio Revels." A flock of the girls were dressed in a bit of fur and lace which was so little that if anything less were on the lovely ladies, the film would have caught fire.

"But naked as they are, they haven't got enough sex appeal!" protested the director.

"All right," offered Pearl Eaton, ensemble boss, "I'll fix that."

And she had the girls put on sheer black stockings, short enough to leave a hiatus between where the stockings ended and the panties began. And did it do the trick? Did it?—why, they had to turn off the radiators!

**A**L JOLSON'S new Mercedes sedan is just about the grandest joy wagon to be seen on Hollywood Boulevard.

The final touch of something or other is the radio receiving set, equipped with two loud speakers, one for the driver's compartment and one for the tonneau. Nothing's done by halves in this man's town.

Seems a good way to promote a wreck.

**S**OME years ago Cecil B. De Mille took a kid named Peverell Marley out of a Los Angeles high school and developed him into one of the ace cameramen of the picture business.

Then he married Lina Basquette, the widow of one of the Warner boys, and a dancer of note.

Lina broke in a dance act in New York, not long ago, and among the dancing men was Pev Marley.

And De Mille mourns the loss of a great cameraman.

Ah! Love!

**H**E'S only a voice, is John Bond!

A year ago the lad, from the legitimate stage, went West to act in the talkies. He's been in five—and never yet has his face appeared on the screen!

For John Bond, though a Swede, is a German voice doubler. He has been heard as John Boles in "Rio Rita," Joe Schildkraut in "Show Boat," Glenn Tryon in "Broadway" and Ben Lyon in "Lummox." Now he is Chester Morris' voice double in the German version of "The Case of Sergeant Grischa."

Well—it's a living, says John Bond.

**S**OME funny letters pour into the Hollywood studios. The following was received in the form of a straight wire at Paramount:

"Are you interested in twin boys. Fourteen months. Twenty-five pounds. Fair. Blue eyes. No skin blemishes. Identical in appearance. Starting to walk and talk. Father physician. Mother journalist. References local First National Bank." References for what?

**I**T'S a wise company that knows its own theme songs.

Mel Brown was directing Dick Dix in "I Love You," over at Radio Pictures.

"Show you're happy when you make your entrance, Mr. Dix," ordered Mel. "Whistle a tune!"

"What tune?" came back Dix.

"Any tune," answered the boss. "Let's go."

So Dix ambled blithely into camera range whistling "Love, your magic spell is everywhere—"

Two days later they had to reshoot the

scene. Radio would have had to pay royalties to Paramount for using the song.

P.S. On the retake Dick tooted "Hallelujah" from "Hit the Deck"—a good old Radio picture, and no questions asked!

**M**ONTHLY song of joy:

Lloyd Hughes, in the silent days, was just another good-looking leading man.

The talkies have made him a sparkling personality and have displayed his excellent voice!

See and hear him opposite Bebe Daniels in "Love Comes Along!"

**W**ELL, John Gilbert and Jim Tully finally had it out!

For nearly two years Gilbert has nourished a great hate against the writer because of a mean story which appeared in a monthly magazine over Tully's name, calling Gilbert unpleasant things.

Not long ago Gilbert and Ina Claire entered a restaurant. Jack saw Tully. Tossing off his overcoat, the actor went across the room to him.

Tully hit Gilbert and Gilbert hit the floor. Ina Claire persuaded her husband to leave the place.

Gilbert said, "I only did what any man would do under the circumstances."

Tully said, "I did what you or any man would do if a man came charging across a room at you. I knocked him down."

The world is waiting for Round Two of a long grudge.

**R**EFERRING to the actual instance of a wife suing for divorce because her husband admired a screen siren whom he had never seen, Director Fred Niblo tells of another man being questioned, "And have you ever loved another man's wife?"

The man replied serenely, "Surely. Norma Shearer, Vilma Banky, Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore and Nancy Carroll!"

**H**OLLYWOOD, like every other hamlet in the United States, is overrun with Garbo imitators and doubles. They get in your conscience.

But Hollywood has two outstanding examples.

One, of course, is this Geraldine De Vorak girl, who once was her official twin, and is now on her own as an actress in the Paul Whiteman "King of Jazz Revue."

The other is Elena Komisarjevskaja, and don't try to say it. The lady is a Russian, appearing with Balieff's "Chauve Souris." While the show was playing Los Angeles, Garbo-Maniacs did all but clamber to the stage in the belief that Elena was Greta. How droll! As we said a few months ago, one God, one Garbo!

**T**HERE'S trouble in the Balkans again!

From Belgrade, Serbia, comes word that Dolores del Rio, the Dark Flower, passed through there recently en route to Constantinople. The Turks are said to be mobilizing.

Dolores calls herself Marcelle Racier on the trip. She told pop-eyed interviewers that she is studying English to fit herself for the audible screen.

**F**OX has fixed up some pretty fancy dressing rooms for the stars at the new studios in Westwood. Nothing quite like them has been seen in these parts. Charlie Farrell was not allowed to have a glimpse of his suite until it was finished. He didn't even know the location of it.



Accordingly, when everything was in ship-shape, Dick Smith, the Fox decorator, offered to show Charlie where he would put on the grease paint in the future.

JUST by way of a little joke, the young star was ushered into Lenore Ulric's new quarters. The Ulric suite was pretty dressy with brocades, French furniture, and flossy gew-gaws.

"Well, how do you like it, Charlie?" asked Smith.

Charlie was too polite to faint.

"It's—it's pretty, isn't it?" he gasped.

After that he was taken over to his own rooms, which were furnished simply in comfortable English style, with hunting prints on the wall.

Charlie almost wept for joy.

While we're on the subject, that big, rough, Victor McLaglen moved into the Ulric suite when she returned to New York. Moreover, he liked it, and asked that everything be left just the same.

EVER since Bebe Daniels came purring onto the studio lot in her new car, they've been kidding her to death! It's one of these Ford town cars—and a replica in color, fittings and all but size of Bebe's big Rolls-Royce town car.

"Good Allah, Bebe," screamed John Boles when he first saw it; "you've left your Rolls out in the rain, and it's shrunk!"

"How do you get in—with a shoe-horn?" somebody else wanted to know.

"Goodness, no!" explained Bebe. "I just stand still and pull it on over my head."

IT was at a Marion Davies party.

Marion slapped a record on the phonograph and let it ride. It was a boop-a-doop song in a "she" voice.

Marion turned to one of Hollywood's best known comedians, and asked:

"There!—how do you like my latest song?"

"Well—ah—it sounds all right, but—" he replied.



## Once you use Kotex you'll want its *lasting* protection . . . always

Kotex absorbent is now used in  
85% of America's leading hospitals

WHAT a comfort to feel the safety and security of Kotex protection! You'll wonder how you ever managed without it. Because this protection *lasts* . . . through busy hours. And it stays soft and comfortable. You will appreciate that.

This unique comfort is due to the Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding of which Kotex is made. This is a cellulose substance which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, but with five times the absorbency.

### Hospitals use this same absorbent

Where the greatest precautions are observed, in 85% of the leading hospitals of America, this very same absorbent is used today. No woman could ask a safer guide in choosing sanitary protection.

And here is the reason so many women first began to use Kotex: it is easily disposable. That fact alone has helped to change the hygienic habits of millions of women the world over!

There are many ways in which Kotex is better: You should read the little box below. Then try Kotex and test its lasting protection for yourself.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

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- 1 Keeps your mind at ease.
- 2 *Kotex is soft* . . . Not a deceptive softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
- 4 *In hospitals* . . . The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 5 *Deodorizes*, safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12  
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12  
Or singly in vending cabinets through  
West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and  
KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any  
drug, dry goods or department store.

# KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



What! No closeups? Sunny Jim, Universal's youngest star, is looking over a cutting from his latest film, "His Bachelor Daddies." "These film editors don't know art when they see it," says Sunny



# At last! a WHITE cream Hair Remover ...fragrant ...



**SAFE and SWIFT**

The first and only white cream hair-remover now on the market. Del-a-tone Cream — perfected through our exclusive formulas. Modern...convenient...tremendously popular with those women who demand that their toilet requisites be pleasant to use, as well as safe and effective.

## DELA-TONE

The only white cream hair remover

As easy to use as cold cream. Removes hair in 3 minutes or less.

Leaves your skin soft and petal-smooth. Society women, screen and stage stars are numbered among those who find this faintly fragrant Del-a-tone Cream indispensable in removing unsightly hair from underarms, forearm, face, back of neck and legs. One trial will show you its superior advantages.



Confirm your daintiness!  
Use Del-a-tone before putting on sheer silk stockings.

Del-a-tone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores or sent prepaid in plain wrapper, \$1. Money back satisfaction guarantee. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908), Department 84, 233 East Ontario Street, Chicago.

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company  
Dept. 84, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream for which I enclose 10c.

Clip and Mail  
TO-DAY

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

"But what?" she prompted.  
"Well—er—to tell the truth, you sing through your nose a little, but a little attention to it would correct it, Marion."  
"Oh, I'm so thankful for your criticism," she said, and kept thanking him all the rest of the evening.

And it wasn't until the next day that the comedian found out that it wasn't Marion's voice at all, but the latest Helen Morgan record he had listened to.

(Note to Helen Morgan: If you want to know who the comedian is, ask Marion. Maybe she'll tell.)

**ERIC VON STROHEIM**, who spends producers' millions so gaily while directing pictures, goes Scotch:

"Hallo. This is Von Stroheim, the Dutchman," he growled into the radio microphone at the premiere of "Devil May Care" the other night. "I suppose by this time everybody else has told you they KNOW this is a good picture. Well, I DON'T know—but I hope to Gott it iss, because I paid \$5 for my ticket!"

**AT** last the life story of Aimee Semple McPherson is being filmed—Aimee, the beautiful woman who put sex appeal in religion and who runs, in Los Angeles, one of the greatest glory factories in the world.

Harvey Gates has written the piece, and Roy Stewart, former Western star, is directing, and Cal will wager his upper plate that La Belle Aimee photographs like a million dollars.

I just am biting my fingernails waiting for this one!

**NOTE** on the wealth of Hollywood.

It may be a surprise to you to know that in all of Golden Hollywood there are only three chinchilla coats.

Of course, it won't surprise you so much if you are aware of what a rare critter the chinchilla is. It inhabits the remoter reaches of the Andes, in South America, and since for five years the animal has been protected by the laws of those parts, has been living in safety.

Any chinchilla coat you may buy from now on—you can get a dandy for \$50,000—will be made of smuggled skins.

And there are only three of them in Hollywood. One belongs to Lilyan Tashman, and maybe the tradesmen don't bow low when they get a flash of Lil and her chinchill!

**A** CERTAIN charming little actress who has been a bit out of the limelight focus attended a picture premiere in New York not long ago.

She was immediately pestered with a flock of those little autograph-hounds who hang around theater lobbies on such occasions.

One little girl took the Tactless Prize for 1930 by chirping "Oh, Miss Blank, I'm SO glad to see you tonight. I haven't seen you in pictures for just AGES!" But the little actress is a true trouper, and she has a sense of humor that doesn't quit. She still signed the girl's book, and even added "Best Wishes."

**WE** call this the neatest trick of this or any other month.

Karl Dane is taking his art seriously. He wants to hear how his voice sounds, so he found an old stethoscope in the prop room and talked into it with the sound pieces in his ears!

**A** VERY brisk young gentleman on one of the trade papers cornered young Doug Fairbanks the other day. "You'll certainly be pleased with this," he beamed. "My paper has made an estimate of the ability of every actor in talking pictures. You'll like what we said about you."

Doug waited patiently. The enthusiastic

one thumbed over the pages. At last he discovered Doug's name. "Oh, Lord," he wailed, "I made a mistake!"

Doug snatched the paper from his hand and read, "Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—not so good. O.K. if played in light juvenile rôle where not much acting is required."

**A** NITA PAGE'S father is what you might call a "star barometer." Whenever Anita comes home from the studio feeling low and discouraged her father says, "Cheer up there, old lady, things might be worse. You're not doing so badly."

But when she is happy with a nice notice of a picture or bubbling over with enthusiasm, Papa Pomares pulls at his long white beard and murmurs, "Now, don't get too high. You may be bad in the next one. Stars rise and fall in this business."

**C**OLLEEN MOORE and husband John McCormick have come to the parting of the ways.

Hold everything there, it's only a professional parting. John used to handle all Colleen's pictures and he did right well by the little lady. In fact, it was a world-beating team and it was John's hard work and shrewd judgment that got Colleen where she was.

Now McCormick has accepted an offer to supervise several Paramount pictures and Colleen will sign elsewhere. They had thought of making pictures on their own but the example of many stars who had tried that and failed was held up before them.

They have worked together for so long that how they will fare as separate units is still in the lap of the gods.

**O**NE of the best laughs Charlie Chaplin has had this year came when he read a newspaper movie columnist's blat that he planned to produce "Trilby"—himself to play *Svengali*, the bewhiskered hypnotist, and Mary Lewis, the opera star, to be *Trilby*.

"If a Chaplin-sized *Svengali* ever tried to hypnotize a Mary Lewis-sized *Trilby*," he ruminated, "she'd most probably pick him up and throw him over the transom!"

**D** W. GRIFFITH is frantically searching for an actor to play the rôle of *General Grant* in his "Abraham Lincoln."

It recalls a story of the actor who played the rôle for so many years on the stage. He was so well known for this characterization that his friends around the Lambs Club called him "General." But after the play was finished he remained out of work until he became thin and gaunt and a mere shadow of his former self.

One day he had a call from a producer. All a-twitter he rushed out on the street and called a taxi. "Where to?" asked the driver. Just at that moment an acquaintance of his passed and answered, "Grant's tomb."

**I** N line with our gesture to prove that the stars are now saving their money, we would like to call your attention to the fact that Mary Pickford had such wisdom twelve years ago.

At a recent inheritance tax query, she testified that in 1917 her salary was five hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Out of this she saved four hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Not so bad for a little girl just getting started.

**C** HARLIE CHAPLIN issued the usual Georgia Hale betrothal denial again the other day. This time a Philadelphia paper printed the report of their engagement.

"Doing the lady an injustice," said Charlie, flatly denying it. But—well, Georgia, who not so long ago finished a contract with Tiffany-Stahl, is studying voice.

"Her voice is WONDERFUL!" says Chaplin; "WONDERFUL!"



Now here's something significant: Carlyle Robinson, Charlie's spokesman, told your gumshoe-y Cal that while Charlie is determined never to make a talkie himself, he may produce some!

"As long as he keeps the tramp character, Chaplin will never talk on the screen," says Cal. "He's firm about that, no matter what anybody else says. But he may produce talkies."

And who can say but that Georgia's WONDERFUL voice may agitate the microphones under Charlie's supervision?

**T**HE beautiful home of the late Wally Reid will likely remain Spanish in exterior finish but undoubtedly the interior will be strictly English. It is now occupied by Clive Brook and his family.

**A**NOTHER star crashes the literary racket! Lois Moran has just sold a short piece to a humorous magazine. The check wasn't so big, but Lois has about worn off what figures there are on it, just showing it to pals.

Come on, let's give a big coo of delight over Lois' success in what ignorant folk call "the writing game," called a "game" because it is impossible to win.

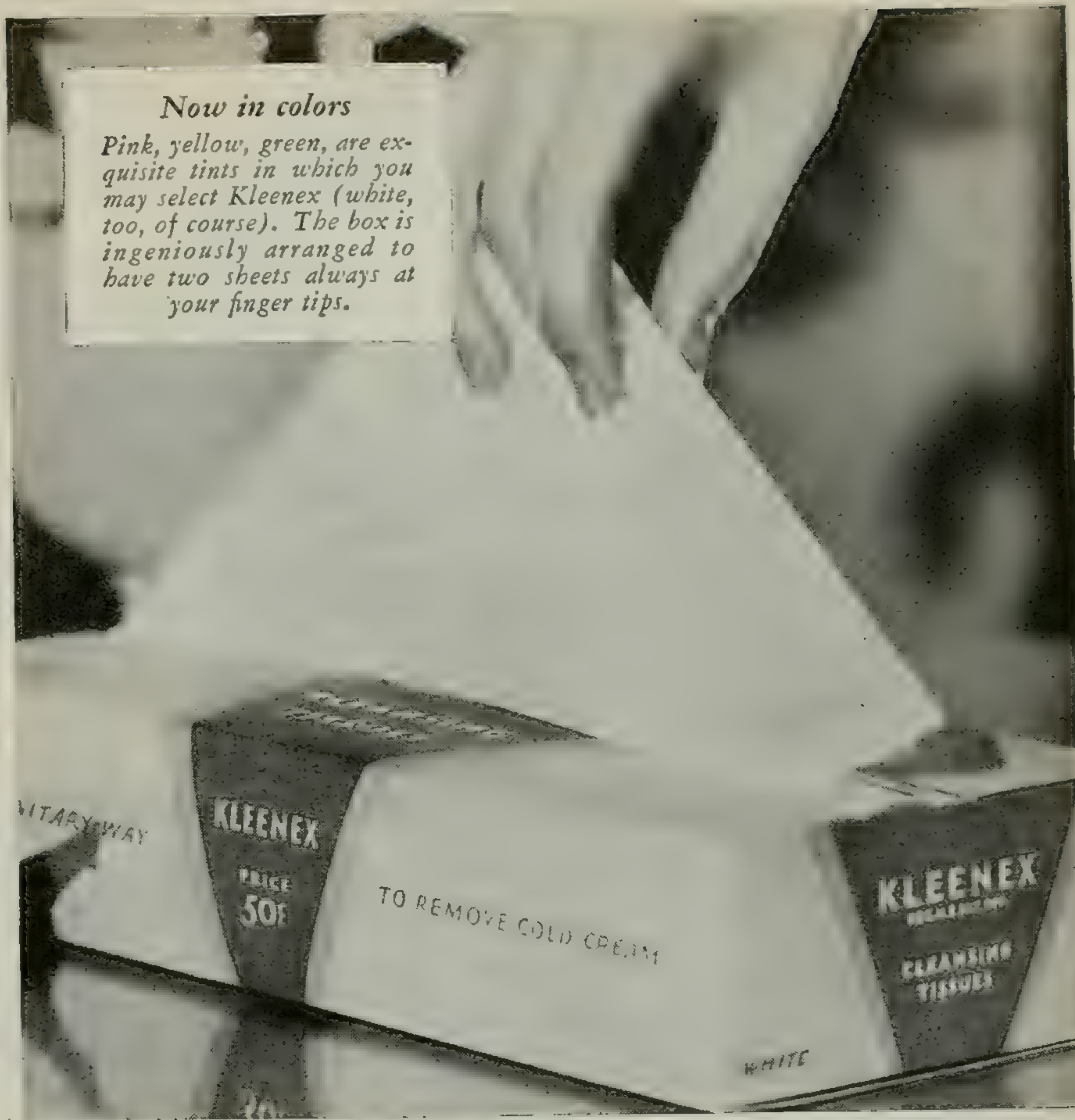
**I**S Dorothy Mackaill going 'ome to Hengland to make talkies when her First National contract dies of natural causes?

An English magazine says she is. It reports that she has received an offer of a two-year contract for British pictures, at a higher salary than her Hollywood rate.

Dot is a naturalized American citizen, so



You can even sleep in these stunning black and white lounging pajamas. Just remove the sash and jacket—and there you are! They were designed especially for Dorothy Sebastian



*Now in colors*

*Pink, yellow, green, are exquisite tints in which you may select Kleenex (white, too, of course). The box is ingeniously arranged to have two sheets always at your finger tips.*

# This new, smart *safer* way to remove cold cream

blots up unabsorbed cold cream  
without stretching or irritating skin

**A**VOID pulling and stretching the skin during your beauty treatments, great beauty experts are saying today. Hard rubbing and stretching *pulls* the skin, relaxes it . . . and ultimately may produce large pores and wrinkles.

Famous beauties know the importance of this rule. That's why you find Kleenex on the dressing tables of stage and screen stars, and in up-to-date beauty salons.

Kleenex removes cold cream without rubbing. It is so very soft and absorbent that it simply *blots up* all the surplus cream and, with it, embedded dirt and cosmetics. How much safer it is than harsh towels, which simply *have* to be rubbed severely over the face, because they are so unabsorbent. How much more hygienic than germ-laden "cold cream cloths" which drive germs and dirt back into the pores, instead of removing them.

Each Kleenex tissue comes fresh and dainty from its dust-proof package. You use it just once, then discard it. So much less expensive than soiling and ruining towels!

## For handkerchiefs, too

Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs, too. It saves unpleasant laundering, and is far pleasanter to use than handkerchiefs. Each time, you use a fresh, clean, soft tissue—then discard it. Thus, cold germs are discarded, instead of being carried around in pocket or purse, to reinfect the user and infect others.

On sale at all toilet goods counters. The coupon will bring a sample.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send a sample of Kleenex to: PH-4

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TO REMOVE COLD CREAM





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After selecting your Easter costume, make it satisfyingly complete with a Meeker-Made bag or underarm. Or suggest it to "him" as an ideal Easter gift. You'll find a wide selection at your Jeweler's and at better Department and Drug Stores.

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IN THE UNITED STATES



she's really "one of ours," even though she should go back to the old country to beautify and enrich its struggling talking industry.

HOLLYWOOD'S laughing at Charles Farrell over this:

He was hurrying to the studio one morning. A motorcycle policeman sired him to a stop.

"What's the big idea, young feller, of doing forty-eight in a twenty-mile zone?" he wanted to know.

"Well, officer, I'm sorry," explained Charles; "but I'm late now—you see, I'm Charles Farrell and—"

"I'm sorry," said the officer, writing out the ticket, "but I don't play golf."

### HOLLYWOOD dialogue:

"I hear the Roosevelt Hotel insists that the song writers meet in the Blossom Room every night."

"What for?"

"To keep them out of the lobby."

TOUGH days again for extras in Hollywood—but some of them got a break the other day. They were hired to play the guests at a big Jewish wedding scene. There was a banquet table, heavy with frankfurters and fruit, it being a comedy.

The scene was rehearsed a half dozen times.

And then everybody had to sit around and wait until they got more frankfurters.

HELEN TWELVETREES, the fragile star of Pathe pictures, thinks Clark Twelvrees, her husband, was a pretty unreasonable spouse. Anyway, she had a tale of woe to unfold in the Los Angeles divorce courts.

She didn't mind particularly if he wanted to jump out of six-story hotel windows, and she didn't even object very strenuously when a three-months' hospital bill for the flight was charged to her. She did mind, however, when he got drunk and beat her up. At least, that's what she told the judge.

EVERYBODY felt sorry for little Maureen O'Sullivan when she was first brought to this country by Fox to play the lead opposite John McCormack.

Everybody thought she was just a poor little kid from Dublin. Well, don't waste your tears. She was quite a social bud in Ireland with an independent income and she supervised her own poultry farm which netted her about \$150 a week besides.

Hollywood finds her strange and shy, but in the old home town she was one of the most sought after debutantes.

JETTA GOUDAL has been forgiven, after a temporary fall from grace. It looked for a time, after that \$30,000 lawsuit against Cecil B. De Mille, that the fall might be permanent. Producers may not have such a thing as an actual "blacklist," but they do not look with favor on temperamental stars.

But Jetta has been given a job at M-G-M, and right on the same lot with C. B. She will play the leading rôle in the French version of "Unholy Night." Dorothy Sebastian enacted the same rôle in the English production.

Jetta would undoubtedly prefer an English assignment, since her accent is slight, but, at least, the ice is broken after a long, cold winter.

JOAN CRAWFORD has mastered her fear of horses and actually rides one in her new picture "Montana Moon." The other day she was telling about her first experience with horses. She had no more than gotten settled in the saddle when the horse proceeded to run away and throw her.

"That was the time," said a friend, "to go right out and get on another horse."

"I did," said Joan, "three years later."

IT seems that, after all, Norma Talmadge doesn't give two hoots, not even one good hoot, if Joan Bennett has the star rôle in the talking version of "Smilin' Through."



## Cold in Head, Chest or Throat?

RUB Musterole well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the Musterole-rub **once an hour for five hours** . . . what a glorious relief!

Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole.

It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars, tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



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AT HOME IN  
"BEAUTY-PARLOR"  
STYLE

SAVE MONEY WITH

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### WATER WEVERS

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WEST ELECTRIC Water Wavers don't break, bend, rust or get out of order. If one does, we'll replace it free. They're made of round aluminum tubing—light as a feather. There are no seams or edges to injure the hair. Finest steel piano wire gives proper tension for any thickness of hair, and patented ball lock prevents unfastening. At Department and 5 and 10c stores everywhere.

WEST ELECTRIC Aids to Beauty include also Hair Wavers, Curlers and Nets. Look for the WEST ELECTRIC Girl and the Orange and Black cards.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and 60c in stamps for a set of 6 and we will ship direct to you.

West Electric Hair Curler Corp.  
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If you remember your motion picture history you haven't forgotten Norma as the wistful shadow bride, earthbound.

Norma has no desire to do that play again.

"I don't want to go back," said Norma in answer to these letters. "Every day is a new day. 'Smilin' Through' came at the right time after the war when people needed consolation, enshrinement of their dead. But now, well, it is another day."

**I** DO wish these "foreign" actors would watch their accents a little closer!

Imagine my embarrassment, at a recent party, when a glamorous importation from Paris began saying dese, dem and dose.

She must have made a long, long stopover under the Brooklyn Bridge!

**R**UTH CHATTERTON has introduced a new fad into Hollywood. Hold everything while we tell you about it. It is a draped sort of business, and underneath it she wears some mighty fancy bloomers, of all things. Every once in a while, if you pay attention, and everybody does as a matter of course, you catch a glimpse of the fancy bloomers.

Ruth wears 'em when she's hostessing at teas.

**J**UST as if Mae Murray didn't have trouble enough with all of the other lawsuits, the United States Government says that the colorful Mae is a "squatter." And no lady likes to be called a "squatter."

Mae erected her elaborate Spanish villa on the seashore. The City of Los Angeles maintains that Mae's residence is built on land made by accretions from the sea below the mean high tide line, while the rear end stands on land which legally belongs to the United States Government.

It's all very involved, and poor old Cal can't make head or tail of it. Maybe he shouldn't have mentioned it, at all.

**W**ELL, well, well!

Our old pal Du Barry, the French bad girl first immortalized by Pola Negri, is getting another whack at pictures.

And who's playing her but Norma Talmadge. And listen to the title of the picture!

"The Flame of the Flesh"—no less.

Whoops!

**J**EANETTE MACDONALD and John Decker, caricaturist, have just truced a war that begun at the Greenwich Village Theater in New York years ago. Now they're both in Hollywood—Jeanette going big at Paramount; Decker caricaturing the stars.

"But," asked nosey old Cal, "what started the feud between you two in the first place?"

"Well," smiled Jeanette, "I bent over to pick something up, and John happened to have a broom in his hand."

**A**LL of the jokes about Eugene O'Neill's endurance test drama "Strange Interlude," may be in for a revival with a cinematic flavor.

According to report—merely a report, mind you—it is quite likely that this will be Lillian Gish's next picture for United Artists. The O'Neill drama, which revived the Shakespearean aside, took six hours to perform, the audience taking time out for "sandwiches" and such things. At any rate, Lillian is leaving for Paris to confer with O'Neill on the play.

As if that weren't enough exciting news, it is probable that Ronald Colman will play the leading male rôle, and that Henry King will direct. There you have the trio responsible for that beautiful picture, "The White Sister."

Lillian has never held a brief for sophisticated rôles. In fact, for a small woman, she made a big protest about John Gilbert's kisses



## Three bitter prophecies to haunt a lovely head

**T**HE first droop in her once-proud chinline, the first small furrow at eyes or mouth, the first lines in her satiny throat—how every woman dreads them! Those are the three silent prophecies of double chin, deep wrinkles, and crêpy-textured throat.

If you would keep your face and throat free from lines, your chinline clear-cut and young, follow the simple, scientific treatments that Dorothy Gray evolved.

You can give yourself these treatments at home, in just a few moments a day. The same preparations proved successful in the salon treatments are sold at leading shops everywhere. Send the coupon for the valuable booklet which explains the Dorothy Gray method.

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## TIME TO GO— but still time to use MUM

Those times when you must be ready in a jiffy! Just time to slip on your dress. Not a moment more to spare—yet you must not chance perspiration offense.

Then's when you're most grateful for Mum!

In no more time than it takes to powder your nose, your underarm toilet is made with Mum. One dab of snowy cream under each arm and you're safe. Slip into your dress, and step forth—with assurance. For Mum doesn't have to dry. It is soothing—not irritating—to the skin. And just as harmless to the daintiest fabric; Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy.

This likable and usable deodorant has removed the last excuse for offending. It offers you permanent protection, for its daily use can do no harm.

*Mum does not arrest the action of the pores, or interfere in any way with their normal, necessary work. It just neutralizes the odor completely.*

Keep a jar of Mum on your dressing table and make its use a daily habit, morning and night. Many women carry it in the purse, to be ready for any emergency. Spreading a little Mum on the sanitary napkin makes one serenely safe from offense. Mum Mfg. Co., N. Y.

in "La Boheme." The woman in "Strange Interlude" was no shrinking flower. But maybe it will be just another strange interlude with Lillian. Anyway, that play on words has to be used or this isn't legal.

**H**ERBERT HOOVER, if he gets tired of being President, would make a swell character actor in motion pictures.

Anyway, Fred Datig, casting director at Paramount, says so.

Datig has his own ideas on how to cast other notables of the world's news.

Charles Lindbergh would make a successful juvenile leading man. Ramsay MacDonald would clean up in business men rôles.

Mayor James Walker could get plenty of work as a live-wire salesman.

John D. Rockefeller, as the grandfather. And Thomas Edison as a good samaritan, are two other bets.

The only woman in the news to have a chance on the screen would be Helen Wills, the tennis star.

Now all that is left is just to try and get them together.

**T**HERE was much ballyhoo when it was announced that Lois Moran had been given the big singing rôle in "Bride 66," the first Arthur Hammerstein operetta.

Tests were made. Clothes were fitted. And then it was announced that somebody else would do the part because Lois had a very bad cold.

But the rumor hounds have it that Lois was given a tidy little sum to forget that she ever signed a contract.

**T**HE Empress Josephine—you know, the one Napoleon said "not tonight" to—will not improbably be Corinne Griffith's next rôle.

Corinne has been reading all she can find about Napoleon and the empress whom Napoleon ditched for Marie Louise. And Corinne and her husband, Walter Morosco, have been dickering a bit with the French Government, which is quite pleased with the idea, and all ready to let them use Fontainebleau and Malmaison for authentic backgrounds.

And this summer, when Corinne and hubby tour Europe, there may be more than just talk and dickering.

### SUNNY CALIFORNIA!

The month of January found California snow-bound in places. Some fifteen or twenty people were at Noah Beery's famous resort, "The Paradise Trout Farm." The big snows came and there was no way out. Wallace Beery acted the hero and flew over the hotel in an airplane and dropped food—like manna from heaven.

Hoot Gibson was supposed to begin a picture, but he was marooned at his farm. Marie Prevost was also snowbound in a mountain cabin in another part of the state.

"Very unusual." Ha! Ha!

**N**OW that Billie Dove and Irvin Willat have come to the parting of the marital ways, it recalls a *beau geste* made by Billie in behalf of her husband.

When the contract of the beautiful Billie came up for renewal at First National, she had innumerable demands to make. She must see all publicity written about her before it was sent out. She must have a personal publicity representative like Richard Barthelmess, Colleen Moore and Corinne Griffith. She must have new dressing room quarters. And her husband should direct a big picture with an all-star cast—so it could be termed an Irvin Willat production.

The studio pondered, and finally said Billie could have her wish on two of the long list of terms. She maintained her stand that her husband should direct a big picture again.

"The Isle of Lost Ships" was an Irvin Willat Production, and the studio's answer to his wife. The picture made money and has entrenched Willat again in the directorial ranks.

**A**BOUT the best commentary on the wedded life of Florence Vidor and Jascha Heifetz is the fact that the two are living in a New York penthouse, furnished with about \$650,000 worth of modern art.

When Florence refurnished her house in Hollywood before the marriage she scorned the modern in all but one room, a playroom.

"When I feel like laughing I will go in there," she said.

Heifetz is very fond of modern furnishings. So, three guesses, who wears the trousers in the Heifetz household?

**J**OAN CRAWFORD, Ann Harding, Kay Hammond and Ruth Roland lunch together, regularly, every Wednesday.

It began on account of Ann's forgetfulness. They made their first luncheon date and Ann showed up just a week late. Now they meet every Wednesday.

Nobody can forget that.

**N**OW that they have captured a big whale off Long Beach, Calif., Warner Brothers come right out in meeting and announce that they will refilm "The Sea Beast."

"That honest-to-gosh whale was too good an opportunity to pass by. John Barrymore, who had the flappers talking to themselves with his love-making with Dolores Costello in the original silent version, will again essay the rôle, but the whale gets top billing in the name part.

It is not likely that Dolores Costello will again assume the rôle of the girl. Marian Nixon or Joan Bennett will probably be at the other end of the necking team.

**T**HE exact status of Vilma Banky's contract is still unknown.

Will Sam Goldwyn renew his option on her services or will he not? In the meantime he loaned her to M-G-M to play the leading rôle in "A Lady to Love." Now, usually just about option time, stars are as docile as extra girls. But not so Miss Banky. She brought along a lot of grand manners to the M-G-M lot, refused to see interviewers and to pose for publicity pictures, and made herself otherwise unpleasant.

It was not such a brilliant move on the Hungarian star's part.

## Hollywood's Greatest True Love Story

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

Years later, Alma Rubens told Grauman she had just read about a quick-change artist for the first time in the paper that morning.

Even when she first went to New York to seek a picture position, every dollar had to count, for she had never made more than forty dollars a week. Loss of a week's work in those days meant actual want for the helpless little family.

When they offered her a thousand dollars a week, she thought they were crazy. That's when she, with Gaston Glass and Vera Gordon, made that classic first PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Gold Medal winner, "Humoresque," for Cosmopolitan Productions.

It was at that time, too, that Ricardo Cortez first saw her. She was standing in front of a Fifth Avenue jeweler's shop, looking



at the diamond rings she never expected to have. But with her first week's pay she and her mother had bought two snappy fall coats, and Cortez was smitten on sight. He was just breaking into pictures himself, and he recognized her. But he did not meet her until some years later. In the meantime, she had married and divorced a screen writer. Then Alma and Ricardo met in the lunchroom of the First National Studios and were married a few weeks later.

JUST before leaving Hollywood to come East and join her Riccy on his vaudeville tour an old lady walked up to the table at which Alma was lunching with some friends and told her how glad she was to hear of her recovery.

"Miss Rubens, I've always loved you on the screen," the white-haired old lady said.

"Thank you," answered Alma. "But call me Mrs. Cortez, please. I am very proud of that name."

## A Vamp Steps Out

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58 ]

at the books and see if the leaves were cut. Sometimes they aren't, you know. A cheery fire was burning in the grate. A log had been thrown over the gas jets. Just a Hollywood fire. Nothing's real any more.

As nearly as I can describe Margaret's gown, it was white, transparent velvet, very long and very low, facing east and west. And mean, I mean. Also a word for the bracelets, five glittering diamond ones.

She had asked me not to send flowers, as she did not wear corsages. Imagine my surprise to have a florist's box arrive at the same time I did.

"Oh, you're an old dear," said Margaret. "You sent flowers anyway."

It was pretty embarrassing for a moment, but I had to admit that the posies were none of me.

"Well, pardon me," laughed Margaret. "Now you think I've been playing a 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' trick."

Some son of a gun had written on the card—"May he believe what you say, and print what you want him to print." Anyway, we decided to change the subject.

AFTER wearing bangs for as long as I have known her, Margaret has just given them to the Salvation Army to make pin cushions with. She is now displaying a brow, frank and without a blush. It gives her new dignity and charm and makes her look like a sweet girl graduate should look and seldom does.

"A man that I have known for a long time says that I appear innocent with the new hairdress," she smiled. "My women friends tell me that I shouldn't have changed—that I'm not myself any longer. But, I ask you, who does a woman try to please?"

You probably guess the way I do.

After a little appetizer, we started for the Russian cafe. It was about nine o'clock when we were seated at our table. The Double Headed Russian Eagle abounds in European atmosphere, for you might be in Paris, Budapest or Petrograd. The major-domo had been a general in the Imperial Army of old Russia. The walls of the cafe are decorated boldly with red dragons spitting fire at buxom, placid Brunhildian women. The illumination of the big room is by candlelight, so romantic.

Dinner consisted of bortsch, a thick soup with sour cream, shashlik, veal roasted on swords' points over a fire, parfait Romanoff and strong Russian coffee.

Everyone else stopped eating to watch the shashlik served at our table, veal, swords and all.

"I'm no sword swallower," Margaret quavered. But the veal was shoved onto the service

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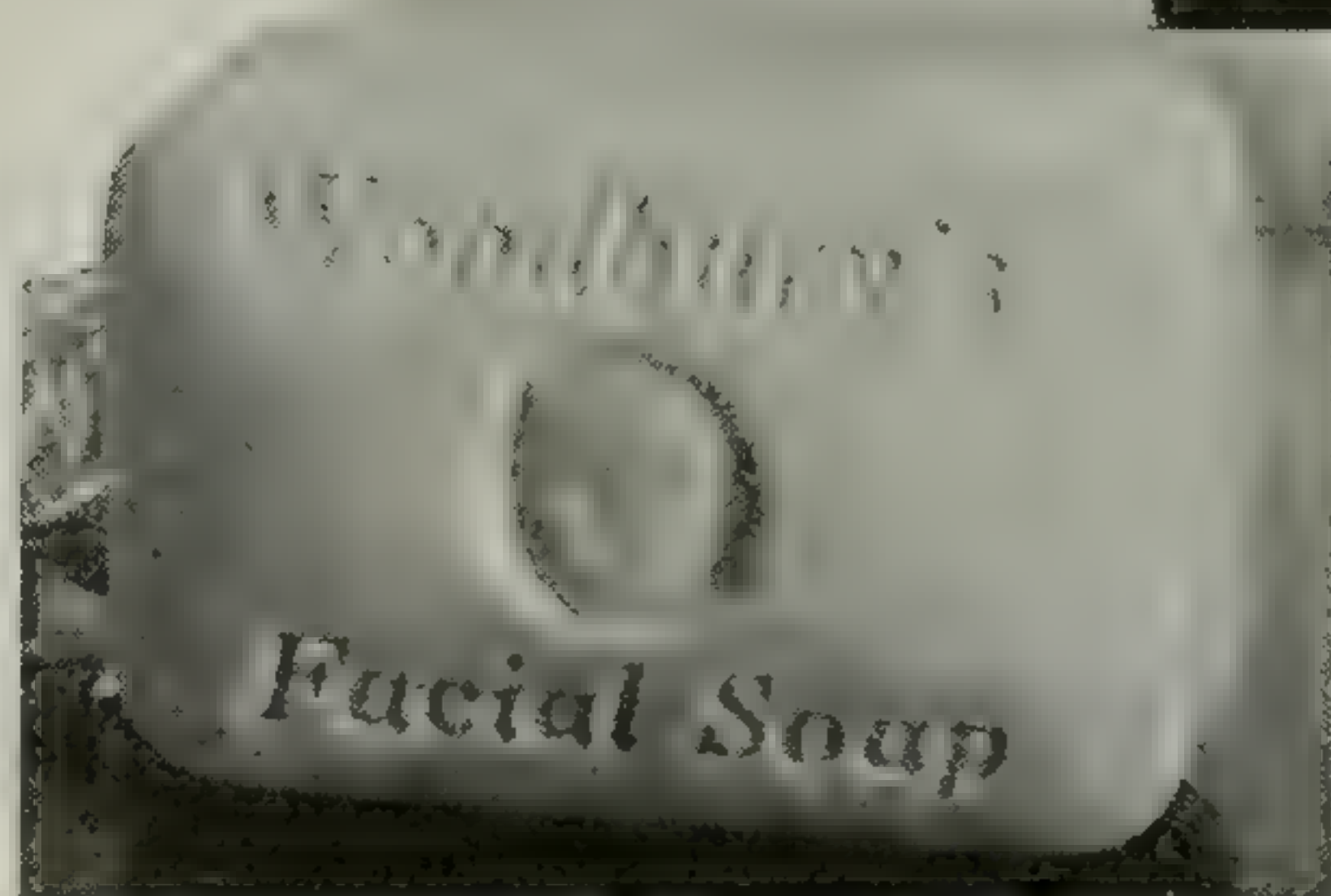


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# BROWNATONE

GUARANTEED HARMLESS

plates, and the swords taken back to the kitchen. Maybe they could be used for breadknives, too.

We had a request number for the orchestra. We wanted to hear "Two Guitars," but neither of us could remember exactly whether it was two or three guitars.

"I know the leader will be hurt if we underestimate the guitars," worried Margaret.

Dinner, motor check and tips came to a little more than ten dollars at the cafe. Leaving the place is a ritual. You say goodnight to everyone, and they all ask you to come again. We felt a bit slighted that the cook didn't show up in the receiving line.

THE Cocoanut Grove was the next stopping place. It was Friday night, the traditional college night in Los Angeles dancing places. The floor was packed with young collegiates, and the "collitch" lads neglected the coeds to get an eyeful of Margaret.

There's an unforgettable atmosphere to the Cocoanut Grove, too, with its tall palms, dim lanterns and long festoons of silver. The Kentucky Serenaders, from Washington and Palm Beach, were in the first week of their engagement.

Mae Murray, accompanied by her prince, awarded the dancing trophy that night.

Margaret and I had one dance. You'd have to be greased like a channel swimmer to get through that crowded floor. After a little persuasion, we managed to get our check. It was \$4.25 for drinks, the soft harmless kind.

Midnight found us ready to hit the Los Angeles version of the night club trail. I suggested the Cafe Max Fischer in Beverly Hills, smart and with good music. Margaret thought it would be a picnic to visit Central Avenue, the local Harlem. There's a very popular night club down there, with one of the best floor shows in town, and mean, low-down darky rhythm.

YOU buy your cover charge at the door, and you pay the hat check girl before you go in. You also follow the quaint custom of paying her when you go out, I discovered.

It was smoky and noisy in the big room. We were the only people in evening clothes in the place, and Margaret glittering like a Cartier display window.

"Something tells me," said Margaret, looking about, "that it would be very easy to start a fight down here."

We had an hour to talk before the show went on. We both decided that it would be just as well to keep off the dance floor, although the wide open spaces were tempting.

For the first time in four years, Margaret is passing up the annual vacation to Palm Beach. In the past, she has enjoyed that spending spree, forty dollars a day for her room. She never bought a meal. She is too popular for that. This spring she will go to Europe, her first trip.

"I CAN always get away for a couple of months," she explained. "I've never really arrived in pictures, although I've been in them for nine years. If I had really arrived, I couldn't get away. So perhaps it's just as well."

Never arrived, perhaps. Margaret has never had a sensational hit unless it was as the other woman in Murnau's artistic and unsuccessful "Sunrise." But she has had a career that has outlasted many more glittering favorites. For seven years, she was under contract, a pay check every week, first at old Ince and then with Fox.

Year before last, when she began to free lance, she worked forty-seven weeks. Last year, the year that blighted so many film careers, she worked thirty-three weeks. Yet, she says she has never arrived.

The club show went on at one-thirty. There were twenty or more performers, all colored, of course. The big wow of the evening was the spectacular dancing of two boys, the best of the kind we had ever seen.

The bill at the night club was a trifle higher than at the Ambassador, but we had bacon and tomato sandwiches.

It was three o'clock when I left Margaret at her door.

The next day, I found out that she was sick in bed with influenza, and with a fever of 103 degrees. Golly, if that news gets around, I'll never get another date. But it's the first serious complaint.

I don't know whether I'm to blame, or the food, or that low-cut gown.

Anyway, these vampires aren't as husky as the frail ingénues!

[P. S. Dear Boss, you'll notice an item of \$40 on the swindle sheet for losses at galloping dominoes! That's just a joke to go with the picture, Boss!]

Ha! Ha! But you can pay it if you want to! Yours, "Wild Mark" Busby.]

## He Wanted to Write the Worst Way

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

He was scoring a success in the New York production of "Possession" when he was caught in the great tidal wave that swept so many unprotesting footlight actors to Hollywood.

The next wave swept many of them back to New York, but Bob is staying on. He has played in "College Days," "Untamed," with Joan Crawford, and "Their Own Desire," with Norma Shearer.

Bob managed to be very fresh and amusing in "Untamed" when he might have been very serious and very sad. It was a romance, and the dialogue was written by Willard Mack. Now Willard Mack is all right when it comes to the Canadian Northwest, and little woodsy *Tiger Roses*, but his touch is about as delicate as a blacksmith's.

Bob resorted to the well known stage trick of "throwing the lines away." He said them without any great heaving of chest or complicated eye-brow technique. If a scene is really dramatically sound and fine, it will ring true if the actor bites chunks out of the furniture.

He likes Hollywood and motion pictures.

He even likes the iron foundry, and the tramp steamer, and the truck. But it's hard to get used to it. On first nights in New York he had shakes and shivers and stage-fright. There's no forgetting the everything-depends-on-tonight feeling. He hasn't found anything in Hollywood that remotely suggests a New York first night. In the film factory it all seems like a prolonged dress rehearsal with lights.

In appearance, Bob does not suggest the beautiful movie hero of other days. He is tall and a bit too thin. His neck is a little longer than strictly necessary, and his features aren't classic. He would pass in any society for "just good-looking," but it is his frank, friendly personality plus undeniable ability that will win him success on the screen.

He is a good sportsman. He surprised the members of the Norma Shearer company by playing a bang-up game of polo, when everyone expected him to fall off his horse.

Right now it is all motion pictures with Robert Montgomery but, b'gad, he's going to have a story published some time if he has to buy his own magazine to do it.



# She Wanted to Paint

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

eagerly as any fan in Peoria or Sioux Falls. She likes Ronald Colman best of any man on the screen.

When she finishes "Young Man of Manhattan" she will go to Hollywood for one picture. She's thrilled about her first trip to the film capital—but not ga-ga. Her attitude about that is like her attitude about all things—intelligent, alert, eager. She has always hated having her picture taken because she doesn't think she photographs well. Yet she screens like a million dollars.

WHEN she started out on the stage, she used to worry because her voice sounded squeaky in emotional scenes. Today Paramount considers hers one of their most alluring voices and critics praise her rich, full tones.

She learned to use her voice by dint of hard work. She grew to be the actress that she is in the same manner. And she thinks that she can learn to be an even better actress.

Her being on the stage at all was an accident. She meant to be a painter and studied at the New York School of Applied Arts.

She came to this country from Paris when her father got an offer from a New York bank. His name was Chauchoin, but Claudette took her mother's name when she went on the stage.

When she was eighteen, someone jokingly offered her a bit in "The Wild Westcotts." She did well and discovered that the theater meant more to her than the painter's canvas.

Fibbing about the extent of her experience, she next got the lead in "The Marionette Man" with Ulrich Haupt. It was Haupt, now an outstanding figure in the talkies himself, who taught her how to use her voice.

After the "Marionette Man" she appeared in a number of stage productions and became a Broadway star. One of her most sensational hits was scored in "The Barker" in the part that Dorothy Mackaill played on the screen.

Her first picture was a silent film called "For the Love of Mike," and she thought she was so bad in it that her screen career was ended before it had begun.

Then came "The Hole in the Wall" and "The Lady Lies," phonoplays which definitely established her as one of the best bets of the new era of moving pictures. Paramount rewarded her with the lead opposite Chevalier in "The Big Pond." She and Chevalier had a grand time chattering in French and she thinks he's charming.

She is crazy about her husband, but she doesn't believe in being a jealous wife. They were secretly married when they played together in "The Barker" in London. It was one of those romances of the theater that people talk about. They do happen.

WHEN Miss Colbert and Mr. Foster came back to America their marriage was still a secret and only three people were in on it. Neither of them believes that a husband and wife should have to share relatives, so Claudette lives with her mother and he has his own apartment.

They stay home a great deal and are never seen at night clubs. He is shy and quiet, while she has all the animation of the French girl.

She has a great sense of humor and people characterize her as a "regular guy." Her sane, amused slant keeps her from taking herself too seriously. But she has too much ambition and too much real love of the theater to treat her career as a joke.

At the ripe old age of twenty-three, she has been for several years one of the outstanding figures of the New York stage. She will go even further because—she is intelligent and has no delusions of grandeur; she doesn't know what it means to be afraid of having a picture "stolen" from her.



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## 4 Million Dollars and 4 Men's Lives

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

SE5's, Sopwith Camels and other planes on the wings of which the British—the heroes of the picture are British—fliers had soared to victory, but the war had been over for ten years and they were hard to find. He collected several German Fokkers and a few other war types and then ordered a lot of post-war ships rebuilt to look the part.

He demanded a twin-engined German Gotha bomber, of which none remained in the whole wide world, and finally substituted a twin-motored Sikorsky, masked to look like a Gotha, of which more anon.

HIS aerial fleet assembled, he constructed a complete flying field at Inglewood, the first of several, established machine and repair shops, and hired enough pilots and mechanics to operate a transcontinental airline.

He constructed, at enormous expense, a miniature of London which was to be bombed by a Zeppelin, beautiful replicas of which were also built in miniature.

I don't know why he didn't buy the Graf Zeppelin. I guess it wasn't finished at the time. This sequence cost a mere \$460,000.

Luther Reed, the director, retired upon completion of the dramatic sequences. Mr. Hughes, who had been studying the technicalities of direction, decided to shoot the aerial stuff himself. It was his story, his money and his picture, and he felt the only way to get exactly what he wanted was to do it himself.

At the Inglewood Field one afternoon the whole undertaking nearly came to an untimely end. Mr. Hughes was a flier of some experience himself but apparently not sufficient experience to fly a tricky old Thomas Morse scout plane, which he tried to do. Ignoring the fervid protestations of his staff he started off for a little hop in this deceitful craft.

It was powered with a rotary motor and Mr. Hughes was unfamiliar with the eccentricities of rotary motors. Four hundred feet off the ground he essayed a climbing right hand turn.

The rotary motor performed its customary unfriendly trick and jerked him into a dangerous flat spin. As he whirled earthward someone was heard to murmur, "My God, there goes fifty million dollars and my job!" They rushed to the wreckage to find Mr. Hughes combing pieces of motor out of his hair and rubbing numerous contusions and abrasions. There were no broken bones. The next day he was back on the job.

The first flying casualty occurred about that time. Al Johnson, a stunt flier, was killed while transporting a plane from one location to another.

ABOUT March, 1928, the Inglewood field was abandoned for a new field near Van Nuys, a suburb of Los Angeles. The twin-motored bomber arrived from New York piloted by one Captain Roscoe Turner, whose skill and daring were attested to by the fact that he was the only human being in the world who could or would fly it. It was that kind of an airplane.

Caddo Field lay amid acres of potato patches, bean fields and chicken ranches. During his occupancy Mr. Hughes was just a heavy sugar daddy for the surrounding farmers. His planes' persisted in landing where they shouldn't, and he was frequently required to pay top prices for large areas of head lettuce, celery and other produce that his mischievous airships had rendered unfit for table consumption. Numerous fruit trees were also to be found in his Gargantuan market basket.

There was one scene of the bomber taking off that he insisted on getting. The field



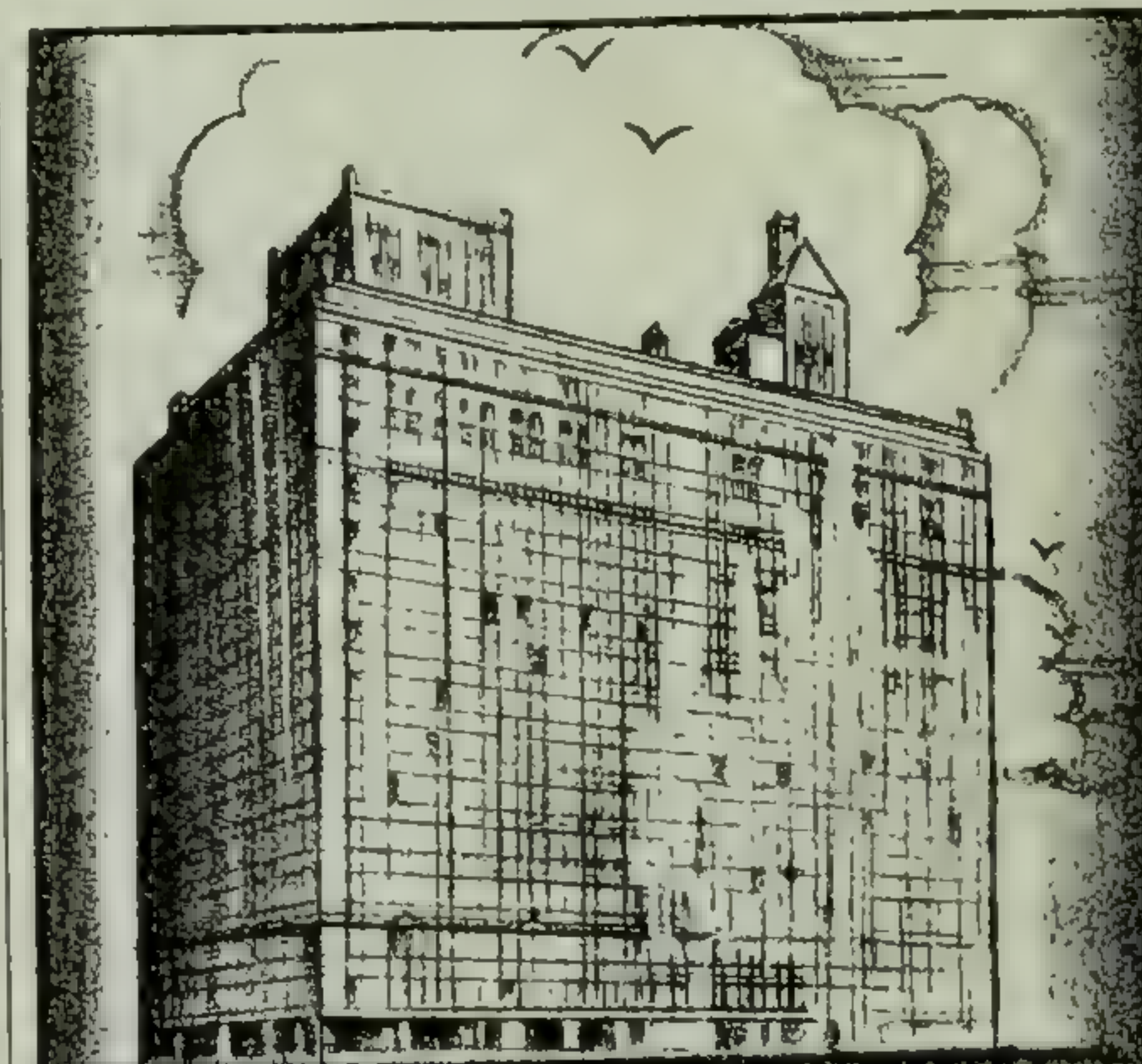
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wasn't large enough for that particular shot, so he bought, at famine prices, a bumper crop of Irish potatoes that were ripening in an adjoining field, leveled and graded the new terrain—and then decided not to take the shot. A chicken rancher collected handsomely because the "Hell's Angels" planes made his White Leghorns scramble so frantically for cover that many were killed in the rush.

At Caddo Field, and several other places, Mr. Hughes put the prodigal Eric Von Stroheim's nose completely out of joint. I refer to his proclivities for exposing astonishing lengths of film for what anyone else would have regarded as trivial scenes. For one little close-up of the valves of an airplane engine—it would not run more than 25 feet in the finished picture—Mr. Hughes and a corps of cameramen consumed 20,000 feet of film. How mortified Von Stroheim must have been when he heard about that! On another insert scene, a close-up of a length of cable running off a reel, he got what he wanted with a mere 18,000 feet of film.

**T**HERE was a small scene in the Zeppelin sequence that, so his assistants tell me, Mr. Hughes took over 100 times before it was to his liking. When the cameraman asked which of the 100 scenes should be printed Mr. Hughes displayed an amazingly retentive mind by promptly replying "Number one and number sixteen."

In October, 1928, after a year's continuous shooting, the picture was nearly finished—so everyone thought. There were just a few aerial shots to be made. They involved a mere 40 airplanes and required clouds for their effective filming. For the first time since he had started Mr. Hughes was stymied.

He could buy almost anything he wanted, but not clouds. He simply had to have them. Southern California is notoriously free from them in the fall. In Northern California they abound—cirrus, nimbus, cumulus, any kind you want.

If the clouds wouldn't come to Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hughes would go to the clouds, so he packed his 40 planes and 40 pilots and cameramen and technicians and assistants to Oakland, California, and established headquarters at Oakland Airport. Incidentally, Oakland Airport is one of the few municipal airports in the country to show an operating profit. Per-



Collins, Mo.

I am a lonely woman on a farm with no very near neighbors. Have plenty of work to do, to be sure, but little, if any, real recreation.

We toil year in and year out with little to look forward to and less to look back on!

But once in a while I take a little trip to visit my daughter, who works in a little city, or my brother and sister, who live in a large city.

And on all such visits I am given the treat of my life, for they take me to the motion picture talkies.

My lonely farm life has spoiled me, for it has made me silent and diffident and so a poor guest and worse hostess, but the talkies take the responsibility off my shoulders and give me something to talk about after the show.

I have enjoyed the few pictures I have seen and hope some time to have a house in or near some little city where I can attend good picture shows oftener.

Daisy L. Marshall



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haps Mr. Hughes is responsible because he and his forty planes and all the entourage were there for over four months. Mr. Hughes spent his mornings searching the horizon for clouds which were frequently absent, and his afternoons paying the expenses of his aerial army, which were plenty.

En route to Oakland the second casualty occurred. Clement Phillips, a pilot who had flown in many hazardous scenes, crashed and was killed on a forced landing.

FINALLY the proper sort of clouds appeared and the 40 planes climbed into them and staged a thrilling "dog-fight" that is said to be worth every dollar the trip cost. If that is true, as I am reliably informed it is, it must be a great dog-fight. The trip cost scores of thousands of dollars.

Another digression, if you don't mind.

During all this time "Hell's Angels" was not Mr. Hughes' only activity. He found time to buy Thomas Meighan's contract from Paramount at a very tidy figure and make two pictures with this star, one of which, "The Racket," was excellent. It is said he was also realizing a handsome profit from renting out the services of Louis Wolheim and Lewis Milestone, both of whom he held under contract—a profit that was probably offset by a loss of more than \$75,000 which he paid Raymond Griffith whom he had placed under contract and then found he couldn't use.

After the Oakland delay the company came home to really finish the picture. The last important thing to be done was crash the bomber. This spectacular scene entailed spinning the huge plane down several thousand feet and then pulling it out, the actual crash to be made by other means.

Here Mr. Hughes struck another snag. Captain Turner, who had flown the thing under the most hazardous conditions, begged to be excused. He not only begged, he insisted. The bomber, he said, might be spun, but not with his body aboard. He was convinced that if it was ever put into a tail spin it would never come out until it crashed. A lot of other fliers agreed. Mr. Hughes was undaunted. He wanted the bomber to spin, therefore it was going to spin.

"Daredevil Al" Wilson, who had done much spectacular flying in "Hell's Angels," volunteered for the job—for a cash bonus. When he left the ground with a mechanic named Phil Jones inside the fuselage where he was to work smoke pots that would give the effect of a falling burning plane, Mr. Hughes had no idea his thirst for realism would be so thoroughly assuaged. Wilson climbed to 5,000 feet, kicked the bomber into a spin and promptly bailed out with his parachute. Jones, inside the body of the craft and apparently unaware that Wilson was no longer at the controls, stayed until it was too late and was instantly killed in the crash.

OFFICIAL investigations followed. Wilson was officially absolved from blame, but the Department of Commerce revoked his pilot's license for a period and the Professional Pilot's Association, of which he was a member, requested his resignation, which shows how they felt about it. Anyway, Mr. Hughes got his spin and his crash and it's a good one.

Wilson figured in another sensational accident while working in the picture. He was flying a German Fokker which was not, as subsequent events proved, mechanically in the pink. Just above a heavy blanket of fog that covered Hollywood, the propeller decided to part company with the engine, and did. Whereupon Wilson parted company with the plane, taking his parachute with him. The Fokker landed in the back yards of the Hollywood Boulevard homes of Frank Spearman, the author, and Joseph Schenck, the producer, ruining a great deal of shrubbery. Wilson landed on a house roof three blocks away, fell off and injured his arm. Which proves a roof is no place for an aviator.

"Hell's Angels" may or may not have been responsible for the death of Burton Skeene, an expert cameraman who photographed many of the aerial scenes. Skeene, it is said, suffered from a bad heart and high blood pressure. A tempting salary kept him on the job while friends were advising him to quit, and a severe stroke finished him.

There were several intentional crashes.

With the bomber crashed, the picture was finished, except for some minor details. That was in March, 1929. Mr. Hughes had only spent somewhere around \$3,000,000 in his year and a half on the job. "Hell's Angels" was cut, edited and previewed in a suburban theater.

Lo and behold, something was radically wrong!

It was silent.

None of the actors uttered a syllable.

WITH talkies the rage, Mr. Hughes decided that little shortcoming must be rectified. He would throw away the entire original dramatic sequences, made at a cost of nearly \$400,000, and do it all over with sound. Dialogue was required. Mr. Hughes engaged Joseph March, author of "The Wild Party," for that job. Someone wrote a new continuity. James Hall, Ben Lyon and other members of the original cast were reassembled, at considerably higher salaries. A new and unknown leading lady, Jean Harlow, was engaged. James Whale, who staged "Journey's End," the London and New York stage success, was imported to stage the talking version.

A word about Jean. One day Ben Lyon brought a girl friend to the lot, and got her a test. She was from Chicago, her name was Jean Harlow, and she was just nineteen. She clicked at once. As Harry Lang says, she was "lusciously exquisite and utterly inexperienced in pictures." It was this untried girl that Hughes entrusted with the leading feminine rôle in his mad, wonderful adventure.

And there you are.

The picture is now finished. Oh yes, there are a few details yet to be done. And, of course, Mr. Hughes might decide to do the whole thing over with the new wide-focus film that is coming into vogue—or in German, Norwegian or Esperanto. But that seems doubtful. Hard as it may be to believe, "Hell's Angels" is, barring unforeseen eventualities, just about "in the can," which is Hollywood for completed.

Whether or not it is the greatest epic of the air will be decided by the public when the picture is released. Advance reports differ. Unquestionably it has some magnificent moments. Those who have seen it say the aerial scenes are simply overwhelming in their sweep, their magnitude and their spectacular daring. They say these portions of "Hell's Angels" are undoubtedly the finest ever filmed. Almost no one has yet seen the new talking dramatic story. The old one was not supposed to be so hot. Certainly everyone will want to see "Hell's Angels," if for no other reason than to find out what four million dollars' worth of motion picture looks like.

THAT young Mr. Hughes will ever get his money back is virtually impossible. All of which I daresay is worrying me a great deal more than it is Mr. Hughes, who is probably entirely pleased with the whole affair. Look at all the fun he has had, all the talk he has stirred up, all the joy he has brought to the hearts of thousands of good, and a few bad, citizens of Hollywood. After all, when a man spends four million dollars an awful lot of people are bound to cut in on it.

Among other things, Mr. Hughes has the picture business guessing. No one who knows him will venture to say whether he is an exceedingly smart young man or the exact opposite. As a matter of fact, he is probably both. At least he can't be accused of being afraid to take a chance.

Anyone who will venture four million dollars of his own money in just one motion picture is no coward.



## The New Two-Gun Man

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50 ]

After "The Virginian," he made "Seven Days' Leave." This Barrie story, adapted from "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," has a continent and the Atlantic Ocean between its locale and the lofty plateaus of the American West. Then he made "Only the Brave," a story of the Civil War. Now comes "The Texan," to be followed by a society comedy, possibly "Civilian Clothes," made as a silent several years ago.

If he appears as a two-gun man in one picture, in the very next the fans will have a chance to see that Gary can wear Bond Street clothes as well as any man on the screen.

IT is Gary's wish that he retain his popularity for five more years. Then he will have the money to do the things he likes. He can return then to the amber days and quiet nights at "Sunnyside." When William S. Hart left Hollywood he went to his rancho at Newhall, close to Hollywood if you believe the road signs, but a million miles away in thought and environment.

Gary has turned "Sunnyside" into a dude ranch. It will be open this summer for its first season. He has his own definition of a dude ranch. In case you don't know, it is as good as any other.

"A dude ranch," says Gary, "is a place where the cowboys are only accessories."

The great, far-flung acreage in Arizona is only a dream. It is the remnant of a Spanish land grant, the size of an empire. It is up high enough to escape the heat of summer. He would like to turn that into another dude ranch.

"I'd put cattle on it, too," he planned. "Thousands of head. I could make a hundred thousand a year on the cattle."

The words, "strong, silent type" are anathema in Hollywood. When you say that about a person "you smile." Yet it describes Gary. He is quiet, even shy, and that shyness is often mistaken for dullness by people who do not know him. But Gary isn't dull. Not when you get him on a subject in which he is interested.

In more ways than one there is a similarity between Hart, the two-gun man of the old days, and Gary, the two-gun man to be. Both have the Western background. Both are descendants of good, cultured English families.

Hart's friends are loyal, but the people who did not know him considered him strange and aloof, but he had fascination. Gary is just as likable, and in addition he has youth. Youthful romance is more easily sold in the cinema marts than mature romance.

HOWEVER, if Gary is to fall heir to that great popularity that was Hart's from both men and women, he must have that unusual combination of fearlessness and tenderness.

Gary's nature is a bit more tractable than Hart's. In one way it is unfortunate. In another way it will save him from many of the heartbreaking experiences that fell to the lot of the older man. Hart believed devoutly he was right in his plan of making pictures. He would rather leave the screen than sacrifice an ideal by listening to the commands of producers who knew nothing of the West. Gary doesn't "blow up." Never since he has been in pictures has he been "temperamental" or hard to handle. He would tell you himself that he would be farther along and making more money if his disposition were not so calm. The producers rather respect a little judicious temperament, and imagine they're getting more for the money.

But if there is a new two-gun man standing on the motion picture threshold, Gary Cooper is the leading candidate at the present time.

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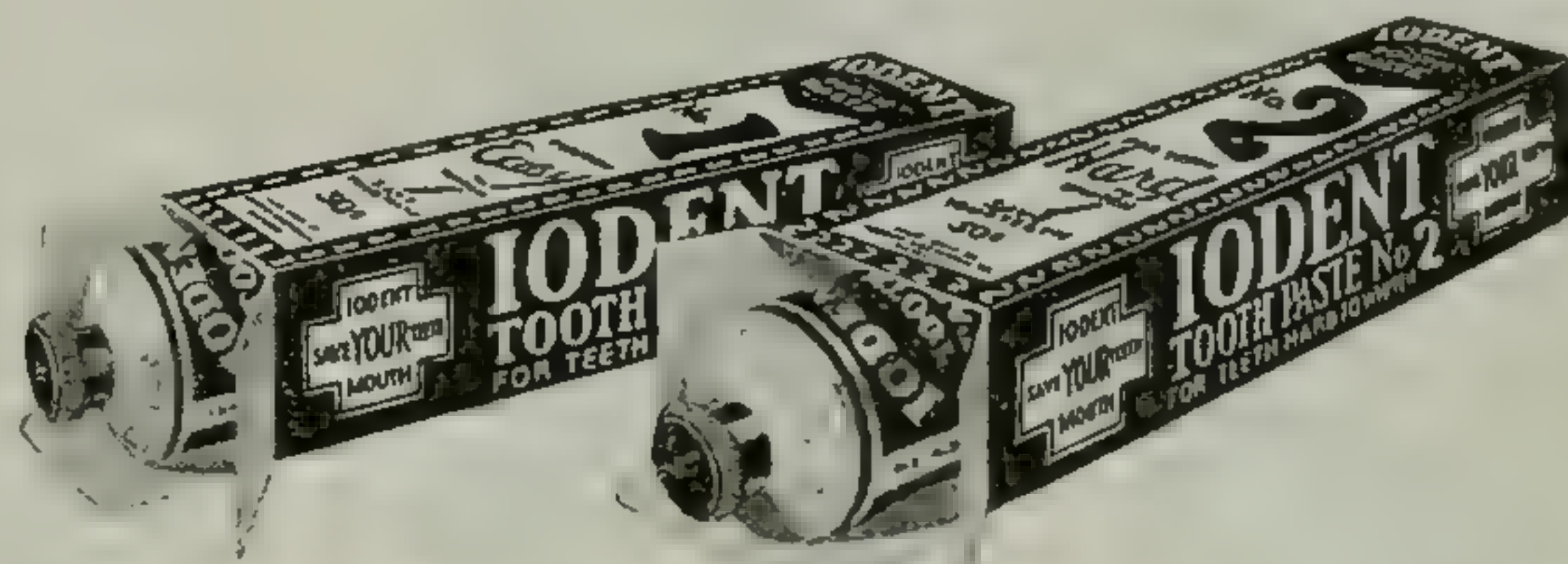
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I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

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# Make Way for a Genius

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

"I don't think I am," gulped Pete, somewhat pleased at the title. "Now, this here 'Calcutta' was a swell, eerie, blood-curdling novel of India, but you're worrying about how to keep the creepy effect when it's made into a picture. The dialogue doesn't help; it's got to be sensed, not just heard. Am I right?"

"PLUS six," frowned Abe. "After I read that book I had to sleep with one eye open for a week. I had what the blurb on the jacket called 'A foreboding sense of doom,' but how are we going to make an audience feel it?"

Mr. Baker ceased gurgling his soup and leaned forward like a celluloid conspirator. "Scenery!" he hissed. "Implant horror by the use of light and shade."

"Like all the rest of the gilligaloots, you're nuts," groaned Abe, signalling for his check.

"You don't get me," pursued Mr. Baker, staring wildly. "Listen, weren't you scared to go into a dark room when you were a kid? Aren't you afraid of the unseen even now? Ever break out with a cold sweat at that haunted feeling when you thought you heard footsteps in an empty house at midnight?"

"Oh!" spluttered Abe. "Chills you'll give me with them rolling eyeballs! You mean we can put it over by showing something that ain't there at all?"

"I DO," said Pete. "If you leave the settings to the scenic artist, what'll you get but the same old junk? A screenful of arches and idols, a cobra, a hunchback, a prayer rug and a nautch dancer who's better looking than any Hindu could be. India—according to the movies!

# Hollywood Heart Trouble!

The past year was a big one for Danny Cupid in Hollywood. Even Bull Montana got married . . . !

Young Mister Cupid was the director in no fewer than eighteen Hollywood romances starring big names, during the year. Here they are—

- 1—Ina Claire married John Gilbert.
- 2—Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., went an' did it.
- 3—So did Sue Carol and Nick Stuart.
- 4—Bessie Love became Mrs. William Hawks. William is a broker. Their honeymoon was cut sadly short by the death of Kenneth Hawks in that ghastly airplane disaster.
- 5—Anita Stewart became Millionaire George Converse's bride.
- 6—Realtor Ruth Roland married a millionaire, too—Ben Bard.
- 7—Constance Talmadge, too—to Townsend Netcher, the wealthy.
- 8—Janet Gaynor picked a lawyer—Lydell Peck.
- 9—Carmel Myers did likewise and became Mrs. Ralph Blum.
- 10—Evelyn Brent stepped the wedding march with Director Harry Edwards.
- 11—Patsy Ruth Miller chose a director, too—Tay Garnett.
- 12—And so did Mary Eaton, who is Mrs. Millard Webb.
- 13—Jacqueline Logan became Mrs. Larry Winston. He's a broker.
- 14—May McAvoy's new hubby is a broker, too. He's Maurice Cleary.
- 15—Lina Basquette picked a cameraman, Pev Marley.
- 16—Alma Bennett is Mrs. Harry Spangler.
- 17—Boola Montan—a non-professional, Mary Poulson, married him.
- 18—And Grant Withers and Loretta Young? Mamma Young tried to have it annulled, but the kids decided to stay married!

## As for Budding Romances—

Virginia Brown Faire and Duke Worne, director, took out a marriage license in San Bernardino, then went to Big Bear, snow-drifted and isolated by storm-wrecked phone and wire lines.

Attorney Nate Freedman announces property settlement between Joseph Schildkraut and Elise Bartlett; divorce to follow.

Al K. Hall squiring Fatty Arbuckle's ex-wife, Doris Deane, everywhere. Hollywood ears cocked for wedding bells.

Joan Bennett sues former hubby, John Marion Fox, for support for their child Adrienne Ralston Fox. Fox's current wife named co-defendant because of community rights.

Mrs. John Barrymore won't play opposite hubby in the talkified "Moby Dick," as she did in "The Sea Beast." The reason is utterly puerile.



"What you want is this, only better." He sketched rapidly on the back of a menu.

Mr. Zoop goggled at a rough series of jagged masses that sloped perilously toward one another. "Aha!" he chortled. "Crazy houses lurching over a crooked street, hey? What you got there is modernistic stuff, Baker, and it's a wonder them stiff of experts didn't think of it."

MR. BAKER, having noticed the date of Doré's work, hid a grin and registered modesty. "You certainly catch on quick," he beamed. "The motif will be bulking shadows. We can focus light on just a door, or the gleam of a knife, or a corpse's face, and leave all the rest sort of a crouching outline against a sinister sky."

"Mysterious twilight all the time, see? Smoke pots drifting a veil across every episode."

"Why, I can knock off a dozen more ideas if you'll let me show the scenic artist what I want. And how about a color sequence, with a moon dripping blood?"

"How much does it cost?" asked the practical Abe.

"Thirty per cent of what you've appropriated, including—ah—a raise for me."

"You're appointed scenic supervisor," declared Abe, waving a toothpick in lieu of a wand. "Three hundred weekly, commencing immediate—'Calcutta' is over a week late starting production. And remember, you got no boss, only me. Adams is the same like mud to you, y'understand?"

"Thanks. That's not hard to take," said the satisfied Pete.

"Well, I got to buzz off," announced the president, recalling Momma. "See you tomorrow, Baker, and between me'n you, you got an idea that'll put over a lot of hooley pictures. Maybe you're a genius, but keep your hair trimmed and soup off your vest, and nobody will suspicion it."

Mr. Baker leaned back, watched his employer scuttle out of the restaurant, and then ordered enough French pastry to ruin ten complexions.

Plunging into the first dentist's delight, he became aware that the perfume of orris root was competing with his *bombe Napoleon*, and glanced up to see a slim girl with a helmet of pale gold hair inspecting him through large and melting grey eyes.

"I simply *have* to talk to you," she declared.

"It must be some other fellow," said Pete hastily. "Still, if—"

The girl calmly took the chair vacated by Mr. Zoop. "My name is Carolyn Gale," she said simply, "and I want to get into the movies."

"OH, yeah?" queried Mr. Baker, somewhat flustered by the direct approach. "And why do you think I can help?"

"I've seen you out at Stupefaction," said Miss Gale. "I've been hanging around the gates for a month, but nobody's noticed me. Tonight I saw you in the art room at the Library, but you left before I could get up nerve enough to speak to you. So I followed you here, and now I'm sure you're somebody very important because wasn't that Mr. Zoop you were with?"

Pete began to expand under her worshipping gaze.

"Sure," he said indulgently. "That was Abe. So you want to crash the pictures, eh? Well, maybe I can use you in a bit."

Miss Gale's fulsome lips quivered and her hands flew into the supplicating clasp approved by all amateur dramatic societies.

"If you only will!" she throbbed. "All I need is a chance, a—"

"Wait," begged the new scenic shark. "You can't expect to ease into a part just because I let you come on the lot. Besides, you're only beautiful and not particularly intriguing. However, you've got a nice voice. Can you moan?"

"I—I guess so."

"Well, I'm starting an Indian opus tomorrow," said Mr. Baker, who knew the story



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*Is it an All-Talkie, Part-Talkie—Silent or Sound?*

*Is it the kind of picture I would like?*

*Which one shall we see tonight?*

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backward, "and in quite a few scenes I'll need some horrible offstage groans and moans. There's your chance, baby, to be a soul in torment."

MISS GALE proved herself an actress by controlling her temper. "I'll roar like a sea lion if it will make a director look my way," she asserted.

"But what do you mean when you say I'm not intriguing?"

"You're just a pretty little girl of the type that everyone knows," advised Mr. Baker. "You have to be exotic to get a tumble from the big boys nowadays."

"You ought to know," breathed the girl, secretly admiring his wavy black hair and keen features.

"None better," bluffed Pete, feeling the ice grow thinner.

He watched the girl more closely.

Her trim aloofness reminded him of his own loneliness, for he had detoured around love until success should come. And now, here it was!

"Listen, ba—, Miss Gale, could I see you home? My—my car is being repaired, but we could grab a taxi."

"Sorry," said that lady, shaking her burnished head. "I've heard all you famous Hollywood men are—"

"But I'm not—I mean—well, see you out at Culver City tomorrow. Ask for me on Stage F."

"Thank you," smiled Miss Gale. "Perhaps after I know you better, you'll come to my apartment and have supper with me and—"

"Try and stop me, that's all."

"And my mother and father and sister," ended Miss Gale. "Believe me, I'm grateful for your kindness, Mr. —"

Mr. Baker's brain spun like a concrete mixer. Months before he had resolved to translate his name into French whenever the lightning should strike, and now he trembled with anticipation.

"Pierre Boulanger," he said elegantly, in accents that would have turned a Parisian green.

"You don't act foreign," cooed the damsel, slowly rising, "but I like it awfully. Well, good night."

The filming of "The Curse of Calcutta" steamed ahead with no more than the customary amount of recrimination and rancor, and with only a few days to go it was apparent that the weird settings would receive more publicity than the somewhat banal plot. The transformation of Pete Baker into a *monsieur* caused scarcely a ripple, for too many of Hollywood's élite had sawed themselves loose from some old and unprintable family tree, and an extra *oo-la-la* or so made little difference.

HIS antics around Stage F, however, were not to be borne so easily. Backed up by the main office, he inserted his rapier-like nose into every argument, acquired the habit of bel-lowing, and began tossing such artistic jargon as "block composition," "soul revelation" and "the idea behind the idea"—all very disgusting to a realist such as Director Adams.

Thrilled by her proximity to greatness, Carolyn Gale alternately moaned and yelped her way through the picture—merely an Unknown Voice.

Nobody but M. Boulanger gave her a second look.

"I won't be satisfied until I get a test," she pouted one evening as he drove her home from a première. "You can't tell me these stars are so wonderful."

"Mon Doo!" shrieked Pete, giving it the tourist inflection. "Haven't I told you a million times that beauty has almost nothing to do with it? You're an ash blonde, honey, and you'll screen as pale as a glass of milk. Your features fit too well; those grey eyes will vanish into all that ivory loveliness, and there's nothing for people to remember."

"I want a test," repeated the stubborn Carolyn.



"Well, I won't help you, because the result would break your heart. Can't you see I'm trying to save you from an inferiority complex because I'm so much in love with you?"

"It's a funny way to show it. Fond of me, are you? What about that other woman you go chasing after three nights a week?"

The luckless Pete was silent. He dared not tell her that the siren who lured him reclined on a shelf in the Public Library.

The book was non-loanable and out of print, therefore it was impossible to obtain a copy, and repeated visits were necessary to refresh his imagination.

In addition, with an eye to future color sequences, he had come across the work of Edmond Dulac.

"It—it's not a woman," he said weakly. "Honest, honey, there's nobody but you."

"You don't say it right," flared the girl, more suspicious than ever. "Now, you listen to me, Pierre. I'm thankful for my chance, and all that, but if you won't help me get ahead you can forget where I live. Understand?"

M. BOULANGER started to plead, then drew himself up with the arrogance befitting a gentleman who had recently moved into an expensive and snooty bachelor apartment.

"I stand by my statement," he drawled. "I know the movies."

Miss Gale retorted angrily, for she had counted on surrender.

"All right, you can just breeze right on by," she retorted. "I'm going to ask every director I see to give me a test."

"And after they turn you down," taunted the scenic marvel, "you can come around and wail on my shoulder." His voice softened as he noticed the sheen of tears that filmed the grey eyes. "But joking aside, honey, you're not really ang—" He shied suddenly as the door thudded in his face.

His nonchalance returned the next morning when Mr. Zoop, exuding praise, went into a huddle with him over the new assignment. Another story begged for aid, and the president gazed hopefully from a pile of cost sheets and dialogue sides.

"You could put a couple crutches under this one?" he asked.

The cagey Pete simulated profound study. "It's pretty tough," he demurred, "but I'll have it worked out for you by tomorrow. No snap judgment for me, Mr. Zoop. All I can see now is the treatment for the duel scene. Pull it off on a hill with the figures silhouetted against the dawn. Luminous paint on the swords and the faces. Drape a tree with Spanish moss—it's depressing stuff—and have the seconds grouped like watching ravens."

"Smooth like a kitten's wrist!" applauded Abe. "How is it you never came to life before—maybe love woke you up, hey?"

"Yes and no," said M. Boulanger politically. "Now, speaking of my girl, I can use her in that guillotine bit, because she moans so poignantly. We'll highlight her hands tied behind her back, the hideous faces of the rabble, and the knife. We'll depict unholy glee in the mob's expression, and horror by her writhing, helpless hands."

"OH, but will that be a cheap death!" exulted Mr. Zoop. "No big expensive sets or nothing. And you won't even give your girl a break by showing her face?"

"What for?" shrugged Pete. "The audience will get more kick out of imagining the scene. And, in reality, my girl's a pip, but on the screen she'd be just another blonde."

"Kid," said Mr. Zoop solemnly, "I hate to say it, but you're a genius. Most of the phony ones want to spend a million or two to give themselves a reputation, but not you. Any time a fellow saves me money, he's a genius."

M. Boulanger grinned his thanks and speculated on a raise.

"Four hundred smackers you'll get," advised Mr. Zoop, recognizing the symptoms. "And listen, you got such an eye for scenery—maybe you could kidnap a little youth and

# \$2850.00

## IN CASH PRIZES FOR THE BEST LETTERS

355 awards; cash prizes ranging from \$1000.00 to \$10.00. . . . Write a letter and win the \$1000.00 award

SOMEWHERE in every heart is the perfect love letter. The letter you would write to the one person in all the world that you love best. Fine and true and beautiful, this letter would reveal the *real you* as no spoken words could ever do. Write this letter. The names may, of course, be fictitious. But Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. offer prizes totaling \$2850.00 in this big letter-writing contest. Read the rules on this page.

The exquisite love letters of famous men and women may be read in the world's greatest literature. But the one high quality which exalts and glorifies them forever is their passionate sincerity . . . the same sincerity which you will put into the letter you write for this contest.

Pen and paper are right on your desk. Won't you start now? These letters are not requested for advertising purposes.

### Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay \$250; second best, \$150; third best, \$100; for the next five, \$20 each; \$10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of \$750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of \$1000 which this letter may win.

TYPES OF LETTERS: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread-and-butter" letter (a letter of appreciation to your hostess after a

visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter to a friend who is going away).

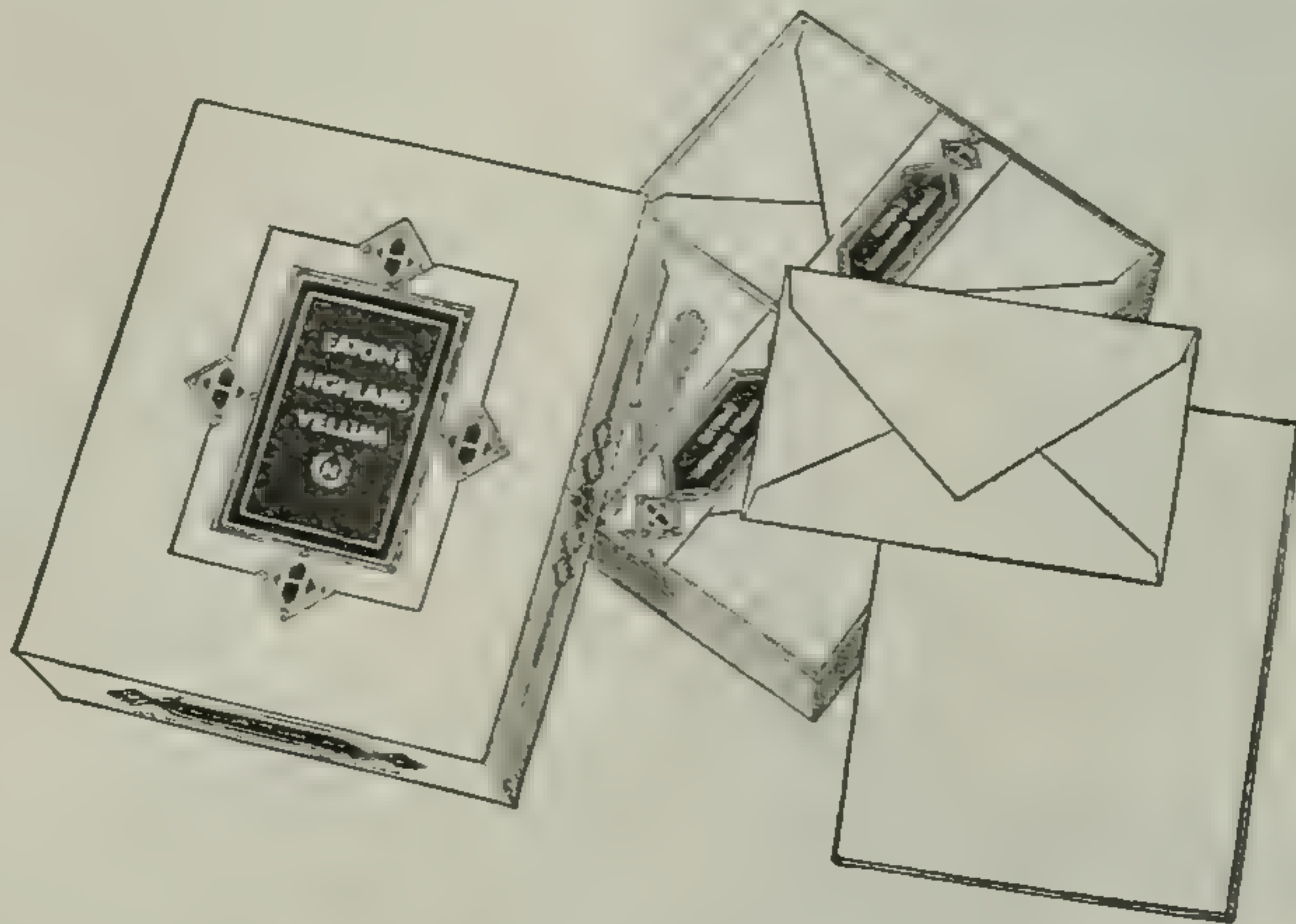
CLOSING DATE: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

IDENTIFICATION: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

WINNERS: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

FINAL JUDGES: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine*; Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.

Eaton's Highland Vellum is a new smooth-surface writing paper which has won rapid popularity. It comes in blue, buff, grey, silver-grey, green, ivory and white. There are plain designs, attractive decorations, and beautiful packages to suit every taste and personality. Never before has it been possible to buy a writing paper of such unquestioned smartness at so reasonable a price. In richly decorated boxes, it makes a most acceptable gift. Of the same high quality as the famous Eaton's Highland Linen, Eaton's Highland Vellum can be bought at your nearest dealer's. Prices from 50c to \$3.50. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.



# EATON'S

## HIGHLAND VELLUM

## HIGHLAND LINEN





## GRAY HAIR?

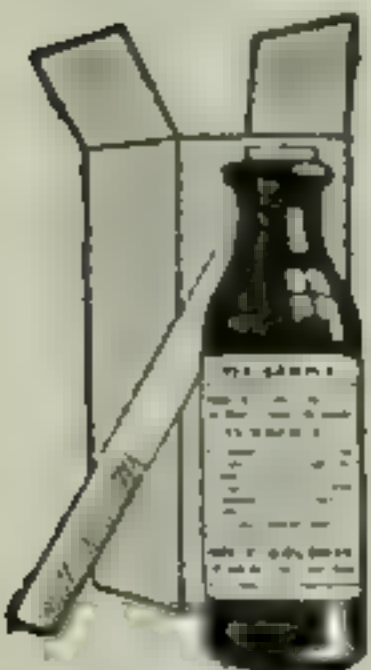
### A Matter of Minutes To Erase the Years

Simply combing clear, colorless liquid through the hair works the magic. Color comes to every graying strand. No experience required. Results defy detection. Any shade successfully matched—black, brown, auburn, blonde, etc.

For more than 30 years this has been the one most famous, dependable and entirely SAFE way to bring youthful color to graying hair. No danger of harm to hair or scalp. Hair stays soft—curls or waves easily. Color will not wash off or stain garments.

More than 3,000,000 women have learned the secret of ever-youthful hair from Mary T. Goldman. Not one of these women has ever been asked to take the slightest risk in trying it on her own hair. Nor do we ask you to risk a thing or go to any expense.

#### Single Lock Test Package FREE



We send FREE the famous Single Lock Package, or you can get full-sized bottle from your druggist on money-back guarantee. Snip a lock from your hair and make the test on this. No guessing this way. Isn't this both safe and fair? Please use coupon.

### MARY T. GOLDMAN

2450 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....

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#### CHECK COLOR OF HAIR

☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN  
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☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

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World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Royal—also portables—prices smashed to below half. (Easy terms).

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International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St., Dept. 406, CHICAGO

beauty, too. Stupefaction could use one of these exotic babies."

"I'll try," promised Pete, his mind vaulting to the deluded Carolyn. Too bad she wasn't more flashy, but then, one success in a family was enough. Poor little thing, she'd need comforting when she realized that he was right, and perhaps she'd be ready to listen to a genius propose.

His heart would have leaped at that moment could he have seen the startled Carolyn, cornered in a section of the wardrobe department, her grey pupils dilated as she gazed at a swarthy, evil-looking gentleman.

"Don't dare touch it!" snapped the stranger, advancing stealthily. "Leave it the way it is, you hear me? Now raise your eyes to mine—"

A WEEK later M. Boulanger slithered dejectedly into the Zoop private lair and beheld his chief chewing madly on a dry cigar, thereby denoting that the storm signals were out.

"You wanted to see me?" queried Pete, trying in vain to produce the voice with the guile.

"Not want, but must," said the president shortly. "Say, why should you be so droopy? It's me that carries the load around this dump."

"I can't find my girl," groaned M. Boulanger. "Her people won't say a word nor let me into their apartment, and it's got me worried."

"Is that all?" scoffed Abe. "Get yourself another; it's been done before. Say, you know that bum Salvador?"

"The director? Sure, I do. The gossip was that you were firing him because he was lavish."

"Yes," said Mr. Zoop. "Last Friday noon when his contract expired, I gave him the air. 'No director who hires a thousand extras for a Garden of Eden picture can work for me,' I says to him. And then can you imagine the dirty trick he did me?"

Pete shook his head.

"He went over to the wardrobe to O. K. his last requisition and it seems he noticed a girl trying on some Russian costumes. She was a blonde, but the minute Salvador seen her in a black wig he let out a yell and started raving about the contrast with her big, grey eyes. A siren he'll make her, he tells the wardrobe gang, and what does he do but drag her over to Blotts Brothers and hook up with them. The dame is called Gale, and how is it nobody here gave her a glance? Not me, not you—"

M. Boulanger went cold and rigid. "Oh, yes I did," he quavered. "She's my girl."

"Your girl!" yelled Abe. "What right has a butterfingers like you to true love when you can't keep hijackers away? From under my nose they sneak sirens, and you stand there like a head usher."

"But I never saw her in a wig, and anyhow, it's your fault for firing Salvador."

"DON'T bandy words with the president," blustered Mr. Zoop. "You got to win back that girl. Is she under twenty-one?"

"Just twenty, but—"

"Marry her!" ordered Abie. "Then, as her husband, you can forbid her to work for any company but us. Of course, Joe Blotts won't give her nothing but a weekly contract 'until she makes good, but that pirate Salvador never picks a loser. That's why I want her for Stupefaction. It's up to you."

"But we've had a row because I wouldn't give her a tryout here."

"For once I was wrong," said Mr. Zoop sternly. "As a genius you're a lot of eyewash. You may be a wow with scenery, but I need a new juvenile star just as bad. Furthermore, I can't stand that fool Joe Blotts giving me the laugh. Get this Gale girl back, and I'll hand you a five-year contract."

M. Boulanger slunk dismally away, and after a week of futile assault on the Gale doorbell, resigned himself to being merely a disciple of Doré.

The public began to talk about his weird settings. Some of the most effective stills were hung as an art exhibit on the Biltmore mezzanine, and he was interviewed while guzzling tea from a samovar.

Pete, who was commencing to believe his press notices, viewed his luck with melancholy triumph, fully aware that the gorgeous Carolyn had become even more desirable by invisibility.

That young lady, playing minor bits in second-rate films, was not so light-hearted as she appeared. Beneath a smooth, jet wig her grey eyes assumed the qualities of white fire; garbed in form revealing gowns she moved with the sinuous grace of a black leopard and looked equally as dangerous.

But success brings its penalties, for, when working overtime to improve her technique, she discovered that part of the course consisted in thwarting Señor Salvador's inclination to make love to her.

She began to yearn more and more for the dependable Pete, and one Sunday she met him as he lay toasting on the Santa Monica sands.

"Pierre," she cooed shyly, "I'm sorry for the way I've treated you. Will you pretend that it never happened?"

"Carolyn!" howled the genius, forgetting his dignity. "What's the matter—did Blotts fire you?"

"THEY certainly did not," flashed Miss Gale, bridling. "I don't like it over there, if you want to know, and besides, I've been lonesome for you all the time. You see, Pierre, my heart's in the right place after all."

"So was the rest of your anatomy, judging from your costume in that Arabian picture," scowled M. Boulanger.

"But I couldn't help it. That greasy little Salvador said I'd have to do it to get recognition."

"Come and see Abe," urged Pete. "He'll give you a better contract than Blotts, and not as a vamp, either."

"Blotts haven't signed me yet. They've been paying me by the picture, but Salvador says they want to talk terms tomorrow."

"They'll talk to the wall," grinned Pete. "Abe will be suffocated when he hears of Joe Blotts getting the runaround. You see, honey, he promised me a five-year contract if I could win you over, but what a chance with you giving an imitation of a glacier. I tried and tried—"

"For the five-year contract?"

"You know the answer yourself," said Pete seriously. "For you, honey. Furthermore, a husband and wife should work in the same studio, if they love each other."

The rosy Miss Gale eyed him mistily. "Not so fast," she murmured, snuggling closer. "I love you, too, but sometimes I feel that I hardly know you. Perhaps it's because you're a genius. Oh, Pierre dear, you haven't a dreadful past?"

"Me?" shouted M. Boulanger. "Sure, I've a past—of kowtowing to a lot of chair-warming vice-president's relatives and then having them swipe my ideas. Say, everyone is looking at us, honey. How about taking a drive back into the foothills? I won't propose for at least a week, if you'd rather."

THE Sunday evening sky had deepened from lavender to royal purple before their car rolled dustily up to a little drug store in South Pasadena. Miss Gale fanned herself with a wispy handkerchief and smiled graciously at a chubby, aproned youth.

"A Clara Bow Surprise," she tinkled. "Hurry, like a nice boy. I'm parched."

M. Boulanger ordered a duplicate, and hung over the counter to watch the youth assemble the concoction. Suddenly his voice rang out with the metallic tones of authority.

"You're all wrong," he said sharply. "The grapefruit and pineapple slivers should be spread fanwise, not all jumbled up, and on the powdered pecans instead of under them. Spoon the raspberry sherbet exactly in the middle and don't slap the whipped cream down that way."



Lay it on and crown it with a green cherry. Like this, see—" He broke off quickly as he felt Carolyn at his elbow.

"Go on," said the girl, her eyes alight.

"Aw, it's nothing," disclaimed the genius, suddenly scarlet. "I—I just forgot where I was for a minute."

"You didn't forget—you remembered," throbbed Miss Gale excitedly. "How did you know all this? Come on, Pierre, cards on the table."

M. Boulanger shuffled nervously. "I just hated to see bad workmanship, particularly as I was the best soda jerker in all Indianapolis back in 1925. That's really an art in its way, you know."

"Of course it is, so why be ashamed of it? Oh, Pierre, you idiot, can't you see this makes you all the more real to me, and that I'm prouder of you for having had this past? Believe it or not, that was the best speech you ever made."

"WOMEN certainly are queer," mumbled M. Boulanger. "You mean to say that you love me more because I juggled sodas? Then will you—?"

"Ask me again when we get outside," said the radiant Carolyn. "I'm so happy, Pierre, because a girl never wants her future husband to keep secrets from her. But I suppose I'll be sorry, for I've always heard that the wife of a genius has a hard time."

"Listen," said Pete, knocking over the sundae in his earnestness. "I'm not a genius. No kidding, I mean it."

"I don't care if you're not," laughed the unbelieving Carolyn. "It wouldn't make any difference what you were, as long as you were on the level, and now I know you are. Let's go down to Ye Bull Pen Inn tonight just for sentiment. Can we, dear?"

M. Boulanger drew a desperate breath.

"Just what I had in mind," he said gaily. "And on the way we'll stop in to see a friend of mine—at the Public Library."

## That Gustafsson Girl

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43 ]

After school hours she helped a friendly barber of the neighborhood by applying lather to unshaven chins, and so earned an occasional *krona*. Greta isn't ashamed of this trivial episode. In fact, she seems to take considerable pride in this humble start toward bread-winning.

By now, Greta Gustafsson had grown into the very opposite of the shy, backward little girl of her school days. For at twelve she had suddenly shot up until she was as tall as she is today!

"I WAS big for my age," she says. "I am truly grateful that I haven't grown since I was twelve, for at that time my size embarrassed me horribly. Everywhere people seemed to be whispering about my awkwardness."

But Greta felt insignificant enough the day she asked for a job at the big department store of Paul U. Bergström.

A hurried clerk just took her name and address, and it was in a dark and unhappy mood that she walked the long way home across Stockholm.

But she turned to sunshine when, a few days later, the postman brought her a note requesting her to report for work at the ladies' coats department the next morning!

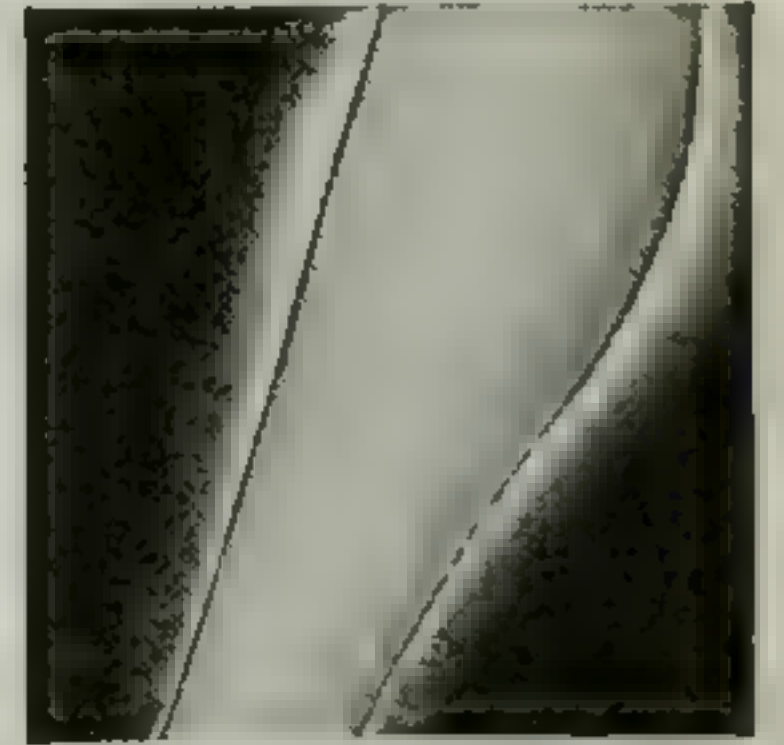
In a few days she was transferred to "ladies' hats." There Greta Gustafsson was on trial for a saleswoman's job, and all sorts of odd assignments fell to her lot.

One day the store's advertising manager came into the department.

INA CLAIRE, brilliant Pathé comedienne, acknowledged the smartest dressed woman on Stage and Screen



1—Fashioning of the knee eliminates ugly "bagging."



2—Special fashioning enhances the curve noticeably.



3—Made smaller at the ankle, a slenderizing effect is gained.

madam, the Reason  
this Hosiery *Enhances*  
*Shapeliness* . . . . .

AN utterly new type of hosiery has recently been created that accomplishes what every woman has secretly wished . . . It gives bewitching slenderness to the ankle.

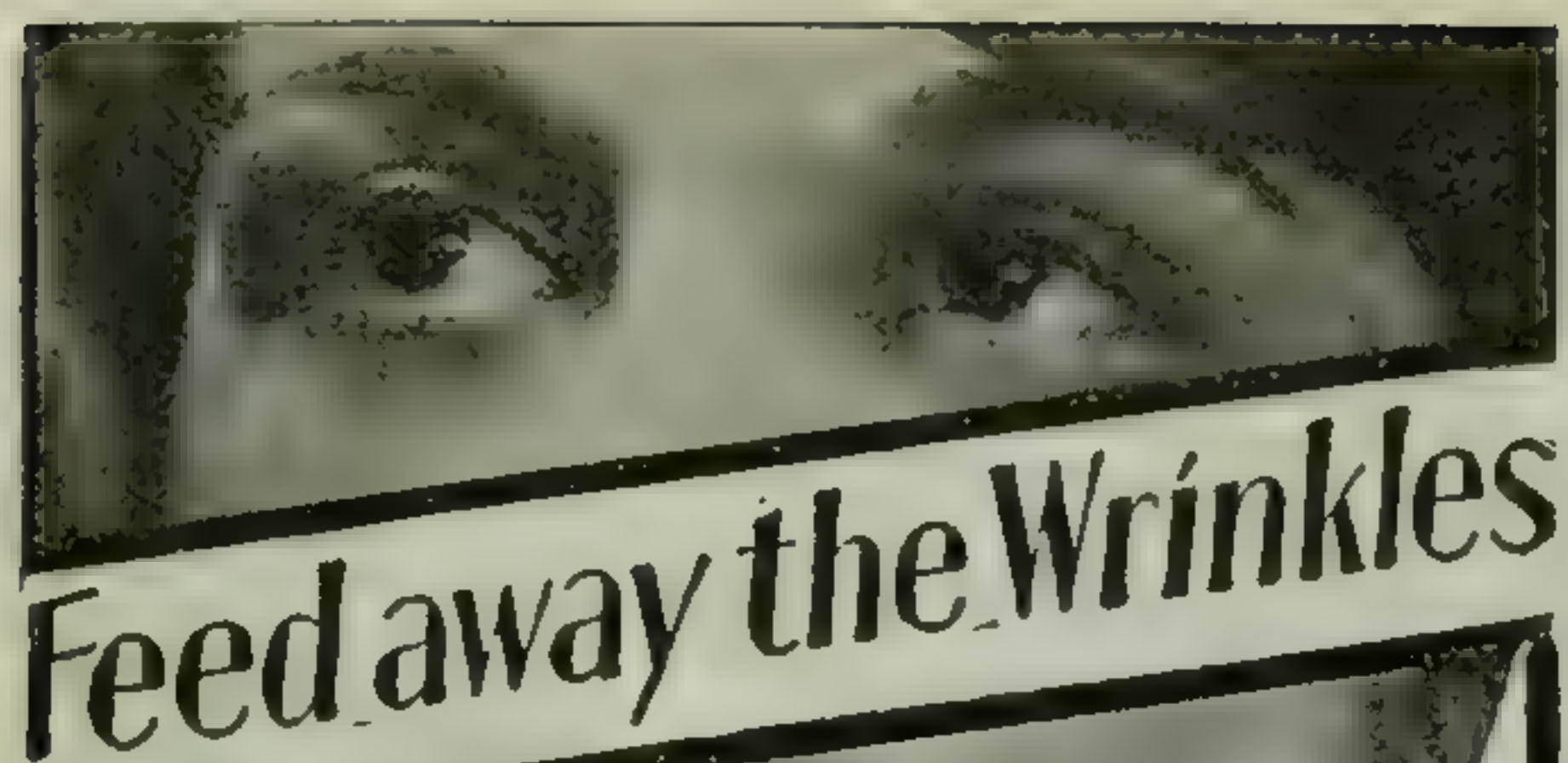
It makes the leg more graceful and appealing. It banishes ugly creasing and bagging at the knee. (Please note the 3 illustrations above showing the improvements made.) . . . Now, virtually every Screen Star of note favors this hosiery. Every day thousands of women are choosing it in preference to long standing favorites . . . Allen-A is now presenting this improved hosiery in the new "4000" series. Including an extra-fine gauge, all-silk chiffon with Panelcurve Heel; and a glorious Service Sheer with Panelcurve Heel. All with double Picot Tops in two-toned effect and smartest Parisian-sponsored shades. \$1.95 the pair. Other improved Allen-A styles \$1.25 to \$2.50. THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

Allen-A HOSIERY  
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN



The same hosiery styles worn by Screen Stars and shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St.—and other New York stores—are available at Allen-A dealers the country over. Priced from \$1.25 to \$2.50 the pair. These same styles are made and sold in Canada.





Feed away the Wrinkles

**WRINKLES** appear when the flesh and tissues under the skin become soft or lifeless. Babies and children never have wrinkles; their flesh is firm and live.

To smooth away wrinkles, the tissues under the skin must be nourished back to firmness. Dr. Charles' Flesh Food does this by absorption. You use it as an ordinary night cream. It feeds the tissues and tones them up. Wrinkles and sagging flesh disappear. It is also invaluable for rounding out hollows in the neck and shoulders.

50c the jar at any druggist's.

**Dr. Charles**  
**FLESH FOOD**

**Free:** This coupon will bring you—free—a sample jar of Dr. Charles Flesh Food if mailed to:—

Dr. Charles Flesh Food Co., Dept. P.D.  
220 - 36th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Eyelash Beautifier

Instantly darkens eyelashes and brows. Makes lashes appear longer and more luxuriant. Gives depth, brilliance, expression and charm to the eyes. Harmless. Easily applied. Approved by millions of lovely women the world over. Solid or water-proof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters.

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**Make \$30-\$35 a Week**

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 29 years. One graduate has charge of a ten-bed hospital. Another saved \$400 while learning. Equipment included. Open to all over 18 and under 60 years. Money-back agreement.

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Please send me your free fascinating booklet, "Amazing Opportunities in Nursing," and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name.....  
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Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.  
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL  
Dept. 95. Springfield, Mass.

"What hats are we to push this spring?" he asked the woman in charge. "Show me some models for illustrating the catalogue."

The forewoman knew just what to suggest. And to make the exhibition more graphic she put the chosen hats on the head of one of the young attendants.

It was the Gustafsson girl.

Whether Greta made the hats, or vice versa, we can't say.

The fact remains that the girl and the head-wear suited each other, and the advertising manager sent for his cameraman.

Thus the 1921 spring and summer catalogue of the house of Bergstrom published the first pictures of Greta Garbo—showing off the firm's smartest hats!

The hat-posing had given her an extra chance—that odd "break" that was to lead to the next onward step in her unique and extraordinary career.

### CHAPTER THREE— The Store Makes a Film

SINCE her climb to fame, Greta Garbo has never been called "smart," in the modern sense of the word.

That is to say—chic, flippant, chattering, continually on the go. In fact, she has been considered the antithesis—quiet, unmoved, uninterested.

Nothing—praise or blame—is supposed to ruffle her colossal calmness. Some Americans think her entirely stoical, unemotional, unwoundable.

Nothing could be more untrue.

Who can tell what emotional storms rage beneath that white, implacable calm? It is that very quality of quiet mystery that is one of her chief and most alluring charms. Every movement is achieved with a minimum of effort, conveying a sense of repose.

The popular interpretation of this manner, on the screen, is indolence. No doubt it has been heightened by the anemia from which she has suffered for several years.

Not being physically robust, she sometimes goes home to rest at midday after a hard morning's work.

Hollywood called her temperamental. She likes to sit in a quiet corner of the studio. Hollywood called her haughty. Now her fellow workers know her better. They realize that she has a deep spiritual and physical need of rest and solitude.

This only seemingly contradicts the fact that during her shop girl days she was considered unusually alert and "smart."

She was not fussy or talkative. She learned easily. Stores do not want the "smart" girl, in the cant sense of the word. The public prefers to be allowed to poke about in peace. If they need information, an alert, well-informed girl must be at their side to help. Greta Gustafsson was this sort. Wise, efficient, bright and helpful, she was watched and approved by her superiors, as one who would "get on." She was smart, in the finest sense of that abused word.

"I WAS really interested in selling hats," Garbo says of this phase of her life. "It seemed like play. I never seemed to have to think how to treat the individual whims of each customer. The right way seemed to come naturally to me. And best of all, I still found time to cultivate my great—my only—love, the theater. I dreamed of it day and night. How I admired and envied the actresses among my customers!"

"Did you spend much of your leisure at the play?" I ask her.

"Very little," she says. "Sometimes going to the theater caused me very real pain. The audience seemed to shatter my beautiful illusions, with its bad manners, its chattering. And so the plays never seemed to measure up to the glorious dramas of my dreams—the plays of my own vivid, unresting imagination."

"And did you have favorites among the actors?"

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PHOTOPLAY now offers its readers the opportunity to convert their spare time into real money by becoming its subscription representatives in the town or community in which they live.

You, as a reader of PHOTOPLAY, will be quick to realize the money-making possibilities this offer affords you.

Your friends—your neighbors—in fact, all the homes in your community—are prospective subscribers for PHOTOPLAY. Who, today, is not interested in moving pictures—the chief recreation of the American public?

Be the first in your community to take advantage of this offer, and get started at once. The coupon or a post card will bring further details.

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I am interested in your money-making offer to your readers. Send me the details at once.

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"Never. I never had what American girls call 'crushes.' Individual actors never interested me. It was the rôles they played that interested and fascinated me. I hardly even thought of the human instruments that gave them life."

I ask Garbo why she did not join the store dramatic club of earnest amateurs. In spite of her passionate love of the theater, she never did.

"That was not the real theater—it was play. I dreamed only of the true, the finest."

She continues—

"ONE day the hat department buzzed with excitement. The advertising manager came in with a large, jovial man who smiled on us all. We found he was Captain Ring, head of a Swedish firm that made advertising films.

"Soon great news broke. The store was to make a picture advertising its ability to outfit a customer from top to toe. Real actors and actresses were to have the leads, but the shop-girls were to help whenever possible.

"Captain Ring made a few notes, and was about to leave our department when the advertising manager stopped him. 'I remember a girl here who modeled a few hats for us. Perhaps we could use her!'"

Greta Gustafsson stepped forward, her heart almost breaking through her chest. Captain Ring glanced at her.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But Olga Andersson, our leading lady, will make a very suitable hat mannikin." They left.

A few days later tests were made. Greta was dressed in a checkered riding habit—two sizes too large, for they wanted to make her a bit comic. She rehearsed before a large mirror.

"Great!" said the manager. "She must do this!"

So Greta Garbo's first appearance before a motion picture camera was in a comic bit for a department store propaganda film! What a beginning for the acknowledged mistress of screen tragedy!

But this little history records that she played it well, and she was very funny, and Captain Ring promised her more work in advertising films—a promise which he kept.

Does credit go to the amiable captain for her discovery?

He shares the honor with two other men—Erik Petschler and the late Mauritz Stiller. All three, in some measure, were her discoverers.

Ring, of course, was the first to photograph her with a motion picture camera. Later she acted for Petschler in her first dramatic film, "Peter the Tramp." And Stiller it was, of course, who started her on her great career in his picture, "Gosta Berling."

Her first film was made late in 1920.

The following year Captain Ring remembered Greta Gustafsson, and gave her a rôle in another. Then came a film to be shown in Japan, illustrating Swedish culture, industry and business. Again Greta was called on.

In 1922 came a chance to appear in an industrial film to be made for a firm in the city of Örebro. It was to be a northern romance, made on a grand scale, and the filming was to take place far from Stockholm. Again Captain Ring asked the store to lend him Greta Gustafsson—for the rôle of a valkyr. But now the seventeen-year-old girl was very valuable, both as saleswoman and mannikin, and her employer refused his consent. Greta was heart-broken.

THIS, then, in 1922, was the crossroads in the life of the girl. The store valued her services. Her commercial prospects seemed bright.

Perhaps, in 1930, had she remained, she would be head of the ladies' hats department!

But she had at last tasted the bitter-sweet drug of the art of acting. Henceforward she could not be satisfied with the hum-drum life of a great store. The virus had entered into her blood. She must act.

"I felt that I MUST go on the stage. I had to!" she says.



GWEN LEE, beautiful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, wears Deauville Sandals in a popular black-and-white style.

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*"Old Town Canoes"*



No, this isn't a big circus cook-house. It's the way the picture companies feed the talkie extras in Hollywood. This is lunch hour at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and the chorus folk all sit down in the studio and break bread together. One big—grrrrr!—happy family

No longer was the problem of entering a school of dramatic art just a day-dream. It was now the one absorbing question—the one dominant purpose—of Greta Gustafsson's life!

### CHAPTER FOUR—A Real Actress

ONE July evening in 1922 a worried gentleman walked down one of Stockholm's busiest streets. A thousand problems beset his mind, for he had just secured financial backing for a film.

Work was to start in two weeks—and he had found neither his story nor his extra people! The cart was before the horse with a vengeance. The film was to be a bathing suit comedy in the Mack Sennett manner—and he had everything but the main idea and his beauties!

A display in the window of a shoe store caught his eye. He stopped. Then his eye fell on a girl standing beside him. He was struck by her beauty. Her regular features would photograph well. Her figure was plump and girlish. "That's the girl for me," he thought.

But the girl had noticed his gaze, and found it unpleasant. She tossed her head—and was lost in the crowd!

So Erik A. Petschler, film director, stood there feeling foolish! The moment had passed. And anyway, could a gentleman ask a passing lady whether she would like a job in pictures? At any rate, he hadn't.

But again Greta's kind fate stepped into the drama. Two days later he took two feminine members of his troupe into Bergström's to look at some hats—and there was the girl of the shoe store window! She also recognized him, and learned who he was.

"Too bad!" thought Petschler. "A salesgirl can't leave her job to act!" He left when his purchases were made. One of his girls, however, remained to have a hat altered. She was Tyra Ryman, one of Petschler's most promising pupils.

Miss Ryman chatted with Greta. The shopgirl asked if there was a chance that Petschler would give her work in his film. Miss Ryman told her that she was perhaps the answer to the director's prayer.

Greta decided to phone him the next day.

"To this day I think this is the boldest thing I have ever done," says the star.

Now let Petschler finish the story.

"Greta Gustafsson came to my office to talk matters over. I asked her to speak something, and without hesitation she recited a school piece or two. She did well. Then we talked of her possible engagement, and salary.

"The latter was small, but she accepted.

"I tried to get her summer vacation changed to the time I intended beginning my picture, but the manager said firmly that no changes could be made in the set holidays. There was nothing for it but to tell Miss Gustafsson that I could not think of jeopardizing her position."

Then Greta made the great decision.

"I don't care about my holiday—or my wages, either," she told Petschler. "I am going to act in your film!"

So it was that Greta Gustafsson traded the steady life of a shopgirl for the transitory, tricky existence of the stage and screen. From now on she lived, with her whole soul, for the theater.

"I told my mother of my decision," says Greta. "As always, she stood by me. Her only answer was—"I think you know what is best for you!"

Thus, for the first time she came before the public, as one of a trio of bathing girls in "Peter the Tramp." She attracted no particular notice in this tiny part. Petschler said he would give her more and better parts in coming pictures—but a long time was to elapse until this came true.

GRETA'S contact with professional actors in this film told her that she must have real professional training—and immediately.

In her need she turned to Frans Enwall, formerly instructor at the Stockholm Dramatic Theater, and at that time a private coach in dramatic work.

Says Greta—

"I said to him, as young people always do to older people of the theater, that I MUST become an actress, and asked how to go about it. He told me to try for admission to the Dramatic School, and helped me to this end.

"In August came the great day of testing. If one failed, that dream was over. And in September I would be seventeen years old!

"I approached the ordeal with mixed feelings—of heavenly bliss and extreme panic. On



the fatal day my knees almost caved in. I hardly remember my entrance.

"There were about twenty people in the jury—newspapermen, critics, people from the theater, and dramatic teachers. They sat before us, in orchestra seats. But I saw nothing. All was swallowed up in the blackness of the great auditorium. I thought I was going to faint.

"But I passed my test! While I waited my turn, I heard whispers in the darkness out front. I felt doomed to failure. Then I thought of my mother, sitting at home, tense with anxiety and love for me.

"At last my moment came. I stepped to the stage and recited my piece like one in a trance. Afterward, I collapsed in the wings, and later I bolted without saying goodbye to anyone. On the way home I was in an agony of remorse. Perhaps I had ruined all by leaving without making polite farewells!

"I LAY awake all night. The next day passed without word. I was certain I had failed. I dreamed of going back to the department store and asking for my old job.

"On the third day I had a telephone call from the school. I had passed! I thought I should die of joy! I was to be a real actress—and soon!

"My instruction at the Dramatic School began. It lasted two seasons—those of 1922-1923 and 1923-1924. The director was Gustaf Molander, who later went into pictures. Many noted men and women of the Swedish theater were on the staff.

"What a wonderful time this was in my life! It had its worries, for my family was poor, and though instruction was free I needed many things. However, my mother was sympathetic and hopeful, and my brother's and sister's financial situation gradually grew better. We managed!

"I went to the theater a great deal. It was a necessary part of my training, and we students were given passes. My comrades and I got on well. After morning classes we drank coffee at a nearby cafe and talked unendingly. My worst fault was that I was nearly always late. As no one scolded me, it became a bad habit. They even laughed when I tiptoed in after class had begun!"

But tardiness did not prevent the Gustafsson girl from being engaged as a "pupil under contract" by the Dramatic Theater. The close of school found her dreams come true. She was a dramatic actress at a salary. It was forty dollars a month!

#### CHAPTER FIVE—Greta Turns to Films

GRETA GUSTAFSSON'S engagement was not easily won. There were courses in elocution, voice training, fencing and gymnastics.

Greta Garbo does not like to talk of her attainments during her student years, but a fellow pupil says, "She played many parts. I remember that she was particularly charming as *Hermione* in 'A Winter's Tale.'" And her vocal teacher, Karl Nygren, recalls that her voice showed great promise in her formative days.

Beside the parts played at student performances, she performed various minor rôles in the regular productions of the Dramatic Theater—such as the harlot in Per Lagerkvist's "The Invisible Man" and a rôle in Schnitzler's comedy, "A Farewell Supper."

Her contract was signed in February, 1924. But it was annulled in March! And this time she signed herself Greta-Gustafsson-Garbo!

What an eventful month February was for Garbo! For in the short time she was bound by this theatrical contract, she had made up her mind to leave the stage and devote her time to the films.

This momentous decision was made when she received a wire from Mauritz Stiller—the great director—saying "Don't make any plans for the summer." This was almost a royal command, coming from Sweden's greatest genius in the world of the photoplay.

Doctors know that perspiration odor actually precedes noticeable moisture.

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*By Ruth Miller*

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As Mauritz Stiller enters Garbo's life, we must turn back for a moment.

In the spring of 1923, Gustaf Molander had told her that the great Stiller needed a girl for a new film.

"That day, after school, I looked up Stiller. I had never met him, but his name and fame were familiar to me. I was overawed at meeting such a great man. He was not at home when I called, and I waited full of fear. At last he came in—he and his big dog. I trembled.

"WITHOUT a word, he looked at me a long, long time. Much later, he told me exactly how I was dressed that first day, down to details of shoes and stockings. After a long silence, he talked of inconsequential things, like the weather—and I sensed that he was watching me all the time.

"Suddenly he asked, 'Why don't you take off your hat and coat?' I did so. 'Let me have your telephone number.' That was all he said. It was clear to me that I had failed to interest him. I put on my hat and coat, said goodbye and left. I was disappointed, but not heart-broken at the great man's lack of interest. At that time the whole question, to me, was one of earning money. It would have been nice to have a summer job. But I let the matter drop."

To her astonishment, Stiller called her a few days later.

"Will you come to Rasunda Film City tomorrow and take a test?"

Would she!

"I rode out on a street car with my fellow pupil, Mona Martensson, who was also going to take a test. I wasn't happy—I was nervous and frightened.

"When we arrived we were made up and taken to the set. Stiller showed me a bed—told me to lie down on it, and be ill. I thought the whole business was silly. Stiller looked at me a long time. Then he asked—'Good heavens, don't you know what it is to be terribly ill?'"

"It was hard for me to understand just what he wanted, but I tried my hardest. That was the whole test. I went home puzzled and with a lost feeling. A few days later I was thunder-struck to receive word that I was to play *Countess Elizabeth Dohna* in 'Gosta Berling.'

"It was almost unbelievable—but I was deliriously happy. Much had been written about this film, expectations of success were high and my rôle was wonderful!"

Greta Garbo is silent a moment, as if trying to re-live the joy of the eighteen-year-old actress at getting her first big rôle.

## Making Hon. Movie; Titles Is As Same

A short subject from China was sent to Pathe with the native translation of the titles. They run thusly:

1. At Kyoto is many studio which is like Hollywood of Japan.

2. Many star is to make feature here and versa-vice.

3. Scene like this cost million yen—like is accustom in Hollywood.

4. All latest trick photographer defects is found in Kyoto.

5. Great star called by name of which is Rudy Valenshima.

6. Lady star much fond of by publics and director.

7. Lady extra is make-up with great comfort here.

Hon. Editor: Kyoto studio hope very sudden to make screechie picture.

Hoping you are the same

(Signed) SAEKI  
Exhibitors Herald-World

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"On the first day of shooting I was so frightened I could not work. I was really ill, this time! Finally they left me alone in the studio—everyone from Stiller to the lowliest stage-hand. But I felt that the director was in a corner, watching.

"When I recovered my poise, the filming went on. It was slow work. Snow scenes had to wait till winter, and the whole summer passed in filming interiors. Fortunately my fright did not last long, though to this day I am anxious and nervous while playing. I want to sit by myself. If I am spoken to, or interrupted, I am jolted clear out of my character."

WHEN "Gosta Berling" was finished, Greta Gustafsson went back to the dramatic school and signed a contract as "leading pupil." She had asked Stiller about taking a new professional name—shorter and of a more international nature. When he shared her notion that Garbo would suit well, she was no longer Greta Gustafsson, but Greta Garbo.

A few days after signing her contract, as has been told, Stiller wired her that he was ready to give her another film rôle. She asked the manager of the theater to release her from her contract. Now her bridges were burned. She had dedicated herself, once and for all time, to the photoplay!

"Gosta Berling" conquered the film world of Europe.

It was daring and brilliantly made, for its day. Stiller had a genius for picking the right people. No one influenced him. He implicitly believed in the inner voice which told him, "There is your actor!"

Time and events have proved how right he was about Greta Garbo.

This is the way the new find was hailed in a booklet issued for the opening of "Gosta Berling," and written in 1924 by Ragnar Hylten-Cavallius, the scenario writer—

"At the side of Jenny Hasselquist, Mauritz Stiller has placed two young pupils from our Royal Dramatic Theater—Mona Martensson and Greta Garbo. What are these young and charming girls but clay in the hands of the master-modeler? Does then the clay not have the same value as the hands that form it? Infinitely more! In a few years Greta Garbo will be known and admired all over the world. For hers is the gift of beauty—a rare personal and characteristic beauty!"

True prophet!

At the opening of "Gosta Berling," Mauritz Stiller spoke. He said, among other things:

"I venture the paradox that films, as well as stage productions, ought to be played by amateurs, if they could only do it. When an actor is really 'great' he is always trying to simplify his means of expression. He is always trying to get back to the natural simplicity that was his when he knew nothing about the technique of acting. This is the most difficult thing of all."

The great director must surely have been thinking of his two young, unspoiled actresses as he spoke these words.

AND now, no longer Greta Gustafsson, but Greta Garbo! The world lay before her, and the gate to success was ajar!

She did not—could not—dream of the next chapter in the book of her life. While waiting for news of a new engagement from Stiller, she rested with relatives in the country.

Soon came word that she was to play in a film that was to be made in Constantinople. She was beckoned to the mysterious East. And from this came an engagement in Berlin.

And in Berlin she was to meet Louis B. Mayer, producing head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures!

[Eastward to Constantinople and Westward to Hollywood, life led Greta Garbo. The second and final installment of this enthralling story of her early life and career will appear in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY.]



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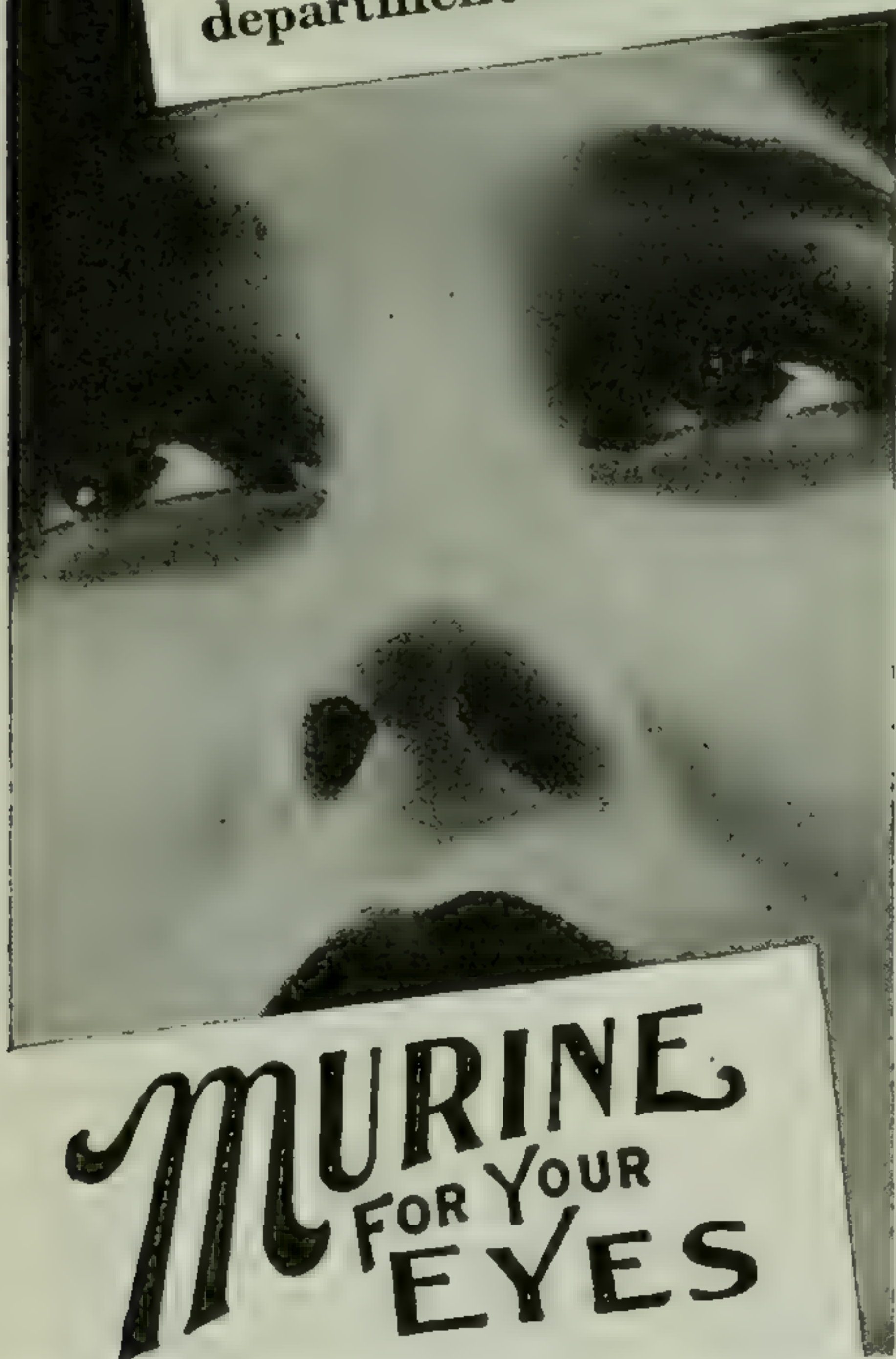
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# Casts of Current Photoplays

## Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AVIATOR, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by James Montgomery. Adapted by Robert Lord and Arthur Caesar. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Robert Street*, Edward Everett Horton; *Grace Douglas*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Hobart*, Johnny Arthur; *Brown*, Lee Moran; *Gordon*, Edward Martindel; *Major Jules Gaillard*, Armand Kaliz; *Sam Robinson*, Kewpie Morgan; *John Douglas*, Phillips Smalley; *Brooks*, William Norton Bailey.

"BE YOURSELF"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Joseph Jackson. Adapted by Thornton Freeland and Max Marcin. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Fannie Field*, Fanny Brice; *Jerry Moore*, Robert Armstrong; *Harry Field*, Harry Green; *McCloskey*, G. Pat Collins; *Step*, Budd Fine; *Lillian*, Gertrude Astor; *Lola*, Marjorie "Babe" Kane; *Jessica*, Rita Flynn.

"BEAU BANDIT"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Wallace Smith. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Montero*, Rod LaRocque; *Coloso*, Mitchell Lewis; *Helen Wardell*, Doris Kenyon; *"Bob Cat"*, Manners, Walter Long; *Perkins*, Charles B. Middleton; *Howard*, George Duryea; *Buck*, Jim Donlon; *Slim*, Charles Brinley; *Logan*, Barney Furey; *Texas*, Bill Patton.

"BECAUSE I LOVED YOU"—AFAA TOBIS.—Directed by Hans Conradi. The cast: *Inge Lund*, Mady Christians; *Otto Radney*, Walter Jankuhn; *Dr. Baumgart*, Hans Stuwe; *Mariechen*, Marion Conradi; *Edith*, Trude Berliner; *Frau Werner*, Sophie Pagay.

"BIG PARTY, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Harlan Thompson. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Flo Jenkins*, Sue Carol; *Kitty Collins*, Dixie Lee; *Jack Hunter*, Frank Albertson; *Goldfarb*, Walter Catlett; *Eddie Perkins*, Richard Keene; *Billy Greer*, Whispering Jack Smith; *Allen Wetherby*, Douglas Gilmore; *Dupuy*, Charles Judels; *Mrs. Dupuy*, Ilka Chase; *Mrs. Goldfarb*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Virginia Gates*, Dorothy Brown.

"CLANCY CAUGHT SHORT"—EDWARD SMALL PROD.—From the story by Ralph Bell and Jack Wagner. Adapted by William Francis Dugan. Directed by Ted Wilde. The cast: *Michael Clancy*, Charles Murray; *Andy MacIntosh*, Lucien Littlefield; *Katie Clancy*, Miriam Seegar; *Mrs. Clancy*, Aggie Herring; *Donald MacIntosh*, Edward Nugent; *Freddie Saunders*, Reed Howes.

"DAMES AHOY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Sherman Lowe. Adapted by Matt Taylor. Directed by William James Craft. The cast: *Jimmy Chase*, Glenn Tryon; *Mabel McGuire*, Helen Wright; *Bill Jones*, Otis Harlan; *MacDougal*, Eddie Gribbon; *The Blonde*, Gertrude Astor.

"FRAMED"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Paul Schofield. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Rose Manning*, Evelyn Brent; *Jimmy McArthur*, Regis Toomey; *Chuck Gaines*, Ralf Harolde; *"Bing" Murdock*, Maurice Black; *Inspector McArthur*, William Holden; *Sergeant Schulte*, Robert Emmet O'Connor; *Head Waiter*, Eddie Kane.

"GIRL SAID NO, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by A. P. Younger. Adapted by Sarah Y. Mason. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Tom Ward*, William Haines; *Mary Howe*, Leila Hvams; *Hildegard*, Polly Moran; *Mrs. Ward*, Clara Blandick; *Jimmie Ward*, William Janney; *Mr. Ward*, William Holden; *McAndrews*, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.; *Eddie Ward*, Junior Coghlan; *Alma Ward*, Phyllis Crane; *Hettie Brown*, Marie Dressler.

"HELL HARBOR"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel "Out of the Night" by Rida Johnson Young. Adapted by Fred de Gresac. Continuity by Clarke Silvernail. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Anita*, Lupe Velez; *Joseph Horngold*, Jean Hersholt; *Bob Wade*, John Holland; *Harry Morgan*, Gibson Gowland; *Bunton*, Al St. John; *Peg-Leg*, Harry Allen; *Blinkey*, Paul E. Burns; *Spotty*, George Book-Asta.

"HER UNBORN CHILD"—WINDSOR PICTURE PLAYS, INC.—From the stage play by Howard McKent Barnes. Adapted by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Dorothy Kennedy*, Adele Ronson; *Stewart Kennedy*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Mrs. Kennedy*, Frances Underwood; *"Pegs" Kennedy*, Elizabeth Wragge; *"Beth"*, Gilbert, Pauline Drake; *Jack Conover*, Paul Clare; *Miss Conover*, Doris Rankin; *Dr. Remington*, Harry Davenport; *Mandy*, Frances Grant.

"HONEY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "Come Out of the Kitchen" by Alice Duer Miller. Adapted by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Olivia Dangerfield*, Nancy Carroll; *Burton Crane*, Stanley Smith; *Charles Dangerfield*, Skeets Gallagher; *Cora Falkner*, Lillian Roth; *Hellon*, Harry Green; *Doris*, Mitzi Green; *Mayme*, ZaSu Pitts; *Mrs. Falkner*, Jobyna Howland; *Randolph Weeks*, Charles Sellon.

"LADY TO LOVE, A"—M-G-M.—From the story by Sidney Howard. Directed by Victor Seastrom. The cast: *Lena*, Vilma Banky; *Tony*, Edward

G. Robinson; *Buck*, Robert Ames; *Postman*, Richard Carle; *Father McKee*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Doctor*, Anderson Lawler; *Ah Gee*, Gum Chin; *Angelo*, Henry Armetta; *Georgie*, George Davis.

"LITTLE JOHNNY JONES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the comedy by George M. Cohan. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Johnny Jones*, Eddie Buzzell; *Mary Baker*, Alice Day; *Vivian Dale*, Edna Murphy; *Ed Baker*, Robert Edeson; *Wyman*, Wheeler Oakman; *Carbon*, Raymond Turner; *Ramon*, Donald Reed.

"LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY"—M-G-M.—From the story by Nell Martin. Continuity by Crane Wilbur and Willard Mack. Directed by William Nigh and Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Roy*, Charles Kaley; *Ardis*, Ethelind Terry; *Nancy*, Marion Shilling; *Joe*, Cliff Edwards; *Bessie*, Gwen Lee; *Phil*, Benny Rubin; *Edwards*, Drew Demorest; *Mr. Millaire*, John Byron; *Red Head*, Rita Flynn; *Blondie*, Hazel Craven; *Riccardi*, Gino Corrado; *Marie*, Paulette Paquet.

"LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Lester Lee and Charles Levison. Directed by Edgar Lewis. The cast: *June Vernon*, Suzanne Keener; *Richard Norton*, Norman Foster; *Mrs. Vernon*, Doris Rankin; *Paul Russell*, Lester Cole; *Abe Feinstein*, Abe Reynolds; *Frank Belmont*, Hooper L. Atchley; *Master of Ceremonies*, Burt Matthews; *Jig A Boo Singer*, Dorothee Adams; *Tracy and Elwood*, Themselves; *Bill Collector*, Bill Cavanaugh; *Mr. Kelly*, Jim Harkins; *Stage Door Man*, Bill Sanford; *Maid*, Catherine McAvoy; *Bill*, Frank Horton; *Aggie*, Esther Keefe; *Dixie Singer*, Dorothy Curtis; *Mamie Dooley*, Dorothy Morrison; *Mr. Craig*, Harold Dobbins; *Mr. Rogers*, Charles Bowles; *Madame Nova*, Hedda Nova; *Miss Powell*, Elaine Harrison; *Office Boy*, Jesse Abrams; *Pianist*, Irving Actman.

"LUMMOX"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Fannie Hurst. Adapted by Elizabeth Meehan. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: *Bertha Oberg*, Winifred Westover; *Chila*, Dorothy Janis; *Annie Wennerberg*, Lydia Titus; *Mrs. Farley*, Ida Darling; *Rollo Farley*, Ben Lyon; *Veronica Neidringhouse*, Myrta Bonillas; *John Bixby*, Cosmo Kyrle Bellew; *Mrs. John Bixby*, Anita Bellew; *Paul Bixby* (age 5), Robert Ullman; *Mrs. Wallenstein*, Sr., Clara Langsner; *Wally Wallenstein*, William Collier, Jr.; *May Wallenstein*, Edna Murphy; *Silly Willie*, Torben Meyer; *Mrs. McMurty*, Fan Bourke; *Mrs. Oessetrich*, Myrtle Stedman; *Barney*, Danny O'Shea; *Paul Charvet*, William Bakewell; *Mr. Meyerbogen*, Sidney Franklin.

"MATCH PLAY"—SENNETT-EDUCATIONAL.—Directed by Mack Sennett. The cast: *Walter Hagen*, Walter Hagen; *Leo Diegel*, Leo Diegel; *Mr. Martin*, Andy Clyde; *His Daughter*, Marjorie Beebe; *Bud*, Bud Jamison.

"MEXICALI ROSE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Gladys Lehman. Continuity by Norman Houston. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *Mexicali Rose*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Happy Manning*, Sam Hardy; *Bob Manning*, William Janney; *Joe*, the Croupier, Louis Natheaux; *Loco*, the Halfwit, Arthur Rankin; *Ortiz*, Harry Vejar; *Dad*, the Drunk, Louis King; *Manuela*, Julia Beharano.

"MONTANA MOON"—M-G-M.—From the story by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Continuity by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: *Joan*, Joan Crawford; *Larry*, John Mack Brown; *Elizabeth*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Jeff*, Ricardo Cortez; *"The Doctor"*, Benny Rubin; *Froggy*, Cliff Edwards; *Hank*, Karl Dane; *Mr. Prescott*, Lloyd Ingraham.

"MOUNTED STRANGER, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Henry Herbert Knibbs. Adapted by Arthur Rosson. Directed by Arthur Rosson. The cast: *Pete Ainslee*, Hoot Gibson; *Pete as Boy*, Buddy Hunter; *"Pop"*, Ainslee, Milton Brown; *Steve Gary*, Fred Burns; *"White-Eye"*, James Corey; *"Spider"*, Coy, Francis Ford; *His Lookout*, Walter Patterson; *Mrs. Coy*, Francelia Billington; *Bonita Coy*, Louise Lorraine.

"MURDER ON THE ROOF"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Edward Doherty. Adapted by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Molly*, Dorothy Revier; *Drinkwater*, Raymond Hatton; *Marcia*, Margaret Livingston; *Ted Palmer*, David Newell; *Joe Carozzo*, Paul Porcasi; *Monica*, Virginia Brown Faire; *Anthony Sommers*, William V. Mong; *Victor*, Louis Natheaux; *Ryan*, Fred Kelsey; *Joe Larkin*, Richard Cramer; *Emile*, Pietro Sosso; *Lucille*, Hazel Howell.

"ON THE BORDER"—WARNERS.—From the story by Lillian Hayward. Adapted by Lillian Hayward. Directed by William McGann. The cast: *Rinty*, Rin-Tin-Tin; *Pepita*, Armida; *Dave*, John B. Little; *Farrell*, Philo McCullough; *Don Jose*, Bruce Covington; *Border Patrol*, Walter Miller; *Dusty*, Bill Irving.



**"ONLY THE BRAVE"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Keene Thompson. Adapted by Agnes Brand Leahy. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Captain James Braydon*, Gary Cooper; *Barbara Calhoun*, Mary Brian; *Captain Robert Darrington*, Phillips Holmes; *Elizabeth*, Virginia Bruce; *Tom Wendell*, Morgan Farley; *Lucy Cameron*, Elda Voelkel; *Vance Calhoun*, James Neill; *General Grant*, Guy Oliver; *Gen. Grant's Secretary*, Lalo Encinas.

**"PEACOCK ALLEY"**—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS, INC.—From the story by Carey Wilson. Continuity by Frances Hyland. Directed by Marcel De Sano. The cast: *Claire Tree*, Mae Murray; *Stoddard Clayton*, George Barraud; *Jim Bradbury*, Jason Robards; *Martin Saunders*, Richard Tucker; *Dugan*, W. L. Thorne; *Bonner*, Phillips Smalley; *Paul*, E. H. Calvert; *Crosby*, Arthur Hoyt; *Walter*, Billy Bevan.

**"PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Gaston Leroux. Scenario by Elliott J. Clawson. Directed by Rupert Julian. The cast: *The Phantom (Erik)*, Lon Chaney; *Christine Daae*, Mary Philbin; *Raoul De Chagny*, Norman Kerry; *Florine Papillon*, Snitz Edwards; *Simon*, Gibson Gowland; *Phillipe De Chagny*, John Sainpolis; *Carlotta*, Virginia Pearson; *The Persian*, Arthur Edmund Carewe; *Mamma Valerius*, Edith Yorke; *The Prompter*, Anton Vaverka; *Joseph Buquet*, Bernard Siegel; *La Sorrelli*, Olive Ann Alcorn; *Faust*, Edward Cecil; *Mephistopheles*, Alexander Bevan; *Valentine*, John Miljan; *Martha*, Grace Marvin; *M. Richard (Manager)*, George B. Williams; *M. Moncharmin (Manager)*, Bruce Covington; *Retiring Manager*, Cesare Gravina.

**"PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ"**—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by John W. Considine, Jr. Directed by Edward Sroman. The cast: *Harry Raymond*, Harry Richman; *Dolores Fenton*, Joan Bennett; *James Tierney*, James Gleason; *Mrs. Teddy Van Renssler*, Aileen Pringle; *Goldie Devere*, Lilyan Tashman; *George Barnes*, Purnell Pratt; *Fenway Brooks*, Richard Tucker; *Bob Wagner*, Eddie Kane; *Dr. Blair*, George Irving; *Schmidt*, Sidney Franklin.

**"SECOND WIFE"**—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play "All the King's Men" by Fulton Oursler. Adapted by Bert Glennon. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Waller Fairchild*, Conrad Nagel; *Florence Wendell*, Lila Lee; *Gilbert Gaylord*, Hugh Huntley; *Mrs. Rhodes*, Mary Carr; *Junior*, Freddie Burke Frederick.

**"SETTING SON, THE"**—DARMOUR-RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by H. C. Witwer. Directed by Lewis Foster. The cast: *The Grandfather*, Irving Bacon; *Charlie Cash*, Al Cooke; *The Maid*, Jessie Girard; *Alberta Vaughn*, A Relative, George Grey; *A Newspaper Reporter*, Harry Bohn; *Dr. Cook*, Lewis Sargent.

**"SHIP FROM SHANGHAI, THE"**—M-G-M.—From the novel "Ordeal" by Dale Collins. Screen story by John Howard Lawson. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Howard Vazey*, Conrad Nagel; *Dorothy Daley*, Kay Johnson; *Viola Thorpe*, Carmel Myers; *Paul Thorpe*, Holmes Herbert; *Lady Daley*, Zeffie Tilbury; *Ted*, Louis Wolheim; *Pete*, Ivan Linow; *Reid*, Jack McDonald.

**"SLIGHTLY SCARLET"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Percy Heath. Screen play by Howard Estabrook and Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Directed by Louis Gasnier and Edwin H. Knopf. The cast: *Lucy Stavrins*, Evelyn Brent; *"Hon." Courtenay Parkes*, Clive Brook; *Malatoff*, Paul Lukas; *Sylvester Corbett*, Eugene Pallette; *Mrs. Sylvester Corbett*, Helen Ware; *Enid Corbett*, Virginia Bruce; *Sandy Weyman*, Henry Wadsworth; *Albert Hawkins*, Claude Allister; *Marie*, Christiane Yves; *Malstoffs Victim*, Morgan Farley.

**"SO LONG LETTY"**—WARNERS.—From the play by Oliver Morosco and Elmar Harris. Adapted by Robert Lord and Arthur Caesar. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Letty Robbins*, Charlotte Greenwood; *Tommy Robbins*, Bert Roach; *Grace Miller*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Harry Miller*, Grant Withers; *Claude Davis*, Claude Gillinwater; *Ruth Davis*, Marion Byron; *Sally Davis*, Helen Foster; *Clarence De Brie*, Hallam Cooley; *Joe Casey*, Harry Gribbon; *Judge*, Lloyd Ingraham.

**"SON OF THE GODS"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Rex Beach. Adapted by Bradley King. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Sam Lee*, Richard Barthelmess; *Alanna Wagner*, Constance Bennett; *Wagner*, Anders Randolph; *Eileen Dugan*, Mildred Van Dorn; *Lee Ying*, E. Allyn Warren; *Moy*, King Hou Chang; *Connie*, Geneva Mitchell; *Bathurst*, Claude King.

**"SONG O' MY HEART"**—FOX.—From the story by Tom Barry. Continuity by Sonya Levien. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Sean O'Carolan*, John McCormack; *Mary O'Brien*, Alice Joyce; *Fergus O'Donnell*, John Garrick; *Peter Conlon*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Joe Rafferty*, Farrell MacDonald; *Eileen O'Brien*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Tad O'Brien*, Tommy Clifford; *Mona*, Effie Ellsler; *Elizabeth*, Emily Fitzroy; *Vincent Glennon*, Edwin Schneider.

**"SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS"**—FOX.—From the story by Elinor Glyn. Adapted by Ernest Vajda. Directed by Kenneth Hawks. The cast: *Ludwig Krans*, Warner Baxter; *Elinor*, Catherine Dale Owen; *Paul Strohm*, Albert Conti; *Muriel Wyndham*, Hedda Hopper; *Frederick Wyndham*, Claud Allister; *Doctor Erdmann*, Bela Lugosi.

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"SUGAR PLUM PAPA"—SENNETT-EDUCATION-AL.—From the story by John A. Waldron, Harry McCoy, Hampton Del Ruth and Carl Harbough. Directed by Mack Sennett. The cast: Daphne Pollard, Marjorie Beebe, Andy Clyde, Harry Gribbon, Bud Jamison, Rosemary Theby, Bert Swor, Charles Darvis.

"TEMPLE TOWER"—FOX.—From the novel by H. C. McNeile. Screen play by Llewellyn Hughes. Directed by Donald Gallaher. The cast: *Bulldog Drummond*, Kenneth McKenna; *Patricia Verney*, Marceline Day; *Blackton*, Henry B. Walthall; *Peter Darrell*, Cyril Chadwick; *Matthews*, Peter Gawthorne; *Gaspard*, Ivan Linow; *The Nightingale*, A. B. Lane; *Constable Muggins*, Yorke Sherwood; *The Masked Strangler*, ???

"TROOPERS THREE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS, INC.—From the story by Arthur Guy Empey. Adapted by John Francis Natteford. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Eddie Haskins*, Rex Lease; *Dorothy Clark*, Dorothy Gulliver; *Bugs*, Roscoe Karns; *Sunny*, Slim Summerville; *Hank Darby*, Tom London; *Capl. Harris*, Joseph Girard; *Halligan*, Walter Perry.

"UP THE CONGO"—SONO ART-WORLD WIDE.—Expedition led by Alice O'Brien and Grace Flandrau. Photography by Charles Bell. No cast.

"WEST OF THE ROCKIES"—J. CHARLES DAVIS PROD.—From the story by Phillip Schuyler. Directed by H. B. Carpenter. The cast: *Bob Strong*, Art Mix; *Hair-trigger Strong*, H. B. Carpenter; *George*, George Brown; *Snakey Rogers*, Cliff Lyons; *Juan Escobar*, Bud Osborne; *Celia de la Costa*, Fontaine LaRue; *Rosita*, Inez Gomez; *Beth Lee*, Ione Reed; *Tex*, Alfred Hewston; *The Sheriff*, Pete Crawford; *Pedro*, Antone Sanchez.

## Brickbats & Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

beloved Mabel and Lew in PHOTOPLAY of last July, I have prayed every night that they both would be restored to health. I understand that Mr. Cody has recovered from his long illness, but my heart aches for Mabel. Surely one who has brought so much brightness and laughter into the lives of millions ought not to be shut out from all the gayety herself.

I just want to send you a little message, dear Mabel, through my favorite movie magazine!

If the wishes and prayers of your many, many fans will make you well, you'll be doing a talkie version of that wonderful photoplay, "Mickey," before another year has rolled around.

GLADYS H. MANSFIELD.

### What We Need

Tampa, Fla.

There was a time when I rather decried the influence of the films upon our youth. I attributed to their influence much of the nervousness as well as lawlessness which seem on the increase among the thousand school children who come directly under my supervision each year. But after I selected films to present in our own building, I made a habit of sitting in different parts of the audience where I could observe first-hand the individual as well as the group reaction of children whose ages range from six to fourteen years. It was then that the great possibilities for education that may be had in films began to dawn upon me.

A. M. H.

### Nature Plus Science Equals Art

Lawrence, Kans.

Back to nature—a cry of the modern world! We can't all run into the seclusion of a forest and stay for a visit, so as usual our faithful friend, the movie, is coming to solve the problem. How? Just look at these new colored pictures they have given us! They are effective to the utmost and O. K. in realism. I have seen recently two 100 per cent colored pictures and believe me, they were 100 per cent impressive! "The Viking" and "The Gold Diggers." The ocean and the landscape of the scenes in "The Viking" were in unbelievable realism. "The Gold Diggers" was a very dazzling picture with its lively colors.

JACK.

## A NEW SKIN

Now You  
Can  
Have  
It  
In  
3  
Days'  
Time



"Oh,  
what  
joy!"

Thousands—Both Sex—Rejoice!

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WHAT would you say if you awoke some morning—looked in your mirror and saw a new, youth-like, clear skin on your face, and the ugly blemishes all gone?

You would jump with joy—just like thousands of people have done who have learned how to perform this simple treatment themselves—the same that beauty doctors have charged enormous prices for.

—and, what was considered impossible before—the banishing of pimples, blackheads, freckles, large pores, tan, oily skin, wrinkles and other defects—can now be done by the patient himself, or herself, in 3 days' time at home, harmlessly and economically.

It is all explained in a new treatise called "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS," which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So, worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion. Simply send your name and address to MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. M-31, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive it by return mail, without charge. If pleased, tell your friends about it. Don't delay!

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## Cal Bites the Dust

Mazomaine, Wis.

Who does Cal York think he is, to be slamming Rudy Vallée? If he finds it impossible to be anything but insulting, please tell him to keep still entirely. Just because Rudy didn't fall all over Hollywood, make a big splurge and throw a lot of parties, the movie colony couldn't see him.

"No one knew or cared an awful lot about Rudy Vallée except a few hundred thousand people in the East"—oh, indeed! Well, he seems to have done fairly well without the approval and support of all-powerful Hollywood. And he's "colorless, with no outstanding personality," is he? Don't you know, Mr. York, that it takes more personality than any six movie stars possess, to put yourself across on the radio as Rudy has done? Maybe he can't act, but what of it—he doesn't need to. He's Rudy Vallée, and that's enough.

E. GERALDINE VOSS.

## Hope He Sees Good Ones!

Silverton, Ohio.

Here is another boost for the talkies. For years I have been trying my hand at short stories without success. I just could not seem to put the punch or the realistic touch to my stories. Hence I have a large pile of rejection slips on my desk.

Then the talkies came. I began to see how real people speak and act. It is far less difficult to describe persons after you have heard them speak than to imagine how they talk. Perhaps you, too, have noticed how much more vividly the personality of a player is brought out by speaking.

ELMER CHARLES WHALEN.

## Minding Their Pros and Cons

Among those who rush to the support of John Gilbert—and there have been many—is MRS. L. GEORGE BRET HARTE, of Los Angeles. She says Jack has "not yet skimmed the surface of his capabilities as an artist," and that "just as he struck a note of individuality in his silent acting, so he has sounded an individual key in the new technique of his talking picture portrayals." And no pun intended, either.

ETZ YOUNG, of St. Louis, Mo., is tired of movies with heroes named Jim or Tommy or Jack. Just for a change he'd like to hear the heroine (preferably named Hortense) call "Hezekiah, Hezekiah, to my rescue!"

And once again we have offended the loyal Bow fans. MRS. C. D. RENENEW, of Portland, Ore., backed up by a regiment of Clara's fans, is out gunning for Maxine Alton. She objects to Miss Alton's article in the January issue describing the little redhead's first turbulent trip to Hollywood.

WILLIAM HIRSCH, of Los Angeles, begs producers to "cut out such scenes as torturing animals, brutally beating children, glorifying the underworld and idealizing John Barleycorn."

C. H. KHONG, of Singapore, S. S., says wistfully, "Where is Harry Langdon, the dough-faced comedian? Is he in oblivion?" (Nope, Mr. Khong, he's in Hollywood. And keep a sharp eye out for a series of short talkie comedies in which he's now appearing.)

'Tisn't only Greta who affects 'em this way. MARION SCHIFANI of New York City ends a paean of praise for Vilma Banky with this touching advice: "Die for God, for Hungary, and for Vilma." (Not us, Marion. What you do is your own business, however.)

IDA WATERS, of Corpus Christi, Texas, wants Richard Dix to stop talking way down deep in his throat. She says he's scaring all the girls to death.

MRS. E. M. L. LEAVER, an Englishwoman living in Queensland, Australia, wants to thank us for our "loyal and kind attitude to the beloved Valentino at a time when he was being badly used." (The appreciation and loyal devotion of these Valentino letters which still drift in from time to time is truly fine.)

# KEEPS TEETH WHITE

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14 ]

**LAST DANCE, THE**—Audible Pictures.—Cinderella in modern dress. Quickie (not very goodie) about a taxi-dancer's rise to fortune. Distinguished by Vera Reynold's grand voice and acting. (March)

★ **LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY, THE**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer as a charming and wily lady crook who plies her trade amongst Britain's blue-bloods. (Oct.)

★ **LAUGHING LADY, THE**—Paramount.—Chatterton and Brook, now and forever! What a team! A vital, brilliantly directed story with superb work by the aforementioned pair. (March)

**LIGHT FINGERS**—Columbia.—Nice balance between action and dialogue in this melodrama about a gang of jewel thieves. (Nov.)

★ **LILIES OF THE FIELD**—First National.—Corinne (Orchid) Griffith in tights and doing a tap dance! Her sprightliest film since "Classified." Comedy, pathos and some good modern music. (Feb.)

**LOCKED DOOR, THE**—United Artists.—An exciting melodrama ruined by weak dialogue. Noteworthy only because it brings Barbara Stanwyck to the talking screen. (Feb.)

**LONE STAR RANGER, THE**—Fox.—A Zane Grey epic garnished with theme songs. George O'Brien as the picturesque ranger hero and Sue Carol the pretty heroine. (Jan.)

**LONG, LONG TRAIL, THE**—Universal.—Fast moving Western drama. Hoot Gibson goes over big in his first all-dialogue. (Jan.)

**LOST ZEPPELIN, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—This has lots of good points, but plot isn't one of them. Some fascinating scenic effects. Conway Tearle, Ricardo Cortez and Virginia Valli line up in the old triangle formation. (Feb.)

**LOVE COMES ALONG**—Radio Pictures.—Too bad to hand Bebe this after "Rio Rita." Life on the Mexican water front, made more endurable by that Daniels girl's thrilling voice. (Feb.)

**LOVE DOCTOR, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Dix's last picture for Paramount. Dix and June Collyer are pleasing. (Nov.)

**LOVE, LIVE AND LAUGH**—Fox.—From New York to the battlefields with a tear every step of the way. George Jessel scores as the little Italian hero. (Jan.)

★ **LOVE PARADE, THE**—Paramount.—Sparkling as Burgundy. Director Lubitsch conquers light opera, and Maurice Chevalier conquers all. Jeanette MacDonald is a treat to the eyes and ears. (Dec.)

**LUCKY IN LOVE**—Pathe.—Morton Downey gets back to old Erin in time to pay off the mortgage on the ancestral halls—but who cares? The Downey tenor helps—but not enough. (Nov.)

**LUCKY LARKIN**—Universal.—A typical Western and a movie that actually moves in the good old style. Ken Maynard and a trick horse. Silent. (Oct.)

★ **LUCKY STAR**—Fox.—That immortal duo, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, in a gentle and charming story. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**MADONNA OF AVENUE A**—Warners.—Too grown-up for children and too childish for grown-ups. A trite yarn. (Nov.)

**MAID TO ORDER**—Jessie Weil Prod.—Come out, Julian Eltinge, we knew you all the time! The famous female impersonator grown matronly, in a badly put together production. (March)

★ **MARIANNE**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies proves there is no limit to her versatility. Delicious comedy and superb pathos. (Nov.)

★ **MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND, THE**—Paramount.—A fine, wholesome picture in spite of its sophisticated theme. Mary Brian and Frederic March are admirably cast. (Jan.)

**MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD**—Fox.—The first Viennese operetta to be phonoplayed. J. Harold (Rio Rita) Murray and Norma (Show Boat) Terris handle the leads, and Walter Catlett and Tom Patricola, the laughs. Good—but should have been better. (Dec.)



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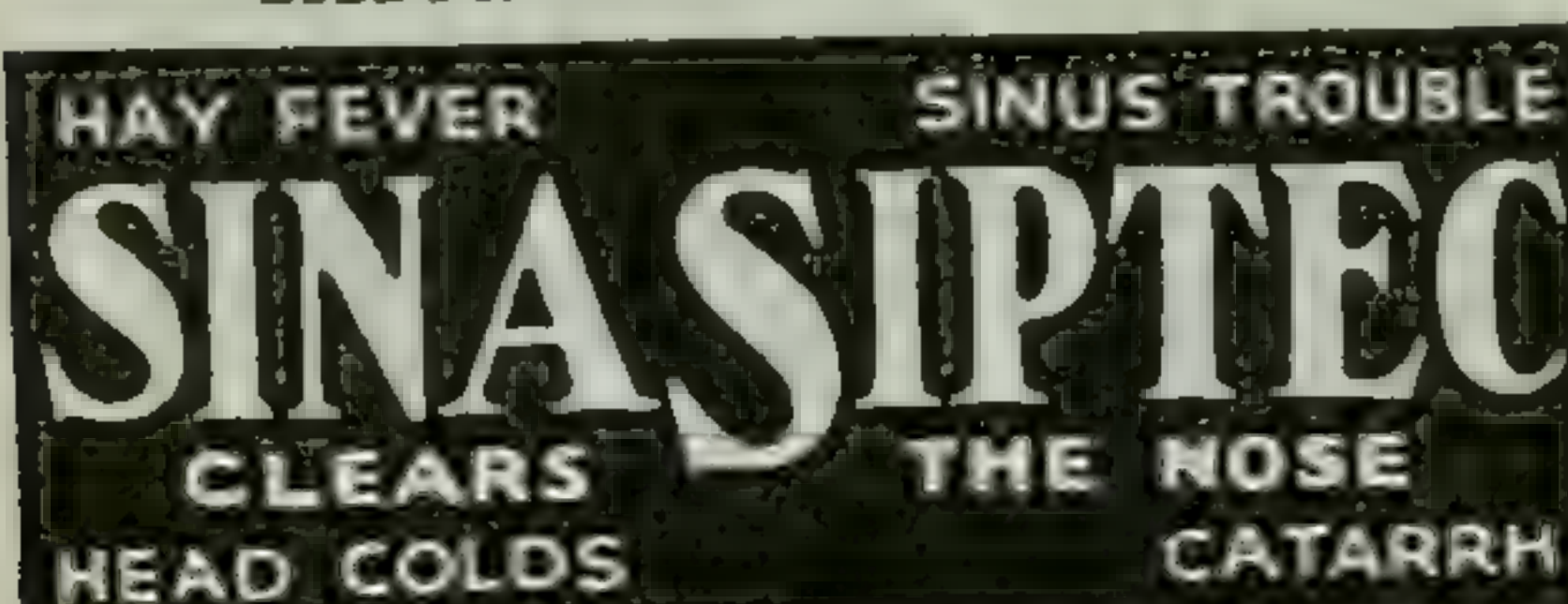
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**MELODY LANE**—Universal.—The world seems full of clowns with breaking hearts. Eddie Leonard brings no vitality to a dead yarn. (Oct.)

**MEN ARE LIKE THAT**—Paramount.—Glorifying the Boobus Americanus. You'll love Hal Skelly's characterization of a back-slapping braggart. (Dec.)

★ **MEN WITHOUT WOMEN**—Fox.—Dealing with the horrible death of a group of men trapped in a submarine. Gruesome, but stunningly realistic. Ace performances by Kenneth McKenna and Frank Albertson. (March)

**MIGHTY, THE**—Paramount.—Bancroft's greatest rôle to date and fine entertainment. If you don't think the hairy-chested one has sex appeal, see this. (Dec.)

**MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, THE**—Universal.—Picture of the Old South by one who has never been there. Joseph Schildkraut in the same costumes he wore in "Show Boat." (Dec.)

**MISTER ANTONIO**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Leo Carillo achieves a splendid characterization in his first talking feature. The Booth Tarkington play is a well-chosen vehicle for him. (Dec.)

**MOST IMMORAL LADY, A**—First National.—Leatrice Joy fine in her first phonoplay. About a blackmail beauty who finds regeneration in the love of one of her victims.

**NAVY BLUES**—M-G-M.—Bill Haines is a scream as a fresh gob who steals Anita Page from her happy home. (Jan.)

**NEW YORK NIGHTS**—United Artists.—A hoke story, but Talmadge fans will be pleased with Norma's voice. (Nov.)

**NIGHT CLUB**—Paramount.—Made some time ago, this film is little but a series of face and voice tests for many Broadway celebrities. (Nov.)

**NIGHT PARADE**—Radio Pictures.—Trite yarn about a fight champion, redeemed by a good cast. The darkly seductive Aileen Pringle goes blonde. (Dec.)

**NIGHT RIDE**—Universal.—Yarn about a hard-boiled gangster and a harder-boiled reporter, with Joseph Schildkraut and Edward Robinson leering at ne another for dear life. (March)

**NIX ON DAMES**—Fox.—Cross-section of life in a theatrical boarding house. See 'em eat, sleep, shave and love. Most of the players are from the stage and they're real troupers. (Jan.)

★ **NO, NO, NANETTE**—First National.—A good girl-and-music picture with fine Technicolor trimmings, but notable chiefly for its rapid fire succession of laughs. Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire sing the leads. (March)

★ **NOT SO DUMB**—M-G-M.—(reviewed under the title "Dulcy.") This was a swell play, a swell silent picture—and now it's a swell talkie. Marion Davies is at her sparkling best. And you oughtn't to miss Donald Ogden Stewart's talkie debut. (Jan.)

**OFFICER O'BRIEN**—Pathe.—Glorifying the American cop as impersonated by William Boyd. Mildly exciting entertainment. (Feb.)

**OH, YEAH!**—Pathe.—James Gleason and Robert Armstrong of "Is Zat So" fame team up again—and how! Hilarious dialogue which plays tag with the censors. ZaSu Pitts does one of her riotous monologues. (Nov.)

**ONE HYSTERICAL NIGHT**—Universal.—Fie upon you, Universal, and double fie, Mr. Denny! Someone should have known enough to prevent this social error. (Dec.)

**OPPRESSED, THE**—William Elliott Production.—This ought to be renamed The Depressed—meaning the audience. Raquel Meller disappoints. Silent. (Oct.)

**PAINTED ANGEL, THE**—First National.—Hoopla! Billie the dove in tights, singing and dancing. Billie plays the Queen of the Night Clubs and Eddie Lowe drops his Quirt manners to be her sweetheart. (March)

**PAINTED FACES**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good news for the fans who've been crying for something different. A tense, refreshingly original story with a jury-room locale, and that grand comic, Joe E. Brown. (Feb.)

**PANDORA'S BOX**—Nero.—In case you've been wondering what happened to Louise Brooks, here she is, big as life and twice as naughty, in what was probably a good German picture before the censors operated on it. Silent. (Feb.)

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**PARADE OF THE WEST, THE**—Universal.—The riding scenes in this Ken Maynard picture will make your hair stand on end. So will the story, but for a different reason. Not so good as Ken's last. (March)

★ **PARIS**—First National.—Ooh—zat Irene Bordon! You'll love her. And you'll love Jack Buchanan and Louise Closser Hale—and the Technicolor effects—in fact the whole picture. (Jan.)

**PARTY GIRL**—Tiffany-Stahl.—A would-be sensational story with a moral ending obviously thrown in as a sop to the censors. Some good acting, however, by the junior Fairbanks and Jeanette Loff. (March)

**PHANTOM IN THE HOUSE, THE**—Continental.—This murder story fails to provide an alibi for existing. (March)

**PICCADILLY**—World Wide.—Wonder of wonders—a truly fine British picture! Gilda Gray is starred but Anna May Wong brings home the bacon. Silent. (Oct.)

**PLEASURE CRAZED**—Fox.—A good story, smothered in English accents, and played entirely by stage actors. (Oct.)

**POINTED HEELS**—Paramount.—With Helen Kane, William Powell, Fay Wray, Phillips Holmes, Skeets Gallagher and Eugene Pallette in the cast, this backstage story is sure-fire. (Feb.)

**PRINCE AND THE DANCER, THE**—World Wide.—This European film is sure to inspire patriotism in the bosoms of American movie-goers. It's awful. Silent. (Nov.)

**RACKETEER, THE**—Pathe.—About a wealthy gangster with a heart of gold—just a rough diamond in a platinum setting. Swell work by Robert Armstrong and Carol Lombard. (Dec.)

**RAMPANT AGE, THE**—Trem Carr.—A rumor that the younger generation is jazz-mad seems to have leaked through into film circles. Hackneyed story rendered amusing by lively dialogue and acting. (March)

**RED HOT RHYTHM**—Pathe.—Alan Hale, Kathryn Crawford and Josephine Dunn in an uneven story about a philandering song-writer. Some good dance numbers and Technicolor sequences. (Dec.)

**RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE**—Paramount.—The greatest sleuth of them all wouldn't recognize himself in this faint reincarnation. Clive Brook has done bigger and better things. (Jan.)

**RICH PEOPLE**—Pathe.—Sophisticated comedy-drama for an intelligent audience. Constance Bennett proves that money isn't all and she ought to know. (Dec.)

**RICHTHOFEN: THE RED KNIGHT OF THE AIR**—F.P.G. Production.—A Teutonic version of "Wings" lacking all the virtues of the American epic of the air. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **RIO RITA**—Radio Pictures.—The finest of screen musicals to date. Comedy, singing, dancing and romance de luxe. Bebe Daniels wows 'em and John Boles sets hearts to fluttering anew. (Nov.)

**RIVER OF ROMANCE**—Paramount.—Humorous romance of crinoline days in the South, with excellent work by Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian and Wallace Beery. (Oct.)

★ **ROADHOUSE NIGHTS**—Paramount.—A pippin of a melodrama, seasoned with swell comedy. Helen Morgan sings. Charles Ruggles and Jimmy Durante, Broadway's current night club pet, score enormously. (March)

★ **ROGUE SONG, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett, grand opera star, flashes across the phonoplay horizon, an inimitable and dashing personality. Taken from Lehar's "Gypsy Love," this operetta is roistering, brilliant and dramatic—a feast for the eye and ear. (March)

★ **ROMANCE OF RIO GRANDE**—Fox.—Rich and roaring melodrama. Romantic Warner Baxter in his Mexican suit again. Tony Moreno, Mary Duncan, and a new cause for heartburn named Mona Maris. Two swell songs. What more do you want? (Jan.)

**ROYAL BOX, THE**—Warners.—If you Deutsch sprechen you'll like this. The first full-length talking picture in German, with Alexander Moissi and Camilla Horn. (March)

**SACRED FLAME, THE**—Warners.—On the stage this was strong and intensely tragic drama, but it has been pretty well watered for the screen. A brilliant cast, headed by Conrad Nagel, Lila Lee, and Pauline Frederick. (Feb.)



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**SAILOR'S HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Riotously funny account of a sailor on shore leave. (Oct.)

**SALLY**—First National.—The glorious, scintillating dancing of Marilyn Miller, lovely Ziegfeld star, saves this from being merely a dull transcript of an out-moded musical comedy. (March)

**SALUTE**—Fox.—A glorified newsreel about a West Point cadet with a kid brother at Annapolis. (Oct.)

**SATURDAY NIGHT KID, THE**—Paramount.—The old Bow punch has given way to poundage. Jean Arthur steals this picture. (Dec.)

**SEA FURY**—Supreme.—No sense taking this seriously. Regarded as a burlesque in the best Hoboken tradition it's a riot. (Dec.)

**SECOND CHOICE**—Warners.—You won't even make this third choice. A mediocre phonoplay with Dolores Costello, Chester Morris and Edna Murphy. (March)

**SEÑOR AMERICANO**—Universal.—See this, you fans who are crying for your Westerns. Ken Maynard rides, loves, fights—and sings. (Dec.)

★ **SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE**—Paramount.—Barrie's fine play, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," has been tenderly and effectively transferred to the screen. Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper are splendid. (Feb.)

**SEVEN FACES**—Fox.—Paul Muni gives seven "best performances" in one picture! Good entertainment with a novel twist. (Jan.)

★ **SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine phonoplay version of the old laughter-and-thrill-provoking favorite. Richard Dix again battles the microphone to a knockout finish. (Feb.)

**SHANGHAI LADY**—Universal.—A *fille de joie* and a crook fall in love and each pretends to be a "swell" for the other's benefit. But it's China and there's a menace. Mary Nolan is so beautiful it hurts. (Jan.)

**SHANNONS OF BROADWAY, THE**—Universal.—There's not a comedy team on or off Broadway that can hold a dimmer to the Gleasons—James and Lucille. Acting and dialogue are gorgeous in this phonoplay. (Jan.)

★ **SHOW OF SHOWS**—Warners.—You'll be too busy enjoying yourself to count all the celebs in this super-revue—but they're there—77 of 'em. And besides there are stunning stage effects and dance routines, gorgeous Technicolor, and millions of laughs. (Feb.)

**SIDE STREET**—Radio Pictures.—No telling what this might have been if not botched by bad recording. As it is, just another underworld yarn. All three of the Moores are in it. (Dec.)

**SILVER KING, THE**—British.—A good silent thriller starring our old friend Percy Marmont. Percy still suffers superbly. Silent. (Nov.)

**SINS OF THE CRADLE**—Goodwill.—Cut your throat before you see this celluloid crime—it'll save time. Its perpetrators ought to be jailed. Sound. (Jan.)

**SKINNER STEPS OUT**—Universal.—None other than "Skinner's Dress Suit" and still good. Glenn Tryon puts it over with a yip. (Jan.)

★ **SKY HAWK, THE**—Fox.—Fine war stuff with a charming love interest. Thrilling shots of a Zeppelin raid over London. John Garrick, a newcomer, and Helen Chandler are delightful as the young lovers. (Feb.)

**SMILING IRISH EYES**—First National.—Brogues, brawls and bunkum, but you'll like Colleen Moore's talkie personality. (Oct.)

**SONG OF KENTUCKY**—Fox.—You'll care for Joseph Wagstaff's crooning. And besides there's decorative Lois Moran. (Dec.)

**SONG OF LOVE, THE**—Columbia.—Carbon copy of the yarn used for every vaudevillian who goes talkie—but Belle Baker rises above it. She's good and so is Ralph Graves. The songs aren't. (Feb.)

**SO THIS IS COLLEGE**—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Happy Days." The U. S. C.-Stanford football game in sound is one of life's big moments. Otherwise just another farce that will make real collegians commit hara-kiri. (Nov.)

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**SO THIS IS PARIS GREEN**—Paramount-Christie.—A swell short subject burlesque of love among the apaches with Louise Fazenda as the world-weary queen of the Paris sewers. (March)

★ **SOUTH SEA ROSE**—Fox.—You won't believe in this tale for a moment—but it's grand entertainment. Lenore Ulric does everything, including the hula. A fine supporting cast including Charles Bickford. (Jan.)

**SPEEDWAY**—M-G-M.—Bill Haines disappointing in an unoriginal racetrack yarn. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**STREET GIRL**—Radio Pictures.—Betty Compson, Jack Oakie and John Harron in a tale about a girl violinist and a group of musicians. Good entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **STREET OF CHANCE**—Paramount.—Here's a punchful racketeer picture that is going to give rival producers jaundice until they get a carbon copy in the can. Bill Powell's finesse and Kay Francis' sincere emoting would be high-lights in any picture. (March)

★ **SUNNY SIDE UP**—Fox.—The royal Gaynor-Farrell team go into their song and dance and prove their versatility. A little gal named Marjorie White scores heavily. This is real entertainment. (Dec.)

**SWEETIE**—Paramount.—A little something in the collegiate line, pleasant, youthful and lively. Helen (Boop-a-doop) Kane and Jack Oakie wow 'em and Nancy Carroll is effective in an unsympathetic rôle. (Dec.)

**TALK OF HOLLYWOOD, THE**—Sonn Art-World Wide.—This would be the talk of any town—it's so bad. Intended as comedy, it evolves a tragedy. (March)

★ **TAMING OF THE SHREW, THE**—United Artists.—Here's that long-awaited co-starring appearance of Mary and Doug. It isn't Shakespeare, but it's swell entertainment. (Nov.)

**TANNED LEGS**—Radio Pictures.—Just what the Tired Business Man ordered. Legs by Ann Pennington and June Clyde and whoopee by Arthur Lake. Peppy music. (Dec.)

**THEIR OWN DESIRE**—M-G-M.—This picture reminds us of Paris on Bastille Day—everyone in it goes wild. Norma Shearer is miscast. (Feb.)

★ **THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS**—Fox.—What happens when a garageman gets rich and his wife gets culture. Will Rogers, Irene Rich, Marguerite Churchill and Fifi Dorsay are elegant. (Dec.)

**THEY LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN**—M-G-M.—But not about acting. "They" being Van and Schenck, vaudeville harmony duo, who sing better than they act. And, believe it or not, Bessie Love is still being noble. (March)

**THIRTEENTH CHAIR, THE**—M-G-M.—If you don't thrill over this, lie down. You're dead. Margaret Wycherly scores in the rôle she created on the stage. (Nov.)

**THIS MAD WORLD**—M-G-M.—A tender yet glamorous filmization of one of the most beautiful of war stories, with glorious work by Kay "Dynamite" Johnson and Basil Rathbone. (Nov.)

★ **THIS THING CALLED LOVE**—Pathe.—Delightful comedy drama, well played by Constance Bennett, Edmund Lowe (in a romantic rôle for once) and ZaSu Pitts. (Jan.)

**THREE LIVE GHOSTS**—United Artists.—An unimportant tale of three war buddies who return to life after being reported killed. The cast is from the stage. (Nov.)

**THREE LOVES**—Moviegraph.—An exciting and spicy German film, well directed and acted. See it. Silent. (Dec.)

**3 SISTERS, THE**—Fox.—An Italian story, as native as ravioli and as colorful as a Corsican sunset. Louise Dresser gives a superb performance and is surrounded by an unusually able cast. (Jan.)

**TIGER ROSE**—Warners.—Lupe Velez plays the tiger, but the picture is no rose. The stage play was once popular, but no one seems to care any more whether the Northwest Mounted get their man or not. (March)

**TONIGHT AT TWELVE**—Universal.—Can it be possible?—a mystery play without a murder or a Hindu servant! Good situations. (Nov.)

★ **TRESPASSER, THE**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson is a sensation in her first all talkie. In spite of a hokey story, a superbly paced and splendidly acted picture. Good! (Dec.)



No trip to Florida is complete these days without a visit to the Meighan hacienda. Mrs. Tommy—second from the right—mein host in person, Mrs. Raymond Hitchcock, with her head tilted coyly, and the Gene Sarazens, billing and cooing on the wall





**TRIAL MARRIAGE**—Columbia.—How to hold a wife overnight in seven reels. Racy and sophisticated. Sound. (Oct.)

**TWIN BEDS**—First National.—Frothy bedroom farce with only a mild kick. Jack Mulhall and Patsy Ruth Miller help. (Oct.)

**UNDERTOW**—Universal.—Misguided psychological drama of life in a lonely lighthouse. Why didn't they call it "Lighthouse Blues"? Mary Nolan, John Mack Brown and Robert Ellis struggle against odds. (March)

**UNHOLY NIGHT, THE**—M-G-M.—Swell mystery story, artistically directed by Lionel Barrymore. Roland Young and Dorothy Sebastian are great. (Oct.)

**UNTAMED**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford goes native. She's grand and so is Robert Montgomery, a newcomer. (Dec.)

**VAGABOND LOVER, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Rudy goes through the whole gamut of emotions without moving a muscle. But when he sings—ah, that's another story. (A better one, too.) Vallée fans will be pleased. (Jan.)

**VENUS**—United Artists.—Connie Talmadge made this silent picture a year ago in Southern Europe. She shouldn't have. Silent. (Jan.)

**VERY IDEA, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Broad farce with Frank Craven in the rôle he created on the stage. (Oct.)

★ **VIRGINIAN, THE**—Paramount.—Good! Owen Wister's novel gone vocal and presenting Gary Cooper in his first full-dialogue appearance. (Oct.)

**WAGON MASTER, THE**—Universal.—And now the Westerns have learned to talk! Ken Maynard shyly reveals an excellent voice. (Oct.)

**WALL STREET**—Columbia.—Even if you've recovered enough to hear Wall Street mentioned without frothing at the mouth, you won't like this. (Feb.)

**WASTED LOVE**—British International.—And wasted footage, except when Anna May Wong's unique personality flashes on the screen. Silent. (March)

**WELCOME DANGER**—Paramount.—Talkies needn't worry Harold Lloyd. His voice is fine. This phonoplay is one long laugh. (Dec.)

**WHY BRING THAT UP?**—Paramount.—Study in black and white of the world's most famous brunettes—Moran and Mack. (Oct.)

**WHY LEAVE HOME**—Fox.—Story about duck-hunting husbands and fun-hunting wives, based on "Cradle Snatchers." (Nov.)

**WILD HEART OF AFRICA, THE**—Supreme.—A glorified travelogue giving the lowdown on previously unheard-of Sudanese fiends in more or less human form. Silent. (March)

**WISE GIRL**—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Kempy." High water mark in talking comedies. Unpretentious story of the love life of a youthful plumber. (Oct.)

**WOMAN RACKET, THE**—M-G-M.—Blanche Sweet deserved a better comeback than this feeble effort about a night club hostess. Blanche has a charming singing voice and is effective when the opportunity offers. (March)

**WOMAN TO WOMAN**—Tiffany-Stahl.—A product of British studios. (Dec.)

★ **WOMAN TRAP**—Paramount.—Another crime yarn, above the average, with Chester Alibi Morris, Evelyn Brent and Hal Skelly at their superb best. (Oct.)

**WONDER OF WOMEN**—M-G-M.—Strong, emotional drama of a misunderstood genius, a dutiful wife and the "other woman." played superlatively by Lewis Stone, Peggy Wood and Leila Hyams. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

**WRECKER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Mediocre British film presenting Carlyle Blackwell. Sound. (Nov.)

★ **YOUNG NOWHERES**—First National.—Unpretentious, devastatingly human drama. Another poignant Barthelmess portrayal. New heights for Marian Nixon. Fine all around. (Dec.)

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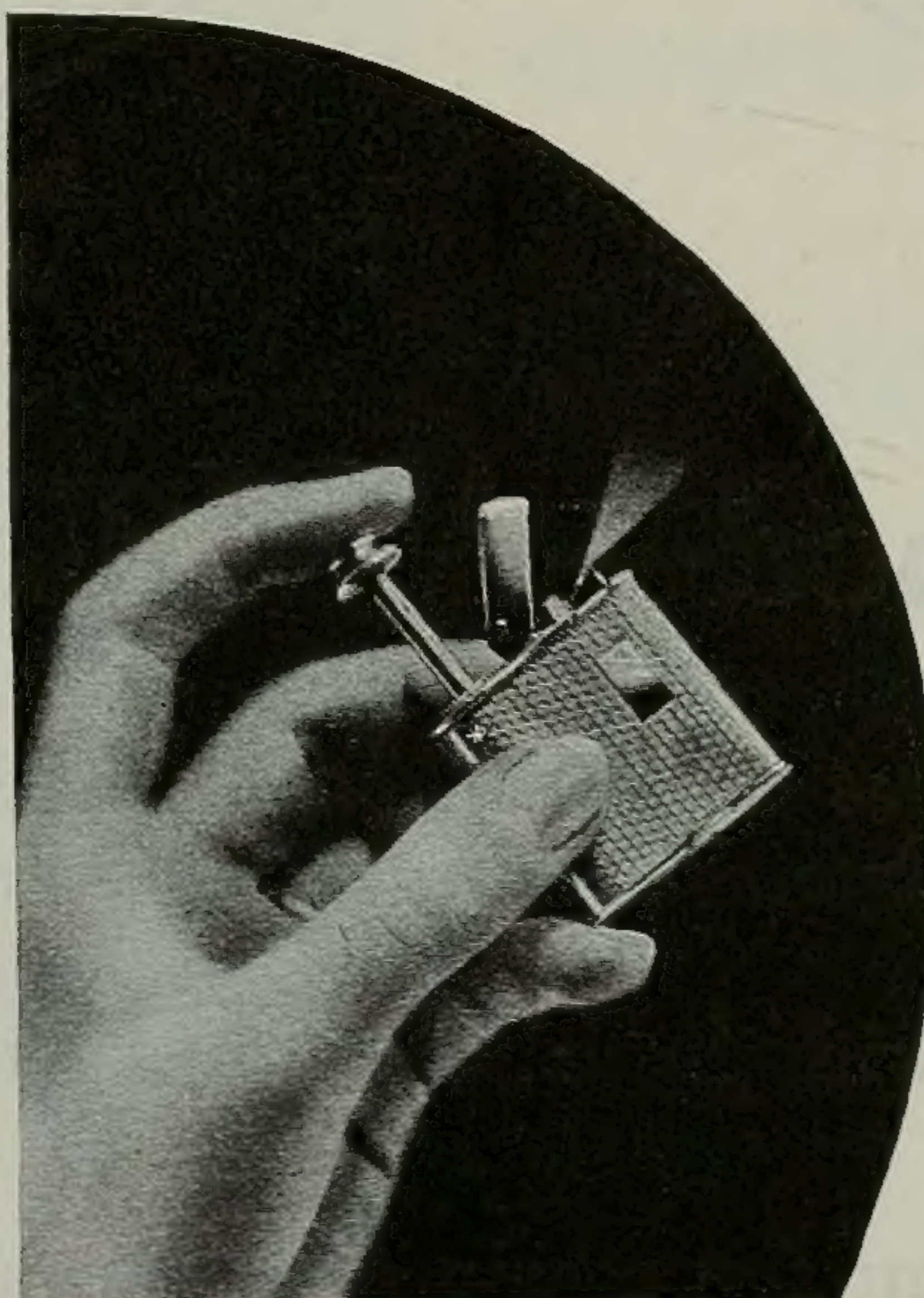
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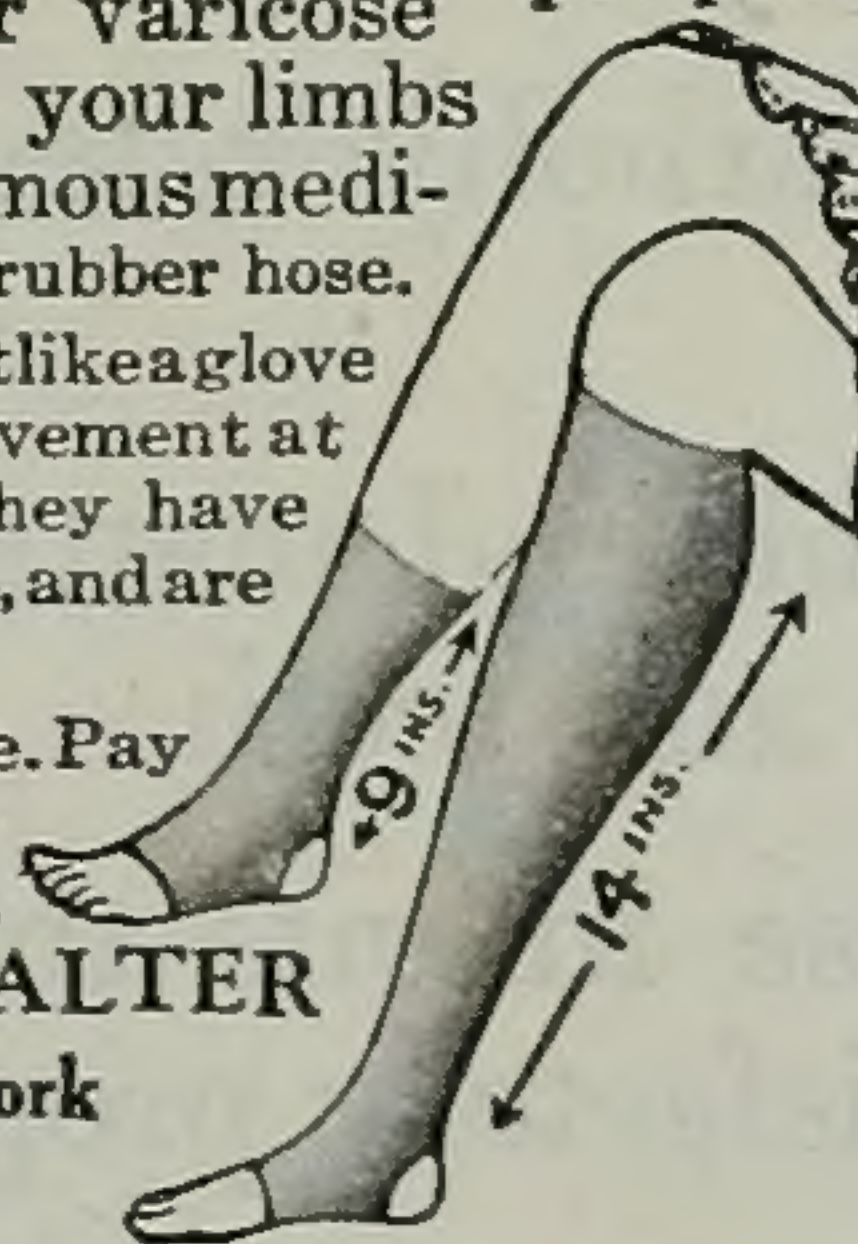
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*Helen Chase*

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